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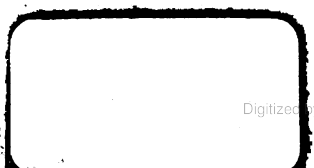
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LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

IX

ANNA KARENINA

VOLUME III

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THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF
LYOF N. TOLSTOI

ANNA KARENINA

VOLUME III



NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1902

THE SCENE IN THE FREIGHT-HOUSE

ORIGINAL DRAWING BY E. BOVD SMITH

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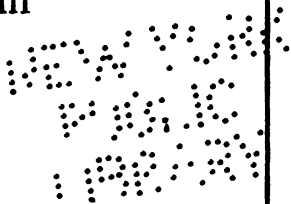
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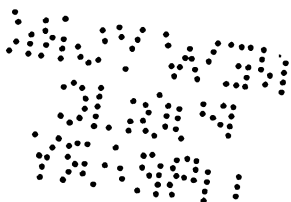
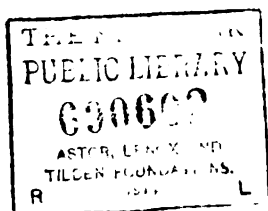
VOLUME III



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ANNA KARENINA

PART FIFTH — *Continued*

CHAPTER XXI

AS soon as Alekser Aleksandrovitch had learned from Betsy and Stepan Arkadyevitch that all that was expected of him was that he should leave his wife in peace and not trouble her with his presence, and that his wife herself wished this, he had felt himself in too great perplexity to be able to decide anything for himself, and he did not know what he wanted; but, having placed his fate in the hands of others, who were willing enough to occupy themselves with his affairs, he was ready to accept whatever might be proposed to him.

Only when Anna had taken her departure and when the English governess sent to inquire if she should dine with him or by herself, did he for the first time clearly realize his position and its full horror.

The hardest element in this state of affairs was that he could not coördinate and reconcile his past with the present. Nor was it the past when he lived happily with his wife that disturbed him. The transition from that past to the knowledge of his wife's infidelity he had borne like a martyr; that state of things was trying, but it was comprehensible to him. If at the time when his wife had confessed her wrong to him she had left him, he would have been mortified and unhappy; but he would not have been in that inextricable, incomprehensible position in which he now felt that he was. He could never now reconcile his recent position, his reconciliation, his love for his sick wife and the alien child,

with the present state of things; in other words, with the fact that as a reward for all his sacrifices he was now deserted, disgraced, useful to no one, and a ridiculous laughing-stock to all.

The first two days after his wife's departure Alekser Aleksandrovitch received petitioners and his chief secretary, attended committee-meetings, and ate his meals in the dining-room as usual. Without trying to explain to himself why he did this, he directed all the powers of his mind to one single aim—to seem calm and indifferent. As he answered the questions of the servants in regard to what should be done about Anna's rooms and her things, he made superhuman efforts to assume the manner of a man for whom the event that had occurred was not unexpected, and had nothing in it outside the range of ordinary, every-day events, and he accomplished his purpose; no one would have detected in him any signs of despair. But on the second day after her departure Korner handed him a milliner's bill which Anna had neglected to pay, and told him that the manager of the business himself was waiting. Alekser Aleksandrovitch had the man shown in.

"Excuse me, your excellency," said the manager, "for venturing to disturb you, but if you order us to apply to her ladyship personally, will you kindly give us her address?"

Alekser Aleksandrovitch seemed to the manager to be cogitating; then suddenly turning round, he sat down at the table. Dropping his head into his hands, he sat there a long time in that position; he tried several times to speak, but still hesitated. Korner, understanding his barin's feelings, asked the manager to come another time.

When he was left alone again, Alekser Aleksandrovitch realized that he no longer had the power to keep up the *role* of firmness and serenity. He gave orders to send away the carriage which was waiting for him, and he declined to see callers and would accept no invitations out to dine. He felt that he could not endure the disdain and derision which he clearly read on the

face of this manager and of Korney, and of all without exception whom he had met during those two days. He felt that he could not defend himself from the detestation of people, because this detestation did not arise from the fact that he had himself committed any wrong action, for in that case he might have hoped to regain the esteem of the world by improvement in conduct, but from the fact that he was unhappy, and with an unhappiness that was odious and shameful. He knew that it was precisely for the reason that his heart was torn that they would be pitiless to him. It seemed to him that his fellow-men persecuted him as dogs torture to death some poor cur maimed and howling with pain. He knew that the only safety from men was to conceal his wounds from them, and he had instinctively tried for two days to do so; but now he felt that he had no longer the strength to continue the unequal struggle.

His despair was made deeper by the knowledge that he was absolutely alone with his suffering. In all Petersburg there was not a man to whom he could confide all his wretchedness, not one who would have any pity for him now, not as a lofty functionary, or even as a member of society, but simply as a human being in despair: he had no such friend.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch had lost his mother when he was ten years old; he had no remembrance of his father; he and his one brother were left orphans with a very small inheritance; their uncle Karenin, a man of influence, held in high esteem by the late emperor, took charge of their bringing up.

After a successful course at the gymnasium and the university, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, through his uncle's aid, made a brilliant start in official life, and, full of ambition, devoted himself exclusively to his career. He formed no ties of intimacy either in the gymnasium or in the university, or afterward in society; his brother alone was dear to him, but he entered the department of foreign affairs, went abroad to live, and died soon after Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's marriage.

While Karenin was governor of one of the provinces,

Anna's aunt, a wealthy lady of the governmental capital, introduced her niece to this governor, who was young for such a position, if not in years, and she forced him to the alternative of proposing marriage or leaving the city. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch long hesitated. There seemed as many reasons in favor of this step as there were opposed to it; there was no definite reason which should impel him to break his rule, "When in doubt, *don't!*" but Anna's aunt sent word to him through a friend that he had compromised the young lady, and that as a man of honor he must offer her his hand. He offered himself, and gave her, first as his betrothed and afterward as his wife, all the affection which it was in his power to show.

This attachment prevented him from feeling the need of any other intimacy. And now out of all the number of his acquaintances he had not one confidential friend. He had many so-called "friends," but no intimates. There were many persons whom Aleksei Aleksandrovitch could invite to dinner, or ask favors of, in the interests of his public capacity or protection for some petitioner; with whom he could freely criticize the actions of other people and of the highest officers of government. But his relations to these people were exclusively confined to this official domain, from which it was impossible to escape. There was one university comrade with whom he had kept up an intimacy in after years, and to whom he would have confided his private sorrows, but this friend was a trustee¹ of the classical educational institutes in a distant province. Of all the people in Petersburg, the nearest and most practicable acquaintances were his Director of the Chancelry and his doctor.

Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch Sliudin, "manager of affairs," was a simple, good, intelligent, and well-bred man, and he seemed full of sympathy for Karenin; but five years' association in official service put a barrier between them which silenced confidences.

¹ *Popochitel' uchebnava okruga*; an office attached to the department of Public Instruction. — ED.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, having signed the papers which he brought, sat in silence for some time looking at Sliudin, and kept trying, but found it impossible, to open his heart to him. The question, "Have you heard of my misfortune?" was on his lips; but it ended in his saying as usual, when he dismissed him:—

"You will have the goodness to prepare me this work."

The doctor was another man who was well disposed to him, but between them there had long been a tacit understanding that they were both full of business and in a hurry.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not think at all about his women friends, or even of the chiefest among them, the Countess Lidia Ivanovna. Women simply as women were strange and repulsive to him.

CHAPTER XXII

ALEKSEÏ ALEKSANDROVITCH forgot the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, but she did not forget him. She reached his house at his darkest moment of solitary despair, and made her way to his library without waiting to be announced. She found him still sitting in the same position with his head between his hands.

"*J'ai forcé la consigne,*" she said, as she came in with rapid steps, breathless with emotion and agitation. "I know all, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, my friend!" and she pressed his hand between both of hers and looked at him with her beautiful melancholy eyes.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a frown, arose, and, having withdrawn his hand, offered her a chair.

"I beg you to sit down. I am not receiving because I am suffering, countess," he said, and his lips quivered.

"My friend!" repeated the countess, without taking her eyes from him; and suddenly she lifted her eyebrows so that they formed a triangle on her forehead, and this grimace made her ugly yellow face still uglier than

before. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch felt that she pitied him and was on the point of crying. A wave of feeling overwhelmed him. He seized her fat hand and kissed it.

"My friend," she said again, in a voice breaking with emotion, "you must not give yourself up to grief. Your grief is great, but you must find consolation."

"I am wounded, I am killed, I am no longer a man," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, letting go the countess's hand, but still looking into her eyes swimming with tears. "My situation is all the more unbearable because I can find neither in myself nor outside of myself any help toward endurance of it."

"You will find this help, not in me, though I beg you to believe in my friendship," said she, with a sigh. "Our help is love, the love which He has given for an inheritance. His yoke is easy," she continued, with the exalted look that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch knew so well. "He will sustain you and will aid you."

Although these words were the expression of an emotion aroused by their lofty feelings, as well as the symbolical language characteristic of a new mystical exaltation just introduced into Petersburg, and which seemed extravagant to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, nevertheless he found it pleasant at the present time to hear them.

"I am weak, I am humiliated. I foresaw nothing of this, and now I cannot understand it."

"My friend!" repeated Lidia Ivanovna.

"I do not mourn so much my loss," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch; "but I cannot help a feeling of shame for the situation in which I am placed before the world. It is bad, and I cannot, I cannot bear it."

"It is not you who have performed this noble act of forgiveness which has filled me — and all — with admiration. It is *He* dwelling in your heart. So, too, you have no cause for shame," said the countess, ecstatically raising her eyes.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch frowned, and, pressing his hands together, he began to make his knuckles crack.

"You must know all the details," he said, in his shrill voice. "Man's powers are limited, countess; and I have reached the limit of mine. All this day I have wasted in details, domestic details, *arising* [he accented the word] from my new, lonely situation. The servants, the governess, the accounts, this is a slow fire devouring me, and I have not strength to endure it. Yesterday I scarcely was able to get through dinner I cannot endure to have my son look at me he did not ask me any questions, but I know he wanted to ask me, and I could not endure his look. He was afraid to look at me but that is a mere trifle"

Karenin wanted to speak of the bill that had been brought him, but his voice trembled, and he stopped. This bill on blue paper, for a hat and ribbons, was a recollection that made him pity himself.

"I understand, my friend," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, "I understand it all. Aid and consolation you will not find in me, but I have come to help you if I can. If I could free you from these petty annoying tasks I think that a woman's word, a woman's hand, are needed; will you let me help you?"

Alekser Aleksandrovitch was silent, and pressed her hand gratefully.

"We will look after Serozha together. I am not strong in practical affairs, but I can get used to them, and I will be your ekonomka. Do not thank me; I do not do it of myself."

"I cannot help being grateful."

"But, my friend, do not yield to the sentiment of which you spoke a moment ago. How can you be ashamed of what is the highest degree of Christian perfection? *He who humbles himself shall be exalted.* And you cannot thank me. Thank Him, pray to Him for help. In Him alone we can find peace, consolation, salvation, and love."

She raised her eyes to heaven, and began to pray, as Alekser Aleksandrovitch could see by her silence.

Alekser Aleksandrovitch listened to her, and this phraseology, which before seemed, not unpleasant to him,

but extravagant, now seemed natural and soothing. He did not approve of this new ecstatic mysticism. He was a sincere believer, and religion interested him principally in its relation to politics; and the new doctrine which arrogated to itself certain new terms, for the very reason that it opened the door to controversy and analysis, had aroused his antipathy from principle. Hitherto, he had taken a cold, and even hostile, attitude to this new doctrine, and had never discussed it with the countess, who was carried away by it, but had resolutely met her challenge with silence. But now, for the first time, he let her speak without hindrance, and even found a secret pleasure in her words.

"I am very, very grateful to you, both for your words and for your sympathy," he said, when she had ended her prayer.

Again the countess pressed her friend's hand with both of hers.

"Now I am going to set to work," said she, with a smile, wiping away the traces of tears on her face. "I am going to Serozha, and I shall not trouble you except in serious difficulties." And she got up and went out.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna went to Serozha's room, and, while she bathed the scared little fellow's cheeks with her tears, she told him that his father was a saint and his mother was dead.

The countess fulfilled her promise. She actually took charge of the details of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's house, but she exaggerated in no respect when she declared that she was not strong in practical affairs. It was necessary to modify all of her arrangements, since it was impossible to carry them out, and they were modified by Korner, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's valet, who, without any one noticing it, gradually took it on himself to manage the whole establishment, and calmly and discreetly reported to his barin (while the latter was dressing) such things as seemed best.

But, nevertheless, the countess's help was to the highest degree useful to him. Her affection and esteem were a moral support to him, and, as it gave her

great consolation to think, she almost succeeded in converting him to "Christianity"; in other words, she changed him from an indifferent and lukewarm believer into a fervent and genuine partizan of that new method of explaining the Christian doctrine which shortly after came into vogue in Petersburg. It was easy for Alekser Aleksandrovitch to put his faith in this exegesis. Alekser Aleksandrovitch, as well as the countess and all those who shared their views, was not gifted with great imagination, or at least that faculty of the mind by which the illusions of the imagination have sufficient conformity with reality to cause their acceptance. Thus he saw no impossibility or unlikelihood in death existing for unbelievers and not for him, that because he held a complete and unquestioning faith, judged in his own way, his soul was already free from sin, and that even in this world he might look upon his safety as assured.

It is true, Alekser Aleksandrovitch dimly felt the frivolity, the fallacy, of this presentation of his faith. He knew that when, without a thought that his forgiveness of his wife was the act of a higher power, he gave himself up to this immediate feeling, he experienced a greater happiness than when, as now, he constantly thought that Christ dwelt in his soul, and that by signing certain papers he was following His will. But it was indispensable for Alekser Aleksandrovitch to think so; it was so indispensable to have, in his present humiliation, this elevation, imaginary though it was, from which he, whom every one despised, could look down on others, that he clung to it as if his salvation depended on it.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE Countess Lidia Ivanovna had been married when she was a very young and enthusiastic girl to a very wealthy, aristocratic, good-natured, and dissolute young fellow. Two months after the wedding her husband

deserted her. He had replied to her effusive expressions of love with scorn and even hatred, which no one who knew the count's kindness, and were not acquainted with the faults of Lidia's romantic nature, could comprehend. Since then, without any formal divorce, they had lived apart; and when the husband met his wife, he always treated her with a venomous scorn, the reason for which it puzzled people to understand.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna long ago ceased to worship her husband, but at no time had she ceased to be in love with some one. Not seldom she was in love with several at once—men and women indiscriminately. She had been in love with almost every one of any prominence. Thus she had lost her heart to each of the new princes and princesses who married into the imperial family. Then she had been in love with a metropolitan, a vicar, and a priest. Then she had been in love with a journalist, three slavophiles, and Komisarof; then with a foreign minister, a doctor, an English missionary, and finally Karenin. These multifarious love-affairs and their different phases of warmth or coldness in no wise hindered her from keeping up the most complicated relations both with the court and society.

But from the day when Karenin was touched by misfortune and she took him under her special protection, from the time when she began to busy herself with his domestic affairs and work for his well-being, she felt that all her former passions were of no account, but that she now loved Karenin alone with perfect sincerity. The feeling which she now cherished toward him seemed to her stronger than all the previous feelings. As she analyzed her sentiment and compared it with the former ones, she clearly saw that she would never have been in love with Komisarof if he had not saved the emperor's life, or with Ristitch-Kudzhitsky had there been no Slav question. But Karenin she loved for himself, for his great, unappreciated spirit, for his character, for the delightful sound of his voice,

his deliberate intonations, his weary eyes, and his soft white hands with their swollen veins. Not only did the thought of seeing him fill her with joy, but it seemed to her that she saw on her friend's face the signs of the impression which she made on him. She did her best to please him, no less by her person than by her conversation. Never before had she spent so much time and attention on her toilet. More than once she found herself wondering what would happen if she were not married and he were only free! When he came into the room, she colored with emotion, and she could not restrain a smile of ecstasy if he said something pleasant to her.

For several days the countess had been in a state of great excitement. She knew that Anna and Vronsky were back in Petersburg. It was necessary to save Alekser Aleksandrovitch from seeing her; it was necessary to save him even from the tormenting knowledge that this wretched woman was living in the same town with him and he might meet her at any instant.

Lidia Ivanovna made inquiries through acquaintances so as to discover the plans of these *repulsive people*, as she called Anna and Vronsky; and she tried to direct all of Karenin's movements so that he might not meet them. The young aide to the emperor, a friend of Vronsky's, from whom she learned about them, and who was hoping through the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's influence to get a concession, told her that they were completing their arrangements and expected to depart on the following day.

Lidia Ivanovna was beginning to breathe freely once more, when on the next morning she received a note, the handwriting of which she recognized with terror. It was Anna Karenina's handwriting. The envelop was of paper thick as bark; the oblong sheet of yellow paper was adorned with an immense monogram. The note exhaled a delicious perfume.

"Who brought it?"

"A messenger from the hotel."

The countess waited long before she had the cour-

age to sit down and read it. Her emotion almost brought on an attack of asthma, to which she was subject. At last, when she felt calmer, she opened the following note written in French:—

Madame la Comtesse:—The Christian sentiments filling your heart prompt me, with unpardonable boldness, I fear, to address you. I am unhappy at being separated from my son, and I ask you to do me the favor of letting me see him once more before I depart. If I do not make direct application to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, it is because I do not wish to give this generous-hearted man the pain of thinking of me. Knowing your friendship for him, I felt that you would understand me; will you have Serozha sent to me here? or do you prefer that I should come at an appointed hour? or would you let me know how and at what place I could see him? You cannot imagine my desire to see my child again, and consequently you cannot comprehend the extent of my gratefulness for the assistance that you can render me in these circumstances.

ANNA.

Everything about this note exasperated the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, its tenor, the allusions to Karenin's magnanimity, and the especially free and easy tone which pervaded it.

"Say that there is no reply," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, and, hurriedly opening her buvard, she wrote to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch that she hoped to meet him about one o'clock at the birthday reception at the Palace.

"I must consult with you in regard to a sad and serious affair; we will decide at the Palace when I can see you. The best plan would be at my house, where I will have *your* tea ready. It is absolutely necessary. *He* imposes the cross, but *He* gives also the strength," she added, that she might somewhat prepare him.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna wrote Aleksei Aleksandrovitch two or three times a day; she liked this way of communication with him, as it had the elegance and mystery which were lacking in ordinary personal intercourse.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE congratulations were over. As the visitors who had met at court went away, they talked about the latest news of the day, the rewards that had been bestowed, and the changed positions of some high functionaries.

"What should you say if the Countess Marya Borisovna was made minister of war, and the Princess Vatkovskaya, chief of staff?" asked a little, gray-haired old man, in a gold-embroidered uniform, who was talking with a tall, handsome maid of honor about the recent changes.

"In that case, I should be made one of the emperor's aides," replied the frellina.

"Your place is already settled. You are to have charge of the department of religions, and Karenin is to be your assistant."

"How do you do, prince?" said the little old man, shaking hands with some one who came along.

"Were you speaking of Karenin?" asked the prince.

"Yes; he and Putyatof have been decorated with the order of Alexander Nevsky."

"I thought he had it already."

"No; look at him," said the little old man, pointing with his gold-laced hat toward Karenin, who was standing in the doorway, talking with one of the influential members of the Imperial Council; he wore the court uniform, with his new red ribbon across his shoulder. "Happy and contented as a copper kopek!" he added, pausing to press the hand of a handsome, athletic chamberlain passing by.

"No; he has grown old," said the chamberlain.

"With cares. He spends all his time writing projects. He, the unfortunate man, will not let go until he has explained everything point by point."

"What, grown old? *Il fait des passions*. I think the Countess Lidia is jealous now of his wife."

"There! I beg of you not to speak ill of the Countess Lidia."

"Is there any harm in her being in love with Karenin?"

"Is it true that Madame Karenin is here?"

"Not here at the Palace, but in Petersburg. I met her yesterday with Aleksei Vronsky *bras dessus, bras dessous*, on the Morskaya."

"*C'est un homme qui n'a pas*," — began the chamberlain; but he broke short off to salute and make way for a member of the imperial family who was passing.

Thus they were talking about Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, criticizing and ridiculing him, while he himself was barring the way of the imperial counselor, and, without pausing in his explanations lest he should lose him, was giving a detailed exposition of a financial scheme.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, about the time his wife left him, had reached a situation painful for an official, — the culmination of his upward career. This culmination had been reached, and all clearly saw it, but Aleksei Aleksandrovitch himself was not yet aware that his career was ended. Either his collision with Stremof, or his trouble with his wife, or the simple fact that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch had reached the limit that he had been destined to attain, the fact remained that every one saw clearly that his official race was run. He still held an important place; he was a member of many important committees and commissions: but he was one of those men of whom nothing more is expected; his day was over. Whatever he said, whatever he proposed, seemed antiquated and useless. But Aleksei Aleksandrovitch himself did not realize this; on the contrary, now that he had ceased to have an active participation in the business of the administration, he saw more clearly than before the faults and mistakes that others were making, and considered it his duty to indicate certain reforms which should be introduced.

Shortly after his separation from his wife, he began to write his first pamphlet about the new tribunals, and proposed to follow it up with an endless series of similar

pamphlets, of no earthly use, on all the different branches of the administration.

He not only did not realize his hopeless situation in the official world, and therefore did not lose heart, but more than ever he took delight in his activity.

"He that is unmarried is careful for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married is careful for the things of the world, how he may please his wife," said the Apostle Paul. And Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, who now directed his life in all respects according to the Epistle, often quoted this text. It seemed to him that, since he had been deprived of his wife, he served the Lord more faithfully than ever by devotion to these projects.

The imperial counselor's very manifest impatience and desire to get away from him in no way abashed Karenin, but he stopped a moment as a prince of the imperial family was passing, and his victim seized his opportunity to escape.

Left to himself, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch bowed his head, tried to collect his thoughts, and, with an absent-minded glance about him, stepped toward the door, hoping to meet the countess there.

"How strong and healthy they look physically!" he said to himself, as he looked at the vigorous neck of the prince, who wore a close-fitting uniform, and the handsome chamberlain with his well-combed and perfumed side-whiskers. "It is only too true that all is evil in this world," he thought, as he looked at the chamberlain's sturdy legs. Moving slowly along, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, with his customary appearance of weariness and dignity, came up to the gentlemen who had been talking about him, and, glancing through the door, he looked for the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"Ah! Aleksei Aleksandrovitch!" cried the little old man, with a wicked light glowing in his eyes, as Karenin passed him with a cold bow. "I have not yet congratulated you," and he pointed to the newly received ribbon.

"I thank you. This is a *fine* day!" replied Aleksei

Aleksandrovitch, accentuating the adjective *prekrasny*, as was his habit.

He knew that these gentlemen were making sport of him; but he expected nothing but hostile feelings, and he was accustomed to it.

Catching sight of the countess's yellow shoulders rising from her corsage, as she appeared at the door, and her beautiful pensive eyes, inviting him to join her, Alekser Aleksandrovitch, with a smile which showed his even white teeth, went to her.

Lidia Ivanovna's toilet had cost her much labor, like all her recent efforts in this direction; for the object of her toilet was now entirely the reverse of that which she had followed thirty years before. Formerly she had thought only of adorning herself, and the more the better; now, on the contrary, she had to be adorned so unsuitably for her figure and her years that she simply endeavored to render the contrast between her person and her toilet not too frightful, and in Alekser Aleksandrovitch's eyes she succeeded; he thought her fascinating. For him she, with her friendliness and even love for him, was the only island amid the sea of animosity and ridicule that surrounded him. As he was the gantlet of scornful glances, he was naturally drawn to her loving eyes like a plant toward the light.

"I congratulate you," she said, looking at his decoration.

Repressing a smile of satisfaction, Karenin shrugged his shoulders and half closed his eyes, as if to say that this was nothing to him.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna knew well that these distinctions, even though he would not confess it, caused him the keenest pleasure.

"How is our angel?" she asked, referring to Serozha.

"I cannot say that I very am well satisfied with him," replied Alekser Aleksandrovitch, lifting his eyebrows and opening his eyes. "And Sitnikof" (a pedagogue who had been intrusted with Serozha's childish education) "does not please him. As I told you, I find in him a certain apathy toward the chief questions which

ought to move the soul of every man and of every child."

And Aleksei Aleksandrovitch began to discourse on a subject which, next to the questions of administration, gave him the most concern — his son's education.

When Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, with Lidia Ivanovna's aid, once more resumed his ordinary life and activity again, he felt it his duty to occupy himself with the education of the son who had been left on his hands. Having never before taken any practical interest in the question of education, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch consecrated some time to the practical study of the subject. After having read various works on anthropology, pedagogy, and didactics, he conceived a plan of education which the best tutor in Petersburg was then intrusted to put into practice. And this work constantly occupied him.

"Yes; but his heart? I find in this child his father's heart, and with such a heart he cannot be bad," said the countess, with enthusiasm.

"Well, that may be. So far as in me lies, I perform my duty; it is all that I can do."

"Will you come to my house?" asked the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, after a moment's silence. "I have a very painful matter to talk with you about. I would have given the world to spare you certain memories; others do not think the same. I have had a letter from *her*. *She* is here in Petersburg."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch quivered at the recollection of his wife; but his face instantly assumed that expression of corpse-like immobility that showed how absolutely unable he was to treat of such a subject.

"I expected it," he said.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna looked at him with exaltation, and in the presence of a soul so great, tears of transport sprang to her eyes.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Alekser entered the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's cozy little boudoir, decorated with portraits and old porcelains, he failed to find his friend.

She was changing her gown.

On a round table covered with a cloth stood a Chinese tea-service and a silver teapot with an alcohol lamp. Alekser Aleksandrovitch glanced perfunctorily at the numberless paintings that adorned the room; then he sat down near a table and took up a copy of the New Testament which lay on it. The rustling of the countess's silk dress put his thoughts to flight.

"Well now! We can be a little more free from disturbance," said the countess, with a smile, gliding between the table and the divan. "We can talk while drinking our tea."

After several words, meant to prepare his mind, she sighed deeply, and, with a tinge of color in her cheeks, she put Anna's letter into his hands.

He read it, and sat long in silence.

"I do not feel that I have the right to refuse her," he said timidly, raising his eyes.

"My friend, you never can see evil anywhere."

"On the contrary, I see everything is evil. But would it be fair to"

His face expressed indecision, desire for advice, for support, for guidance, in a question so beyond his comprehension.

"No," interrupted the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, "there are limits to all things. I understand immorality," she said, not with absolute sincerity, since she did not know what could induce women to be immoral, "but what I do not understand is cruelty toward any one! Toward you! How can she remain in the same city with you? One is never too old to learn, and I learn every day your grandeur and her baseness!"

"Who shall cast the first stone?" asked Alekser Aleksandrovitch, evidently satisfied with the part he

was playing. "I have forgiven her for everything, and therefore I cannot deprive her of what is a need of her heart, — her love for her son."

"But is it love — my friend? Is it sincere? Let us agree that you have forgiven her, and that you still pardon her. But have we the right to vex the soul of this little angel? He believes that she is dead; he prays for her and asks God to pardon her sins. It is better so. What would he think now?"

"I had not thought of that," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, perceiving the justice of her words.

The countess covered her face with her hands and was silent; she was praying.

"If you ask my advice," she replied, after she had uttered her prayer and taken her hands from her face, "you will not do this. Do I not see how you suffer, how this opens all your wounds? But let us admit that you, as always, forget yourself, but where will it lead you? new sufferings for yourself, to torture for the child! If she were still capable of human feelings, she herself could not desire this. No! I have no hesitation about it, I advise you not to, and, if you give me your authority, I will reply to her."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch consented, and the countess wrote, in French, this letter: —

Chère Madame: — Recalling your existence to your son would be likely to raise questions which it would be impossible to answer without obliging the child to criticize that which should remain sacred to him, and therefore I beg you to interpret your husband's refusal in the spirit of Christian charity. I pray the Omnipotent to be merciful to you.

COMTESSE LIDIA.

This letter accomplished the secret aim which the countess would not confess even to herself; it wounded Anna to the bottom of her soul.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, on returning home from Lidia Ivanovna's, found himself unable to take up his ordinary occupations, or recover the spiritual calm of a believer who feels that he is among the elect.

The thought of his wife who had been so guilty toward him, and toward whom he had acted so like a saint, as the Countess Lidia Ivanovna had so well expressed it, ought not to have disturbed him, and yet he was ill at ease. He could not understand a word of the book he was reading, he could not drive away from his mind the cruel recollections of his relations to her, of the mistakes which, as it now seemed to him, he himself had made in his treatment of her. He remembered with a feeling like remorse the way he had received Anna's confession that day as they were returning from the races. Why had he demanded merely an outward observance of the proprieties? Why had he not challenged Vronsky to a duel? He was likewise tormented by his recollection of the letter which he wrote her at that time; especially his forgiveness of her, which had proved useless to any one, and the pains which he had wasted on the baby that was not his, all came back to his memory and seared his heart with shame and regret. And exactly the same feeling of shame and regret she experienced now in reviewing all his past with her, and remembering the awkward way in which, after long vacillating, he had offered himself to her.

"But how am I at fault?" he asked himself; and this question immediately gave rise to another: "Do other men feel differently, fall in love differently, and marry differently,—these Vronskys, Oblonskys.... these chamberlains with their handsome calves?"

His imagination called up a whole line of these vigorous men, self-confident and strong, who had always and everywhere attracted his curiosity and his wonder.

He drove away these thoughts; he strove to persuade himself that the end and aim of his life was not this world, but eternity, that peace and charity alone ought to dwell in his soul. But the fact that in this temporal, insignificant life he had, as it seemed to him, made some humiliating blunders, tortured him as much as if that eternal salvation in which he put his trust did not exist.

But this temptation was not long, and soon Aleksei Aleksandrovitch regained that serenity and elevation of mind by which he succeeded in putting away all that he wished to forget.

CHAPTER XXVI

"WELL, Kapitonuitch?" said Serozha, as he came in, rosy and gay, after his walk, on the evening before his birthday, while the old Swiss, smiling down from his superior height, helped the young man off with his coat, "did the bandaged chinovnik come to-day? Did papa see him?"

"Yes; the manager had only just got here when I announced him," replied the Swiss, winking one eye gayly. "Permit me, I will take it."

"Serozha! Serozha!" called the Slavophile tutor, who was standing by the door that led to the inner rooms, "take off your coat yourself."

But Serozha, though he heard his tutor's weak voice, paid no heed to him; standing by the Swiss, he held him by the belt, and looked him straight in the face.

"And did papa do what he wanted?"

The Swiss nodded.

This chinovnik, with his head in a bandage, who had come seven times to ask some favor of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, interested Serozha and the Swiss. Serozha had met him one day in the vestibule, and overheard how he begged the Swiss to let him be admitted, saying that nothing was left for him and his children but to die. Since that time the lad had felt great concern for the poor man.

"Say, did he seem very glad?" asked Serozha.

"Glad as he could be; he went off almost leaping."

"Has anything come?" asked Serozha, after a moment's silence.

"Well, sir," whispered the Swiss, shaking his head "there is something from the countess."

Serozha instantly understood that what the Swiss meant was a birthday present from the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"What did you say? Where is it?"

"Kornei took it to papa; it must be some beautiful toy!"

"How big? as big as this?"

"Smaller, but beautiful."

"A little book?"

"No; a toy. Run away, run away. Vasili Lukitch is calling you," said the Swiss, hearing the tutor's steps approach, and gently removing the little gloved hand which held his belt.

"In a little bit of a moment, Vasili Lukitch," said Serozha, with the amiable and gracious smile to whose influence even the stern tutor submitted.

Serozha was in radiant spirits, and wanted to tell his friend, the Swiss, about a piece of good fortune which the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's niece had told him, while they were walking in the summer garden, had befallen the family. His happiness seemed greater still since he heard about the chinovnik's success and his present. It seemed to Serozha that every one ought to be happy this beautiful day.

"Do you know papa has received the Alexander Nevsky order?"

"Why should n't I know? He has been receiving congratulations."

"Is he glad?"

"How could he help being glad of the Tsar's favor? Of course he deserves it!" said the old Swiss, gravely.

Serozha reflected as he looked into the Swiss's face, which he knew even to the least detail, but especially the chin, between his gray side-whiskers. No one had seen his chin except Serozha, who looked up at it from below.

"Well! and your daughter? Is n't it a long time since she has been to see us?"

The Swiss's daughter was a ballet-dancer.

"How could she find time to come on work-days?"

he exclaimed. "They have their lessons as well as you, and you had better be off to yours, sir."

When Serozha reached his room, instead of attending to his tasks, he poured out into the tutor's ears all his surmises about the present which had been brought him. "It must be a locomotive engine; what do you think about it?" he asked; but Vasili Lukitch was thinking of nothing except the grammar lesson, which had to be ready for the professor, who came at two o'clock.

"No, but you must just tell me one thing, Vasili Lukitch," asked the child, who was now sitting at his desk, with his book in his hands: "what is there higher than the Alexander Nevsky? You know that papa has just received the Alexander Nevsky."

Vasili Lukitch replied that the order of Vladimir was higher.

"And above that?"

"St. Andrew¹ above them all."

"And above that?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?" and Serozha, leaning his head on his hand, began to think.

The child's thoughts were very varied and complicated; he imagined that his father perhaps was going to have the orders of Vladimir and St. Andrew, and that therefore he would be more indulgent for that day's lessons; and that he himself, when he grew up, would do his best to deserve all the decorations, even those that would be given higher than that of St. Andrew. A new order would scarcely have time to be founded before he would make himself worthy of it.

These thoughts made the time pass so quickly that, when the professor came, his lesson about the circumstances of time, and place, and mode of action was not prepared at all; and the professor seemed not only dissatisfied, but distressed. His professor's distress touched Serozha. He felt that he was to blame for not having learned his lesson. In spite of all his efforts, he really had been unable to do it. When the professor was

¹ Andrei Pervozbanny, Andrew the First-called or Protokletos.

talking to him, he imagined that he understood; but when he was alone, he really could not remember or comprehend that such a short and easy word as *vdrüg*, "suddenly," is a *circumstance of the mode of action*; but still he was sorry that he had tried his teacher.

He seized on a moment when his teacher was silently looking into a book, to ask him:—

"Mikhaël Ivanovitch, when will your birthday be?"

"You would do better to think about your work; birthdays have no importance for a reasonable being. It is only a day just like any other, and must be spent in work."

Serozha looked attentively at his teacher, studied his sparse beard, his eye-glasses far down on his nose, and got into such a deep brown study that he heard nothing of what the teacher was explaining to him. He had a dim comprehension that his teacher did not believe what he said. By the tone in which he said it, he felt that it was incredible.

"But why do they all try to say to me the most tiresome things and the most useless things, and all in the same way? Why does this man keep me from him, and not love me?" he asked himself sadly, and he could not discover any answer.

CHAPTER XXVII

AFTER the professor, came the lesson with his father. Serozha, while waiting for him, sat at the table, playing with his pen-knife, and he fell into new thoughts.

One of his favorite occupations was to look for his mother while he was out walking. He did not believe in death as a general thing; and especially he did not believe that his mother was dead, in spite of what the Countess Lidia Ivanovna told him, and though his father confirmed it. And therefore, after they told him that she was dead, he used to watch for her while he was out for his walk. Every tall, graceful woman with dark hair he imagined to be his mother; at the sight of such a woman,

his heart would swell with love, the tears would come into his eyes, and he would wait until the lady drew near him, and raised her veil; then he would see her face; she would kiss him, smile upon him; he would feel the sweet caress of her hand, smell the well-known perfume, and weep with joy, as he did one evening when he lay at her feet, and she tickled him, and he laughed so heartily, and gently bit her white hand, covered with rings.

Later, when he learned accidentally from the old nurse that his mother was alive, and that his father and the countess had told him that she was dead because she was a wicked woman, this seemed still more impossible to Serozha, because he loved her; and he looked for her, and longed for her.

That very day, in the summer garden, there had been a lady in a lilac veil, and, with his heart beating violently, expecting that it was she, he saw her take the same footpath where he was walking; but this lady did not come up where he was, and she disappeared from sight. Serozha felt a stronger love than ever for his mother; and now, while waiting for his father, he was cutting his desk with his penknife; with shining eyes, he was looking straight ahead, and thinking of her.

"Here comes your papa," said Vasili Lukitch.

Serozha jumped up from the chair, ran to kiss his father's hand, and looked for some sign of pleasure because he had received the order of Alexander Nevsky.

"Did you have a good walk?" asked Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, as he sat down in an armchair, taking up the Old Testament and opening it.

Though he had often told Serozha that every Christian ought to know the sacred history by heart, he had often to consult the Old Testament for his lessons; and Serozha noticed it.

"Yes, papa, I enjoyed it very much," said Serozha, sitting across his chair, and tipping it, which was forbidden. "I saw Nadenka" (Nadenka was the countess's niece, whom she adopted) "and she told me that they've given you a new star. Are you glad, papa?"

"In the first place, please don't tip your chair so," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, "and in the second place, know that what ought to be dear to us is work for itself and not the reward. I want you to understand that. If you work and study simply for the sake of receiving the recompense, the work will seem painful; but if you love work, your recompense will come of itself."

And Aleksei Aleksandrovitch remembered that on this very day he had signed one hundred and eighteen different papers with no other support in a most unwelcome task than the feeling of duty.

Serozha's eyes, shining with affection and merriment, grew gloomy, and dropped as his father looked at him. It was the same well-remembered way his father had adopted in his treatment of him, and Serozha had already schooled himself to be hypocritical toward it.

He felt that his father always spoke as if he were addressing some imaginary boy, one of those children found in books, and not in the least like Serozha. And Serozha, when he was with his father, tried to make believe that he was that bookish little boy.

"You understand this, I hope."

"Yes, papa," replied the lad, playing the part of this imaginary little boy.

The lesson consisted of the recitation of several verses of the Gospel and the review of the first part of the Old Testament. The verses from the Gospel Serozha knew fairly well. But, as he was in the midst of so repeating them, Serozha was struck by the appearance of his father's forehead, which made almost a right angle near the temples, and he stumbled and transferred the end of one verse to the next verse which began with the same word. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch concluded that he did not understand the meaning of what he was reciting, and he was vexed.

He frowned, and began to explain what Serozha had heard so many times that he could not help remembering because he understood it too well—just as it was with the concept of the word *vdruk*, suddenly, being "a circumstance of the mode of action." The child, with

scared eyes, looked at his father and thought about only one thing: would his father oblige him to repeat the explanation that he had given him, as he had done at other times? This fear kept him from understanding anything. Fortunately his father passed on to the lesson in Sacred History. Serozha narrated the facts themselves very well; but when he was required to answer the questions as to what the fact signified he did not know it at all, though he had already been punished for this same lesson. The place where he could not recite and hesitated, and where he had whittled the table and rocked the chair, was the critical moment when he had to repeat the list of antediluvian patriarchs. Not one could he remember, not even Enoch, who was snatched up to heaven alive. On other occasions he could remember his name, but now he had entirely forgotten it, for the very reason that Enoch was his favorite character in all Biblical history, and he connected with the translation of this patriarch a long string of ideas which completely absorbed him, while he was staring at his father's watch-chain and a loose button on his waistcoat.

Serozha absolutely disbelieved in death, though they had told him about it many times. He could not believe that those whom he loved could die, and especially incredible was the thought of his own death. It all seemed perfectly impossible and incomprehensible. But he had been told that all must die; he had asked people in whom he had confidence, and they had assured him that it was so. The nurse herself, though unwillingly, said the same thing. But Enoch did not die, and perhaps others might not have to die.

"Why should not others deserve justice before God, and so be snatched up to heaven alive?" thought Serozha. "The wicked — those whom he disliked — might have to die, but the good might be like Enoch."

"Well! how about these patriarchs?"

"Enoch Enos"

"You have already mentioned him. This is bad, Serozha, very bad. If you do not endeavor to learn the

things essential for every Christian to know, what will become of you?" asked his father, getting up. "I am dissatisfied with you, and Piotr Ignatyevitch"—he was the professor—"is dissatisfied with you so I am compelled to punish you."

Father and pedagogue both found fault with him, and Serozha was doubtless making bad work of it. Yet it could not possibly be said that he was a stupid boy; on the contrary, he was far superior to those whom his teacher held up to him as examples. From his father's point of view, he did not want to learn what was taught him. In reality, it was because he could not learn it. He could not for the reason that his mind had needs more essential to him than those that his father and the pedagogue supposed. These needs were wholly opposed to what they gave him, and he revolted against his teachers.

He was only nine years old. He was only a child; but he knew his own soul. It was dear to him; he guarded it jealously, as the eyelid guards the eye; and no one should force a way in without the key of love. His teachers blamed him for being unwilling to learn, and yet he was all on fire with the yearning for knowledge; and he learned from Kapitonutch, his old nurse, Nadenka, and Vasili Lukitch, but not from his teachers. The water which the father and the pedagogue poured on the mill-wheel was wasted, but the work was done in another place.

His father punished Serozha by not letting him go to see Nadenka; but his punishment turned out to be an advantage. Vasili Lukitch was in good humor, and taught him how to make wind-mills. The whole afternoon was spent in working and thinking of the ways and means to make the mill go. Should he fix wings to it, or arrange it so he could turn it himself? He forgot about his mother all the evening; but after he had got into bed, he suddenly remembered her, and he prayed in his own fashion that she might cease to hide herself from him, and make him a visit the next day, which was his birthday.

"Vasili Lukitch, do you know what I prayed God for?"

"To study better?"

"No."

"Toys?"

"No. You must not guess. It is a secret; when it comes to pass, I will tell you. Can't you guess?"

"No, I can't guess; you must tell me!" said Vasili Lukitch, smiling, which was rare with him. "Well, get into bed; I am going to put out the light."

"I see that which I prayed for much better when there is n't any light. There, I almost told my secret!" cried Serozha, laughing gayly.

Serozha believed that he heard his mother and felt her presence when he was in the dark. She was standing near him, and looking at him tenderly with her loving eyes; then he saw a mill, a knife; then all melted into darkness, and he was asleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEN Vronsky and Anna reached Petersburg, they stopped at one of the best hotels. Vronsky had a room to himself on the ground floor; Anna, up one flight of stairs, with her baby, the nurse, and her maid, occupied a suite of four rooms.

On the day of his return, Vronsky went to see his brother; he there found his mother, who had come down from Moscow on business. His mother and sister-in-law received him as usual, asked him about his travels, spoke of common friends, but not by a word did they make any allusion to Anna. His brother, however, who returned his call the next morning, asked him about her and Aleksei. Vronsky declared in no equivocal terms that he considered the bond which united him to Madame Karenin the same as marriage, that he hoped a divorce would be obtained, and then he should marry her, but till that time, he should re-

gard her the same as his wife; and he asked him to explain this to his mother and sister-in-law.

"The world may not approve of me; that is all one to me," he added; "but if my family wish to remain on good terms with me, they must show proper respect for my wife."

The elder brother, always very respectful of his brother's opinions, was not very certain in his own mind whether he was doing right or not, and resolved to let society settle this question; but, as far as he himself was concerned, he saw nothing objectionable in this, and he went with Aleksei to call on Anna.

Vronsky spoke to Anna with the formal *vous*, you, as he always did before strangers, and treated her as a mere acquaintance; but it was perfectly understood that the brother knew of their relations, and they spoke freely of Anna's visit to Vronsky's estate.

Notwithstanding his experience in society, Vronsky, in consequence of this new state of things, fell into a strange error. It would seem as if he ought to have understood that society would shut its doors on him and Anna; but now he persuaded himself by a strange freak of imagination that, however it might have been in former days, now, owing to the rapid progress made by society, — and he had himself unconsciously become a strong supporter of progress, — prejudices would have melted away, and the question whether they would be received by society would not trouble them.

"Of course, she would not be received at court," he thought; "but our relatives, our friends, will understand things as they are."

A man may sit for some time with his legs doubled up in one position, provided he knows that he can change it at pleasure; but if he knows that he must sit in such a constrained position, then he will feel cramped, and his legs will twitch and stretch out toward the desired freedom. Vronsky experienced this in regard to society. Though he knew in the bottom of his soul that society was closed to them, he made experiment whether it had changed, and whether it would receive them.

But he quickly found that, even if it were open to him personally, it was closed to Anna. As in the game of "Cat-and-Mouse,"¹ the hands raised for him immediately fell before Anna.

One of the first ladies of Petersburg society whom he met was his cousin Betsy.

"At last?" she cried joyously, "and Anna? How glad I am! Where are you stopping? I can easily imagine the hideous effect our Petersburg must have on you after such a charming journey! I can imagine your honeymoon in Rome! And the divorce? is it arranged?"

Vronsky saw that Betsy's enthusiasm cooled when she learned that there was no divorce as yet.

"I know well that I shall be stoned," said she; "but I am coming to see Anna. Yes, I will certainly come. You won't stay here long, I imagine?"

In fact she called on Anna that very day; but her manner was entirely different from what it used to be. She evidently prided herself on her courage, and wanted Anna to appreciate the genuineness of her friendship. After talking for about ten minutes on the news of the day, she got up, and said as she went away:—

"You have not told me yet when the divorce is to be. Though I may disregard the proprieties,² stiff-necked people will give you the cold shoulder as long as you are not married. And it is so easy nowadays. *Ça se fait*. So you are going Friday? I am sorry we shall not see each other again."

From Betsy's manner Vronsky might have got an idea of what he might expect from society. But he made still another experiment in his own family. He had no hope of any assistance from his mother. He knew well that, enthusiastic though she had been in Anna's praise at their first meeting, she would be relentless toward her now that she had spoiled her son's career; but Vronsky founded great hopes on Varia, his brother's wife. It seemed to him that she would not be one to

¹ *Koshka-muishka*.

² *Zabrosit chepets cheres mielnitcu*, to throw one's cap over the mill.

cast a stone at Anna, but would come simply and naturally to see her.

On the next day he called on her, and, finding her alone, he openly expressed his desire.

"You know, Alekset, how fond I am of you," replied Varia, after hearing what he had to say, "and how willing I am to do anything for you; but if I kept silent, it is because I know that I cannot be of the least use to you and Anna Arkadyevna." She took special pains to use the two names. "Please don't think that I judge her—not at all; perhaps I should have done the same thing in her place. I cannot enter into details," she added, glancing timidly up at his clouded face; "but we must call things by their right name. You would like me to go and see her, and then have her visit me, in order to restore her to society. But you must know *I cannot* do it. My daughters are growing up; I am obliged, on my husband's account, to go into society. Now, I will go and call on Anna Arkadyevna; but she knows that I cannot invite her here lest she should meet in my drawing-room people who do not think as I do, and that would wound her. I cannot receive her."

"But I do not admit that she has fallen lower than hundreds of women whom you receive," interrupted Vronsky, rising, and seeing that his sister-in-law's decision was irrevocable.

"Alekset, don't be angry with me; please understand, it is not my fault," said Varia, looking at him with a timid smile.

"I am not angry with you, but I suffer doubly," said he, growing more and more gloomy. "I suffer because this breaks our friendship, or, at least, seriously impairs it; for you must know that for me this could not be otherwise."

He left her with these words.

Vronsky understood that further experiments would be idle, and that, during the few days he would still have to spend in Petersburg, he must act as if he were in a foreign city, avoiding all dealings with his former

society friends so as not to be subjected to vexations and affronts which were so painful to him.

One of the most unpleasant features of his position in Petersburg was the fact that Alekser Aleksandrovitch and his name seemed to be everywhere. It was impossible for a conversation to begin on any subject without turning on Alekser Aleksandrovitch; it was impossible to go anywhere without meeting him. So, at least, it seemed to Vronsky; just as it seems to a man with a sore finger, that he is always hitting it against everything.

Their stay in Petersburg seemed to Vronsky still more trying because all the time he saw that Anna was in a strange, incomprehensible moral frame of mind such as he had never seen before. At one time she was more than usually affectionate; then again she would seem cold, irritable, and enigmatical. Something was tormenting her, and she was concealing something from him; and she seemed not to notice the indignities which poisoned his life, and which, in her delicacy of perception, should have been even more painful for her.

CHAPTER XXIX

ANNA's chief desire on her return to Russia was to see her son. From the day she left Italy the thought of seeing him again kept her in a constant state of excitement; and in proportion as she drew near Petersburg the prospective delight and importance of this meeting kept growing greater and greater. She did not trouble herself with the question how she should manage it. It would be a simple and natural thing, she thought, to see her son once more, when she would be in the same town with him; but since her arrival she suddenly realized her present relation toward society, and found that the interview was not easy to obtain.

She had been two days now in Petersburg, and never for an instant had the thought of her son left her, but she had not seen him.

She felt that she had no right to go straight to her former home and risk coming face to face with Alekser Aleksandrovitch. She might not be admitted; she might be insulted. To write to her husband and ask permission of him seemed to her painful even to think of. She could be calm only when she did not think of her husband. To see her son when he was out taking his walk, even if she could find where and when he went, was too little for her. She had counted so much on seeing him again! she had so much to say to him; she had such a desire to hug him, to kiss him.

Serozha's old nurse might have been an assistance to her, and shown her how to manage; but she was no longer living in Alekser Aleksandrovitch's house.

On the third day, having learned of Alekser Aleksandrovitch's intimate relations with the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, Anna decided to write her a letter, and this cost her the greatest pains to write. She told her frankly that permission to see her son depended on Alekser Aleksandrovitch's magnanimity. She knew that if the letter were shown to her husband, he, in his part of magnanimous man, would not refuse her.

The messenger that carried the letter brought back the most cruel and unexpected reply, that there was no answer. She had never felt so wounded as at the moment when, summoning the messenger, she heard from him the circumstantial story of how he had waited, and how, after a time, he had been told that there would be no answer. Anna felt humiliated, insulted, but she saw that, from her point of view, the countess was right. Her grief was all the keener because she had to bear it alone. She could not and did not wish to confide it to Vronsky. She knew that though he was the chief cause of her unhappiness, he would regard her meeting with her son as of little account; she knew that he would never be able to sound all the depths of her anguish; she knew that she should hate him for the unsympathetic tone in which he would speak of it. And she feared this more than anything else in the world, and so hid from him her action in regard to her son.

She stayed at home all day long and racked her brain to think of other ways of meeting her son, and finally she decided to write directly to her husband. She had already begun her letter, when Lidia Ivanovna's reply was brought to her. The countess's previous silence had humbled and affronted her, but the note and all that she read between the lines so exasperated her,—this bitterness against her seemed so shocking when contrasted with her passionate, legitimate affection for her son, that she grew indignant against the others, and ceased to blame herself.

"What cruelty! What hypocrisy!" she said to herself. "All they want is to insult me and torment the child. I will not let them do so. She is worse than I am; at least, I do not lie."

She immediately decided to go on the morrow, which was Serozha's birthday, directly to her husband's house; she would bribe the servants, and would make any kind of an excuse, if only she might once see her son and put an end to the ugly network of lies with which they were surrounding the innocent child.

She went to a toy shop and purchased some toys, and thus she formed her plan of action: she would start early in the morning, at eight o'clock, before Alekser Aleksandrovitch would probably be up; she would have the money in her hand all ready to bribe the Swiss and the valet to let her go up-stairs without raising her veil, under the pretext of laying on Serozha's bed some presents sent by his godfather. As to what she should say to her son, she could not form the least idea; she could not make any preparation for that.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Anna got out of her hired carriage and rang the door-bell of her former home.

"Go and see what is wanted! It's some lady," said Kapitonuitch, in loose coat and galoshes, as he looked out of the window and saw a lady closely veiled standing on the porch. The Swiss's assistant, a young man whom Anna did not know, had scarcely opened the door before Anna pushed her way in, and, drawing a

three-ruble note out of her muff, thrust it into his hand.

"Serozha Sergyer Aleksievitch," she stammered, and started down the vestibule.

The Swiss's assistant examined the note, and stopped the visitor at the inner glass door.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

She did not hear his words, and made no reply.

Kapitonuitch, noticing the stranger's confusion, came out, let her into the entry, and asked her what she wanted.

"I come from Prince Skorodumof to see Sergyer Aleksievitch."

"He is not up yet," replied the Swiss, looking sharply at her.

Anna had never dreamed that the absolutely unchanged appearance of the anteroom of the house which for nine years had been her home could have such a powerful effect on her.

One after another, sweet and painful memories arose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked the Swiss, helping her to remove her shubka. When he saw her face, he recognized her, and without a word bowed profoundly.

"Will your ladyship¹ be pleased to enter?" he said to her.

She tried to speak, but her voice refused to utter a sound. Giving the old servant an entreating look, with light, swift steps she went to the staircase. She flew up the stairs. Kapitonuitch tried to overtake her, and followed after her, catching his galoshes at every step.

"His tutor is there; perhaps he is not dressed yet; I will speak to him."

Anna kept on up the stairs which she knew so well, not heeding what the old man said.

"This way. To the left, if you please. Excuse it if all is in disorder. He sleeps in the front room now," said the Swiss, out of breath. "Will your ladyship be

¹ *Vashe prevoskhodityelstvo*, literally, your excellency.

good enough to wait a moment? I will go and see." And, opening the high door, he disappeared.

Anna stopped and waited.

"He has just waked up," said the Swiss, coming back through the same door.

And, as he spoke, Anna heard the sound of a child yawning, and merely by the sound of the yawn she recognized her son and seemed to see him alive before her.

"Let me go in.... let me!" she cried, and hurriedly pushed through the door.

At the right of the door stood the bed, and on the bed a child was sitting up in his little open night-gown; his little body was leaning forward, and he was just finishing a yawn and stretching himself. His lips were just closing into a sleepy smile, and, with this smile, he slowly and gently fell back on his pillow.

"Serozha!" she whispered, as she went noiselessly toward him.

At the time of their separation and during that access of love which she had been recently experiencing for him, Anna had imagined him as still a boy of four, the age when he had been most charming. Now he no longer bore any resemblance to him whom she had left; he was still further removed from the four-year-old ideal; he had grown taller and thinner. How long his face seemed! How short his hair! What long arms! How he had changed since she had seen him last! But it was still Serozha — the shape of his head, his lips, his little slender neck, and his broad little shoulders.

"Serozha!" she whispered in the child's ear.

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his disheveled head first to this side, then to that, as if searching for something, and opened his eyes. For several seconds he looked with an inquiring face at his mother, who stood motionless before him. Then he suddenly smiled with joy, and again closing his sleepy eyes he threw himself, not back upon his pillow, but into his mother's arms.

"Serozha, my dear little boy!"¹ she cried, choking

¹ *Serozha! mal'chik moï miui.*

with tears, and throwing her arms around his plump body.

"Mamma!" he whispered, cuddling into his mother's arms so as to feel their encircling pressure.

Smiling sleepily, still with his eyes closed, he took his chubby little hands from the head of the bed and put them on his mother's shoulder and climbed into her lap, having that warm breath of sleep peculiar to children, and pressed his face to his mother's neck and shoulders.

"I knew," he said, opening his eyes; "to-day is my birthday; I knew that you would come. I am going to get up now."

And as he spoke he fell asleep again.

Anna devoured him with her eyes. She saw how he had grown and changed during her absence. She knew and yet she did not know his bare legs, so much longer now, coming below his nightgown; she recognized his cheeks grown thin; his short hair curled in the neck where she had so often kissed it. She could not keep her hands from him, and not a word was she able to say, and the tears choked her.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" he asked, now entirely awake. "What makes you cry?" he repeated, ready to weep himself.

"I will not cry any more.... I am crying for joy. It is so long since I have seen you. But I will not, I will not cry any more," said she, drying her tears and turning around. "Now go and get dressed," she added, after she had grown a little calmer, but still holding Serozha's hand. She sat down near the bed on a chair which held the child's clothing. "How do you dress without me? How...." she wanted to speak simply and gayly, but she could not, and again she turned her head away.

"I don't wash in cold water any more, papa has forbidden it; but you have not seen Vasili Lukitch? Here he comes. But you are sitting on my things."

And Serozha laughed heartily. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! dear heart, darling,"¹ he cried, again throwing himself into her arms, as if now for the first time, having seen her smile, he clearly understood what had happened.

"You don't need it on," said he, taking off her hat. And as if again recognizing her with her head bare, he began to kiss her again.

"What did you think of me? Did you believe that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You believed me alive, my precious?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he replied, repeating his favorite phrase; and, seizing her hand which was smoothing his hair, he pressed the palm of it to his little mouth and began to kiss it.

CHAPTER XXX

VASILY LUKITCH, meantime, not at first knowing who this lady was, but learning from their conversation that it was Serozha's mother, the woman who had deserted her husband, and whom he did not know, as he had not come into the house till after her departure, was in great perplexity. Ought he to go to his pupil, or should he tell Alekser Aleksandrovitch?

On mature reflection he came to the conclusion that his duty consisted in going to dress Serozha at the usual hour, without paying any attention to a third person — his mother or any one else. So he dressed himself. But as he reached the door and opened it, the sight of the caresses between the mother and child, the sound of their voices and their words, made him change his mind. He shook his head, sighed, and quietly closed the door. "I will wait ten minutes longer," he said to himself, coughing slightly, and wiping his eyes.

There was great excitement among the servants; they all knew that the baruinya had come, and that Kapitonu-

¹ *Dushenka, galubushka.*

itch had let her in, and that she was in the child's room; they knew, too, that their master was in the habit of going to Serozha every morning at nine o'clock: each one felt that the husband and wife ought not to meet, that it must be prevented.

Kornei, the valet, went down to the Swiss to ask why Anna had been let in; and, finding that Kapitonuitch had taken her up-stairs, he reprimanded him severely. The Swiss maintained an obstinate silence till the valet declared that he deserved to lose his place, when the old man jumped at him, and, shaking his fist in his face, said:—

“What is that? you would not let her in? You've served here ten years, and had nothing but kindness from her, but you would have said, ‘Now, go away from here!’ You know what policy is, you sly dog. What you don't forget is to rob your master, and to carry off his racoon-skin shubas!”

“Soldier!” replied Kornei, scornfully, and he turned toward the nurse, who was coming in just at this moment. “What do you think, Marya Yefimovna? He has let in Anna Arkadyevna, without saying anything to anybody, and just when Alekset Aleksandrovitch, as soon as he is up, will be going to the nursery.”

“What a scrape! what a scrape!” said the nurse. “But, Kornei Vasilyevitch, find some way to keep your master, while I run to warn her, and get her out of the way. What a scrape!”

When the nurse went into the child's room, Serozha was telling his mother how Nadenka and he had fallen when sliding down a hill of ice, and turned three somersaults. Anna was listening to the sound of her son's voice, looking at his face, watching the play of his features, feeling his little arms, but not hearing a word that he said. She had to go away, she had to leave him; this alone she understood and felt. She had heard Vasili Lukitch's steps, and his little discreet cough, as he came to the door, and now she heard the nurse coming in; but, unable to move or to speak, she remained as fixed as a statue.

"Mistress, darling,"¹ said the nurse, coming up to Anna, and kissing her hands and her shoulders. "God sent this joy for our birthday celebration! You are not changed at all."

"Akh! nurse, my dear; I did not know that you were in the house," said Anna, coming to herself.

"I don't live here; I live with my daughter. I came to give my best wishes to Serozha, Anna Arkadyevna, galubushka."

The nurse suddenly began to weep, and to kiss Anna's hand.

Serozha, with bright, joyful eyes, and holding his mother with one hand and his nurse with the other, was dancing in his little bare feet on the carpet. His old nurse's tenderness toward his mother was delightful to him.

"Mamma, she often comes to see me; and when she comes" he began, but he stopped short when he perceived that the nurse whispered something in his mother's ear, and that his mother's face assumed an expression of fear, and something like shame which did not go well with his mother.

Anna went to him.

"My precious!" she said.

She could not say the word *prashchai*, "farewell"; but the expression of her face said it, and he understood.

"My precious, precious Kutik!" she said, calling him by a pet name which she used when he was a baby. "You will not forget me; you" but she could not say another word.

Only then she began to think of the words which she wanted to say to him, but now it was impossible to say them. But Serozha understood all that she would have said; he understood that she was unhappy, and that she loved him. He even understood what the nurse whispered in her ear; he heard the words "always at nine o'clock," and he knew that they referred to his father, and that his mother must not meet him. He understood this, but one thing he could not understand: why did her

¹ *Baruinya, galubushka.*

face express fear and shame?.... She was not to blame, but she was afraid of him, and seemed ashamed of something. He wanted to ask a question which would have explained this doubt, but he did not dare; he saw that she was in sorrow, and he pitied her. He silently clung close to her, and then he whispered:—

“Don't go yet! He will not come for some time.”

His mother pushed him away from her a little, in order to see if he understood the meaning of what he had said, and in the frightened expression of his face she perceived that he not only spoke of his father, but seemed to ask her how he ought to think about him.

“Serozha, my dear,” she said, “love him; he is better and more upright than I am, and I have been wicked to him. When you have grown up, you will understand.”

“Not better than you!” cried the child, with sobs of despair; and, clinging to his mother's shoulders, he squeezed her with all his might till his arms trembled with the exertion.

“My darling, my little one!”¹ exclaimed Anna; and, bursting into tears, she sobbed like a child, even as he sobbed.

At this moment the door opened, and Vasili Lukitch came in. Steps were heard at the other door; and, in a frightened whisper, he exclaimed, “He is coming,” and gave Anna her hat.

Serozha threw himself on the bed, sobbing, and covered his face with his hands. Anna took them away to kiss yet once again his tear-stained cheeks, and then with quick steps hurried from the room.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch met her at the door. When he saw her, he stopped and bowed his head.

Though she had declared a moment before that he was better and more upright than she, the swift glance that she gave him, taking in his whole person, with all its peculiarities, awoke in her only a feeling of hatred and scorn for him, and jealousy on account of her son.

¹ *Dushetchka, malenki moi.*

She hurriedly lowered her veil, and, quickening her step, almost ran from the room.

She had entirely forgotten in her haste the playthings which, on the evening before, she had bought with so much love and sadness; and she took them back with her to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXXI

EAGERLY as Anna had desired to see her son again, long as she had thought about it, prepared herself beforehand, she had no idea of what an effect the sight of him would have on her; when she got back to her solitary room at the hotel again, she could not for a long time understand why she was there.

"Yes, all is over; I am alone again," she said to herself; and, without taking off her hat, she threw herself into an easy-chair which stood near the fireplace. And, fixing her eyes on a bronze clock standing on a table between two windows, she became absorbed in thought.

The French maid whom she had brought from abroad with her came and offered to help her dress; Anna looked at her with surprise, and replied, "By and by." A servant came to announce coffee; "By and by," she said.

The Italian nurse came in, bringing the little daughter whom she had just dressed; the plump, well-nurtured little one, as always, when she saw her mother, lifted up her bare little arms with the palms down, and, smiling with her toothless little mouth, began to beat the air with her plump little hands like a fish waving its fins, and to pull at the starched tucks of her embroidered skirt. No one could help smiling back, or kissing the little girl, or letting her catch hold of one of her fingers, screaming with delight, and jumping; no one could help pressing her lips for a kiss to the little sweet mouth. All this Anna did, and she took her into her arms, trotted her on her knee, and she kissed her fresh cheek and

bare elbows ; but the sight of this child made her feel clearly that the affection which she felt for it was not the same kind of love that she had for Serozha. Everything about this little girl was lovely ; but somehow she did not fill the wants of her heart.

In her first-born, although he was the child of a man whom she did not love, was concentrated all the strength of a love which had not been satisfied. Her daughter, born in the most trying circumstances, had never received the one-hundredth part of the care which she had spent on Serozha. Moreover, the little girl, as yet, only represented hopes, while Serozha was almost a man, and a lovely man ! He had already begun to struggle with his thoughts and feelings ; he loved his mother, understood her, judged her perhaps, she thought, recalling her son's words and looks ; and now she was separated from him forever, morally as well as materially ; and she saw no way of remedying the situation.

She gave the little one back to her nurse, and sent them away, and opened a locket containing Serozha's picture about the same age as his sister ; then, removing her hat, she took an album in which were photographs of her son at different periods ; she wanted to compare them, and she began to take them out of the album. She took them all out. One was left, the last, the best photograph of him. It represented Serozha astride a chair, in a white frock, a smile on his lips and a shadow in his eyes ; it was his most characteristic, his best expression. Holding the album in her little deft hands, which to-day moved with extraordinary nervousness, she tried with her slender white fingers to take it from its place ; but the photograph stuck, and she could not get at it. There was no paper-cutter on the table, and she took up another photograph at random to push out the card from its place.

It was a picture of Vronsky, taken in Rome, with long hair and a round felt hat.

"Ah ! there he is," she said to herself, and as she looked at him she suddenly remembered that he was the cause of all her present suffering.

Not once had she thought of him all the morning ; but now suddenly the sight of this manly and noble face, which she knew and loved so well, brought a flood of affection to her heart.

"Yes! Where is he? Why does he leave me alone, a prey to my grief?" she asked with bitter reproach, forgetting that she herself had carefully concealed from him everything concerning her son. She sent a message to him, asking him to come to her immediately, and waited, with heavy heart, thinking over the words with which she should tell him all, and the loving expressions with which he would try to console her. The servant returned to say that Vronsky had a visitor, but that he would come very soon ; and would like to know if she could receive him with Prince Yashvin, who had just arrived in Petersburg.

"He will not come alone, and he has not seen me since yesterday at dinner," she thought ; "and he does not come so that I can speak with him, but he comes with Yashvin."

And suddenly a cruel thought crossed her mind : what if he no longer loved her ?

And as she went over in her mind all the incidents of the past few days, she found her terrible thought confirmed by them. The day before he had not dined with her ; they did not have the same room, now that they were in Petersburg ; and now he was bringing some one with him as if to avoid being alone with her.

"But he must tell me this. I must know it. If it is true, I know what I must do," she said to herself, wholly unable to imagine what would happen if Vronsky's indifference should prove to be true. She began to feel that he did not love her any more ; she imagined herself reduced to despair, and in consequence her feelings made her overexcited ; she rang for her maid, went into her dressing-room, and took extreme pains with her dress as if the sight of her toilet and becoming way of dressing her hair would bring back Vronsky's love, if he had grown indifferent.

The bell rang before she was ready.

When she returned to the drawing-room, not Vronsky, but Yashvin, looked at her. Vronsky was looking at Serozha's picture, which she had left lying on the table, and he did not hurry to greet her.

"We are old acquaintances," she said to him, going toward him and placing her small hand in Yashvin's enormous hand. He was all confusion, and this seemed odd, in a man of his gigantic form and decided features.

"We met last year at the races. — Give them to me," she said, snatching her son's photographs from Vronsky, who was looking at them, while her eyes blazed at him significantly. "Were the races successful this year? We saw the races at Rome on the Corso. But I believe you do not like life abroad," she added, with a fascinating smile. "I know you, and, although we seldom meet, I know your tastes."

"I am very sorry for that, because my tastes are generally bad," said Yashvin, biting the left side of his mustache.

After they had talked some little time, Yashvin, seeing Vronsky look at his watch, asked Anna if she expected to be in Petersburg long. Then, bending down his huge back, he picked up his képi.

"Probably not long," she replied, in some confusion, and looked at Vronsky.

"Then we shall not meet again?" said Yashvin, getting up and addressing Vronsky. "Where are you going to dine?"

"Come and dine with me," said Anna, with decision; and, vexed because she could not conceal her confusion whenever her false situation became evident before a stranger, she blushed. "The table here is not good, but you will at least see each other. Of all Alekser's mess-mates, you are his favorite."

"I should be delighted," replied Yashvin, with a smile which proved to Vronsky that he was very much pleased with Anna. Yashvin took leave of them and went away, while Vronsky lingered behind.

"Are you going, too?" she asked him.

"I am already late. Go ahead, I will overtake you," he shouted to Yashvin.

She took his hand, and, without removing her eyes from him, tried to find something to say to detain him.

"Wait ; I want to ask you something," and she pressed Vronsky's hand against her cheek. "Well! did I do wrong to invite him to dinner?"

"You did quite right," he replied, with a calm smile which showed his solid teeth, and he kissed her hand.

"Aleksei, do you feel changed toward me?" she asked, pressing his hand between her own. "Aleksei, I am tired of staying here. When shall we go away?"

"Soon, very soon. You can't imagine how life here weighs upon me too," and he drew away his hand.

"Well! go, go away!" she said, in an injured tone, and quickly left him.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEN Vronsky came back to the hotel, Anna was not there. They told him that she had gone out with a lady who came to call on her. The fact that she had gone out without having left word where, a thing which she had not done before, the fact that she had also gone somewhere in the morning without telling him, — all this coupled with the strange expression of excitement on her face that morning, the manner and the harsh tone with which she had snatched away her son's photographs from him before Yashvin, made Vronsky wonder. He made up his mind to ask for an explanation, and waited in the drawing-room for her return. Anna did not come back alone ; she brought with her an old maiden aunt, the Princess Oblonskaya. She was the lady who had come in the morning, and with whom she had been shopping.

Anna pretended not to notice the expression of Vronsky's face and his uneasy, questioning manner, and began to talk gayly about the purchases she had made

in the morning. He saw that something unusual was the matter: in her shining eyes, as they flashed their lightning on him, there was evidence of mental strain; and in her speech and movements there was that nervous alertness and grace which in the first epoch of their relationship had so captivated him, but now they troubled and alarmed him.

The table was laid for four, and, just as they were going to sit down in the little dining-room, Tuskievitch came from the Princess Betsy with a message for Anna.

The Princess Betsy sent her excuses for not coming in person to say good-by to her. She was not well, and asked Anna to come to see her between half-past seven and nine o'clock.

Vronsky looked at Anna as if he would draw her attention to the fact that in naming a time she had taken precautions against her meeting any one; but Anna did not seem to pay any attention to it.

"I am very sorry, but just between half-past seven and nine I shall not be at liberty," she said, with a slight smile.

"The princess will be very much disappointed."

"So shall I."

"I suppose you are going to hear Patti," said Tushkievitch.

"Patti? You give me an idea. I would go certainly, if I could get a *loge*."

"I can get you one," suggested Tushkievitch.

"I should be very much obliged to you," said Anna; "but won't you dine with us?"

Vronsky shrugged his shoulders slightly; he did not know what to make of Anna. Why had she brought home the old princess, why was she keeping Tushkievitch to dinner, and, above all, why did she let him get her a box? Was it to be thought of for a moment that she, in her position, could go to the opera on a Patti subscription night, when she would meet all her acquaintances there? He looked at her seriously, but she responded with a half-despairing, half-mocking look, the meaning of which he could not understand.

All through dinner Anna was aggressively lively, and seemed to flirt both with Tushkievitch and with Yashvin. When they rose from the table, Tushkievitch went to secure a box, but Yashvin was going to smoke and Vronsky took him down to his own room; after some time Vronsky came up-stairs again. Anna was already dressed in a light silk gown bought in Paris. It was trimmed with velvet and had an open front. On her head she wore costly white lace, which set off to advantage the striking beauty of her face.

"Are you really going to the theater?" he asked, trying to avoid looking at her.

"Why do you ask me in such a terrified way?" she replied, again hurt because he did not look at her. "Why should n't I go?"

She did not seem to understand the meaning of his words.

"Of course, there is no reason for it," said he, frowning.

"That is exactly what I say," she replied, not wishing to see the sarcasm of his remark, and calmly putting on a long, perfumed glove.

"Anna, for heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" he said to her, trying to bring her to her senses, as her husband had more than once done.

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know very well that you can't go there."

"Why not? I am not going alone; the Princess Varvara has gone to dress; she is going with me."

He shrugged his shoulders with a look of perplexity and despair.

"But don't you know?" he began.

"No, I don't want to know!" she almost shrieked. "I don't want to know. Am I sorry for anything I have done? No, no, no, indeed; if it were to begin over again, I would begin over again. There is only one thing of any consequence to us—to you and me, and that is do we love each other? Everything else is of no account. Why do we live separate here, and not see each other? Why can't I go where I please? I love you, and everything is right, if your feelings have

not changed toward me," she said in Russian, looking at him with a peculiar gleam in her eyes which he could not understand; "why don't you look at me?"

He looked at her, he saw all her beauty, of her face, of the toilet, which was so becoming to her; but now this beauty and this elegance were precisely what irritated him.

"You know very well that my feelings cannot change; but I beg you not to go out, I beseech you," he said again in French, with a prayer in his voice, but with a cold look in his eyes.

She did not hear his words, but noticed only the coldness of his look, and replied with an injured air:—

"And I for my part beg you to explain why I should not go."

"Because it may cause you"

He grew confused.

"I don't understand at all: Yashvin *n'est pas compromettant*, and the Princess Varvara is no worse than anybody else. Ah! here she is!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

FOR the first time in his life Vronsky felt toward Anna a sensation of vexation bordering on anger, on account of her intentional misunderstanding of her position. This feeling was intensified by the fact that he could not explain the reason of his vexation. If he had frankly said what was in his mind, he would have said:—

"To appear at the opera in such a toilet, with a notorious person like the princess, is equivalent to throwing down the gauntlet to public opinion; to confessing yourself a lost woman, and, consequently, renouncing all hope of ever going into society again."

He could not say that to her.

"Why did she not understand it? What has happened to her?" he asked himself.

He felt at one and the same time a lessened es-

teem for Anna's character, and a greater sense of her beauty.

With a dark frown he went back to his room, and sat down with Yashvin, who, with his long legs stretched out on a chair, was drinking cognac and seltzer water. Vronsky ordered the same for himself.

"You spoke of Lanskof's Moguchi? He is a fine horse, and I advise you to buy him," began Yashvin, glancing at his comrade's solemn face. "His crupper is tapering, but what legs! and what a head! You could n't do better."

"I think I shall take him," replied Vronsky.

The talk about horses occupied him, but not for a moment was the thought of Anna absent from his mind, and he involuntarily listened for the sound of steps in the corridor, and kept looking at the clock on the mantel.

"Anna Arkadyevna left word that she has gone to the theater," a servant announced.

Yashvin poured out another little glass of cognac and seltzer, drank it, and rose, buttoning up his coat.

"Well, shall we go?" said he, half smiling beneath his long mustaches, and showing that he understood the cause of Vronsky's vexation, but did not attach much importance to it.

"I am not going," replied Vronsky, gloomily.

"I promised, so I must go; well — da svidanya! If you should change your mind, take Krasinsky's seat, which will be unoccupied," he added, as he went out.

"No; I have some work to do."

"A man has trials with a wife, but with a *not-wife* it is even worse," thought Yashvin as he left the hotel.

When Vronsky was alone, he rose, and began to walk up and down the room.

"Yes! To-night? The fourth subscription night.... My brother Yegor will be there with his wife, and with my mother, probably; in fact, all Petersburg will be there! Now she is going in, and is taking off her shuba, and there she is in the light! Tushkievitch, Yashvin, the Princess Varvara!" he pictured the scene to himself. "What am I to do? am I afraid? or have I given Tush-

kievitch the right to protect her? However you may look at it, it is stupid, it is stupid!.... Why should she place me in this position?" he said, with a gesture of despair.

This movement jostled the stand on which stood the seltzer water and the decanter with cognac, and nearly knocked it over; in trying to rescue it, he upset it entirely; he rang, and gave a kick to the table.

"If you want to remain in my service," said he to his valet who appeared, "then tend to your business. Don't let this happen again; why did n't you take these things away?"

The valet, knowing his innocence, wished to justify himself: but by one glance at his barin's face he realized that it was best for him to be silent; and, making a hasty excuse, he got down on the floor to pick up the broken glasses and water-bottles.

"That is not your business; call a waiter, and get my dress-coat."

Vronsky entered the theater at half-past nine. The performance was in full swing. The Kapelldiener — a little old man — took his fur-lined shuba, and, recognizing him, called him "your excellency," and assured him that he needed not to take a number, but that all he had to do was to call for Feodor.

There was no one in the lighted lobby except the Kapelldiener and two valets with fur garments on their arms, listening at the door. The sound of the orchestra playing staccato could be heard, carefully accompanying a woman's voice which was admirably rendering a musical phrase. The door opened and another Kapelldiener came tiptoeing out, and the phrase, as it was ending, came distinctly to Vronsky's ear. But instantly the door closed again and he could not hear the ending of the phrase or the cadenza; but from the applause that followed he knew that the aria was finished.

The plaudits still continued as he went into the auditorium, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers and bronze gas-fixtures. On the stage, the prima donna, with

bare shoulders and glittering with diamonds, was bowing and smiling, and, with the assistance of the tenor, who gave her his hand, was bending forward to receive the bouquets that were thrust awkwardly at her over the footlights, and then she went toward a gentleman whose hair, shining with pomade, was parted in the middle, and who reached out his long arms to hand her some article. The whole audience — those in the boxes and those in the parquet — was wildly excited and leaning forward, shouting and clapping. The Kapellmeister, on his elevated stand, helped pass it along, and straightened his white necktie.

Vronsky went down to the middle of the parquet, and, pausing, looked through the audience. He paid less attention than ever to the familiar stage-setting, to the stage, to the noise, to all that well-known, variegated, and uninteresting throng of spectators that was packed and crowded into the theater.

There were the same ladies in the boxes, with the same officers behind them, the same gayly dressed women, the same uniforms, and the same dress-coats; in the gallery the same disorderly crowd; and in all this closely packed house, in the boxes and in the front seats, were some forty genuine men and women! And Vronsky immediately turned his attention to this oasis, and occupied himself with it exclusively.

The act was just over as Vronsky went toward the first row of seats, and stopped near the railing beside Serpukhovskor, who, bending his knee and rapping against the rail with his heel, had seen him at a distance, and beckoned to him with a smile.

Vronsky had not yet seen Anna, and purposely refrained from looking for her; but from the direction in which people were gazing, he knew where she was. He glanced round furtively but did not search for her. Expecting something even worse, he looked to see if Aleksei Aleksandrovitch were there; to his joy the latter was not at the theater that evening.

"How unmartial you look," said Serpukhovskor; "one would take you for a diplomat — an artist."

"Yes; on my return home I put on citizen's dress," replied Vronsky, slowly taking out his opera-glasses.

"In this respect, I confess I envy you. When I return from abroad and put these on," said he, touching his epaulets, "I mourn for my liberty."

Serpukhovskoi had long since given up trying to push Vronsky along in his military career, but he continued to have a warm affection for him, and he now seemed especially friendly toward him.

"It is too bad that you lost the first act."

Vronsky, while listening with one ear, examined the boxes and the first tier of seats, with his opera-glass; suddenly Anna's head came into view, proud, and strikingly beautiful, in its frame of laces, next a lady in a turban, and a bald-headed old man, who blinked as he gazed through his opera-glass. Anna was in the fifth box, not more than twenty steps from him; she was seated in the front of the box, turning slightly away, and was talking with Yashvin. The pose of her head, her neck, her beautiful, broad shoulders, the radiance of her eyes and face,—all reminded him of her as she had looked that evening at the ball in Moscow.

But her beauty inspired him with entirely different sentiment; there was no longer anything mysterious in his feeling for her. And so, although her beauty was more extraordinary than ever, and fascinated him, at the same time it was now offensive to him. She did not look in his direction, but he felt that she had already seen him.

When Vronsky again directed his opera-glass toward the box, he saw the Princess Varvara, very red in the face, was laughing unnaturally, and kept looking at the next box; Anna, striking her closed fan on the red velvet, was looking away, evidently not seeing and not intending to see what was going on in the next box. Yashvin's face wore the same expression as when he lost at cards; he drew his left mustache more and more into his mouth, frowned, and was looking out of the corner of his eye into the same box.

In this box were the Kartasofs. Vronsky knew them,

and he knew that Anna, too, had been on friendly terms with them; Madame Kartasof, a little, thin woman, was standing with her back to Anna, and putting on an opera-cloak, which her husband handed to her; her face was pale and angry; and she was saying something with great excitement. Kartasof, a stout, bald-headed man, kept looking at Anna, and trying to calm his wife.

When Madame Kartasof left the box, her husband lingered, trying to catch Anna's eye, and evidently desirous of bowing to her; but apparently she purposely avoided noticing him, and leaned back to speak to Yashvin, whose shaven head was bent toward her. Kartasof went out without having bowed, and the box was left empty.

Vronsky did not understand what had just passed between the Kartasofs and Anna, but he felt perfectly sure that something mortifying had happened to Anna; by the expression of her face he saw that she was summoning all her strength to keep up her part to the end, and to appear perfectly calm. And this semblance of external calm was put on to perfection. Those who knew nothing of her history and her circle, who had not heard her old friends' expressions of indignation at her appearing in this way, in all the splendor of her beauty and of her toilet, would have admired her serenity and beauty, and never have suspected that this woman was enduring the same feelings of shame as a criminal experiences at the pillory.

Knowing that something had taken place, but not knowing exactly what, Vronsky felt a sense of deep anxiety, and, hoping to learn something about the matter, went to his brother's box. He intentionally crossed the parquet, on the side opposite to Anna's box, and, as he went, ran across his former regimental commander, who was talking with two of his acquaintances. Vronsky heard the Karenins' name spoken, and noticed that the regimental commander hastened to call to him aloud, while he gave his friends a significant look.

"Ah! Vronsky. When shall we see you again in the regiment? We shan't let you off without a banquet.

You are ours, every inch of you," said the regimental commander.

"I shan't have the time now. I am awfully sorry, another time," replied Vronsky, going rapidly up the steps which led to his brother's box.

The old countess, his mother, with her little steel-colored curls, was in the box. Varia and the young Princess Sorokin were walking together in the lobby of the belle-étage. As soon as she saw her brother-in-law, Varia went back to her mother with her companion, and then, taking Vronsky's arm, immediately began to speak with him about the subject which concerned him. She showed more excitement than he had ever seen in her.

"I think it is dastardly and vile; Madame Kartasof had no right to do so. Madame Karenin" she began.

"But what is the matter? I don't know what you mean."

"What? you have n't heard anything about it?"

"You can well understand that I should be the last person to hear anything about it."

"Is there a more wicked creature in the world than this Madame Kartasof!"

"But what did she do?"

"My husband told me about it she insulted Madame Karenin. Her husband began to speak across from his box to Madame Karenin, and Madame Kartasof made a scene about it. They say she said something very offensive in a loud voice, and went out."

"Count, your *maman* is calling you," said the young Princess Sorokin, opening the door of the box.

"I have been waiting for you all this time," said his mother to him, with a sarcastic smile; "we never see anything of you now."

The son saw that she could not conceal a smile of satisfaction.

"Good evening, *maman*. I was coming to see you," he replied coolly.

"What, I hope you are not going *faire la cour à Madame Kartévine*," she added, when the young Prin-

cess Sorokina was out of hearing; "*elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle.*"

"Maman, I have begged you not to speak to me about her," he replied gloomily.

"I only say what everybody is saying."

Vronsky did not reply; and, after exchanging a few words with the young princess, he went out. He met his brother at the door.

"Ah, Aleksei!" said his brother, "how abominable! She is a fool, nothing more. I was just wishing to go to see Madame Karenin. Let us go together."

Vronsky did not heed him; he ran hastily down the steps, feeling that he ought to do something, but knew not what.

He was stirred with anger, because Anna had placed them both in such a false position, and at the same time he felt deep pity for her suffering.

He went down into the parquet, and thence directly to Anna's *loge*. Stremof was leaning on the box, talking with her.

"There are no more tenors," he said; "*le moule en est brisé* — the mould is broken — from which they came."

Vronsky bowed to her and stopped, exchanging greetings with Stremof.

"You came late, it seems to me, and you lost the best aria," said Anna to Vronsky, looking at him scornfully, as it seemed to him.

"I am not a very good judge," he replied, looking at her severely.

"Like Prince Yashvin," she said, smiling, "who thinks Patti sings too loud.

"Thank you," she said, taking the program that Vronsky passed to her, in her little hand, incased in a long glove; and at the same moment her beautiful face quivered; she rose and went to the back of the box.

The last act had hardly begun, when Vronsky, seeing Anna's box empty, left the parquet, though he was hissed for disturbing the quiet of the theater while a *cavatina* was going on, and went back to the hotel.

Anna was already in her room; when Vronsky went to

her she was sitting in the same toilet which she had worn at the theater. She was sitting in the first chair she had come to, near the wall, looking straight before her. When she saw Vronsky enter, she glanced at him without moving.

"Anna," he said.

"You, you are to blame for it all!" she exclaimed, rising, with tears of anger, and despair in her voice.

"I begged you, I implored you, not to go; I knew that it would be unpleasant to you."

"Unpleasant!" she exclaimed; "it was horrible! I shall not forget it as long as I live. She said that it was a disgrace to sit near me."

"She was a stupid woman to say such a thing; but why did you run the risk of hearing it; why did you expose yourself?"

"I hate your calm way. You should never have driven me to this; if you loved me"

"Anna! what has my love to do with this?"

"Yes, if you loved me as I love you, if you suffered as I" she said, looking at him with an expression of terror.

He felt sorry for her, and yet he was vexed with her. He protested his love, because he saw that it was the only way to calm her; and he refrained from reproaching her, but in his heart he reproached her.

And his expressions of love, which seemed to him so banal that he was ashamed of himself for repeating them, she drank in, and gradually became herself again.

Two days later they left for the country, completely reconciled.

PART SIXTH

CHAPTER I

DARYA ALEKSANDROVNA, with her children, was spending the summer at Pokrovskoye, at the house of her sister, Kitty Levin. The house on her own estate, at Yergushovo, was all in ruins, and Levin and his wife had urged her to come to them for the summer. Stepan Arkadyevitch heartily approved of this arrangement. He assured them that he very much regretted that his duties would prevent him from spending the summer with his family in the country, for that would be the greatest possible delight for him, and if he stayed in Moscow he could occasionally run down for a day or two at a time.

Besides the Oblonskys and all their children, the Levins had with them the old princess, who considered her presence near her daughter at this particular time indispensable; they had also Varenka, Kitty's Soden friend, who was fulfilling her promise of making Kitty a visit when she should have been married. All these were Kitty's relatives and friends. Levin, though he liked them all, still felt some regret for his own people and his own ways, which were swallowed up as in a flood by the "Shcherbatsky element," as he called it. Of his own relatives that summer Sergyei Ivanovitch was the only representative, and he was not a Levin but a Koznuishef. So that the Levin spirit was at a great discount. There were so many persons in the long-deserted house that almost all the rooms were occupied, and almost every day the old princess, as she sat down at table, would count the guests and send off to the special table the grandson or granddaughter who made the number thirteen. And Kitty, diligently occupied with her

housekeeping, found it no small burden to provide turkeys, chickens, and ducks for the satisfaction of the various appetites of young and old, made keen by the country air.

The whole family were at table. Dolly's children were planning to go out and hunt for mushrooms with the governess and Varenka, when, to the great astonishment of all, Sergyei Ivanovitch, who enjoyed among all the guests a great reputation, amounting almost to reverence, on account of his wit and learning, evinced a desire to join the expedition.

"Allow me to go with you," said he, addressing Varenka. "I am very fond of getting mushrooms; I think it is a very admirable occupation."

"Why, certainly, we shall be very glad...." she answered, blushing.

Kitty exchanged looks with Dolly. The proposition of the learned and intellectual Sergyei Ivanovitch to go with Varenka after mushrooms confirmed an idea which had been engaging Kitty for some time.

She hastened to say something to her mother so that their looks might not be observed.

After dinner Sergyei Ivanovitch was sitting at the drawing-room window with his cup of coffee, still talking with his brother on some topic which they were discussing, but he kept his eyes on the door through which the children would have to pass when they should start after the mushrooms. Levin was sitting at the window near his brother. Kitty was standing near her husband, evidently expecting the end of a conversation which did not interest her, so that she might say something to him.

"You have changed a good deal since you were married, and for the better...." said Sergyei Ivanovitch, smiling at Kitty, and evidently not taking much interest either in the conversation, but at the same time he remained true to his passion for defending the most paradoxical themes.

"Katya, it is not well for you to stand," said her husband, moving up a chair for her and giving her a significant look.

"Well, we will finish this some other time," said Sergyer Ivanovitch, as he saw the children come running out.

In advance of the rest, galloping sidewise in her tightly fitting stockings, came Tania, waving a basket and Sergyer Ivanovitch's hat.

Boldly darting up to him, and with sparkling eyes, — they were just like her father's handsome eyes, — she gave Sergyer Ivanovitch his hat, and made believe that she was going to put it on him, tempering her audacity with a timid and affectionate smile.

"Varenka is waiting," said Tania, carefully putting his hat on his head, seeing by Sergyer Ivanovitch's smile that she might do so.

Varenka was standing at the door. She had put on a yellow muslin frock, and had tied a white hat over her head.

"I am coming — I am coming, Varvara Andreyevna!" cried Sergyer Ivanovitch, finishing his cup of coffee and putting his handkerchief and cigarette-case into his pocket.

"Is n't Varenka charming?" asked Kitty of her husband, as Sergyer Ivanovitch got up. She said this so that he might hear, for this was what she especially wanted. "And how pretty she is, royally pretty. — Varenka," cried Kitty, "are you going to the woods by the mill? We will join you there."

"You really forget your condition, Kitty," said the old princess, warningly, as she came hastily to the door. "You ought not to shout so loud."

Varenka, on hearing Kitty's voice and the princess's reproof, came up to them with quick, light steps. Her quickness of motion, the bright color that flushed her cheek, all proved that some metamorphosis was taking place in her. Kitty knew that this was something unusual, and watched her attentively. She now called Varenka only for the sake of bestowing on her a silent benediction, in the interest of an important event which she firmly believed would take place that day in the woods.

"Varenka, I shall be very glad if a certain thing comes to pass," she said to her in a whisper, and giving her a kiss.

"Are you coming with us?" asked Varenka of Levin, confused, and pretending that she had not heard what had been said.

"Yes, but only as far as the barns; I shall have to stop there."

"What do you propose to do there?" asked Kitty.

"I have some new carts to examine and test. — And where shall I find you?"

"On the terrace."

CHAPTER II

ALL the women were gathered on the terrace. They generally liked to sit there after dinner, but to-day they had a special matter of interest before them. Besides the making of baby-shirts and the knitting of bands, in which all of them were engaged at that time, they were engaged in superintending the cooking of some preserves after a recipe unknown to Agafya Mikharlovna. Kitty had brought with her this new process, which had been in use in her own home and required no water. Agafya Mikharlovna, who had before been shown how to do it in this way, considering that what had always been done at the Levins' could not be improved on, insisted on pouring water into the berries, declaring it could not be made otherwise. She had been detected doing this, and now the berries were cooking in the presence of them all, and Agafya Mikharlovna was to be brought to a realizing sense of the fact that the preserves could be made without the use of water.

Agafya Mikharlovna, with flushed and heated face and disheveled hair and with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, was moving a porringer round and round over a portable stove and looking gloomily at it, wishing with all her soul that the berries would thicken and not boil.

The old princess, conscious that Agafya Mikharlovna's indignation must be directed against her as the chief adviser in the concoction of the sweetmeat, pretended that she was busy with something else, and was not interested in it; but though she talked of extraneous affairs she occasionally glanced at the cooking out of the corner of her eyes.

"I always buy my girls' dresses at a cheap shop," the princess was saying in regard to something they had been talking about. "Had n't you better take off the scum, my dear?"¹ she added, addressing Agafya Mikharlovna. "It is not at all necessary for you to do it, and it is hot," said she, stopping Kitty.

"I will do it," said Kitty, who had got up and was carefully stirring the boiling sugar with a spoon, occasionally pouring out a little on a plate which was already covered with a variegated, yellowish red and sanguine scum, mixed with syrup.

"How they will like to lick it!" she said to herself, thinking of her children and remembering how she herself, when she was a little girl, had wondered that grown-up people did not feed upon that best of all things — scum!

"Stiva says that it is far better to give money," Dolly was saying in regard to the question of making presents, which they had been discussing. "But"

"How can one give money?" exclaimed the mother and Kitty, simultaneously. "They despise it."

"Well, for example, last year I bought our Matriona Semyonovna, not a poplin, but some of that kind" said the princess.

"I remember she wore it on your name-day."

"A lovely figure! So simple and ladylike. I should have liked one of it myself, if she had not one. Like the kind Varenka wears. So pretty and cheap."

"Now I think it is done," said Dolly, dropping the syrup from the spoon.

"When it crystallizes it is done. Cook it a little more, Agafya Mikharlovna."

¹ *Galubushka*, little dove.

"What an absurdity!" exclaimed Agafya Mikharlovna. "It would be the same anyway," she added.

"Oh! what a beauty he is! Don't scare him!" suddenly exclaimed Kitty, looking at a sparrow which perched on the rail, and, turning the heart of a berry over, began to peck at it.

"Yes, but you ought to be farther away from the charcoal," said her mother.

"*À propos de Varenka*," said Kitty in French, in which language indeed they had been speaking all the time so that Agafya Mikharlovna might not understand them, "do you know, *maman*, that I somehow expect something decided. You know what I mean. How nice it would be."

"What a master-hand at matchmaking you are," exclaimed Dolly. "How adroitly she has brought them together."

"No, but tell me, *maman*, what do you think of it?"

"What do I think of it? He can at any time have his choice of all the best in Russia;" by *he* she meant Sergyei Ivanovitch. "He is not so young as he was, but still I know many would set their caps for him. She is very good, but he might...."

"No, indeed, you know perfectly well that nothing better could be imagined for either of them. In the first place, she is charming," said Kitty, bending down one finger.

"She pleases him very much, that is true," said Dolly, in confirmation.

"In the next place, he has such a position in the world that it would make no difference to him what his wife's property or social standing was. He needs only one thing—a sweet, pretty, even-tempered wife."

"Yes, he might be very happy with her," said Dolly, in confirmation of this also.

"In the third place, she must love him, and so it is now.... and so it would be perfectly lovely.... I expect when they come in from the woods it will be all decided. I shall read it instantly in their eyes. I should be so glad.... What do you think about it, Dolly?"

"Do not get so excited. You really must not get so excited," said her mother.

"But I am not excited, mamma. I think that he will surely propose to her to-day."

"Oh, how strange it is how and when a man proposes. — Even if there is an obstacle, it is suddenly swept away," said Dolly, smiling pensively and recalling the old days with Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Mamma, how did papa propose to you," asked Kitty, suddenly.

"There was nothing extraordinary about it — very simply," replied the princess; but her face grew all radiant at the remembrance.

"No, but how was it? Did you love him before you allowed him to speak?"

Kitty found a special charm in the fact that now she could talk with her mother, as with an equal, on the most important questions in the lives of women.

"Of course I loved him. He came to visit us in the country."

"But how was it decided, mamma?"

"Do you really think that you young people have invented something new? It is always one and the same thing; it is decided by looks and smiles."

"How well you describe it, mamma. That is just it, 'by looks and smiles,'" said Dolly, confirming what her mother had said.

"But what words did he say?"

"What words did Kostia say to you?"

"He wrote in chalk. How long it seems since then," said Kitty.

And the three ladies sat occupied with the same thought.

Kitty was the first to break the silence. She had been thinking about that long-past winter before her marriage, and her infatuation for Vronsky.

"There is one thing — Varenka's first love," said she, remembering this by a natural connection of thought. "I wanted to give Sergyef Ivanovitch a hint of that to warn him. All men," she added, "are awfully jealous of our past."

"Not all," said Dolly. "You judge by your husband. I believe he is even now tormented by the remembrance of Vronsky; is n't that so?"

"He is!" replied Kitty, with a pensive smile in her eyes.

"Well, I don't know what there is in your past life to disquiet him," exclaimed the princess, her mother, resenting the inference that her maternal vigilance was called in question. "Is it because Vronsky paid you some attention? That happens to every young girl."

"Yes, but we were not talking about that," said Kitty, blushing.

"No, permit me to finish what I was saying," pursued the princess; "and besides, you yourself would not permit me to have an explanation with Vronsky, do you remember?"

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Kitty, with an exclamation of pain.

"There is no need of your being vexed. Your behavior toward him could never have been anything but perfectly proper. I myself should have challenged him! However, my darling, don't allow yourself to get excited. Please remember this, and calm yourself."

"I am perfectly calm, *maman*."

"How fortunate it turned out for Kitty that Anna appeared on the scene," said Dolly, "and how unfortunate for her. How their positions are reversed," she added, overwhelmed by her own thought. "Anna was so happy then and Kitty thought herself so miserable. I often think of her. What a complete change!"

"What is the use of thinking about her? She is a vile, disgusting, heartless woman," exclaimed the princess, who could not forget that Kitty had married Levin instead of Vronsky.

"What is the good of speaking about her, anyway!" said Kitty, in disgust. "I do not think about her nor do I wish to think of her at all. I do not wish to think about her," she repeated, hearing her husband's well-known step on the steps leading to the terrace.

"Whom do you wish not to think about?" asked Levin, appearing on the terrace.

No one answered, and he did not repeat his question.

"I am sorry that I am disturbing your feminine realm," said he, looking angrily at them all, and perceiving that they were talking about something which they would not talk about in his presence. For an instant he felt that he shared Agafya Mikharlovna's sentiments — her dissatisfaction at the Shcherbatsky way of making preserves without water, and especially the alien *régime* of his wife's family! Nevertheless, he smiled and went up to Kitty. "Well, how is it?" he asked, looking at her with the same expression every one used in addressing her.

"All right," said Kitty, with a smile; "and how is it with you?"

"The three-horse team will take a larger load than we can put on the telyega. Shall we go to meet the children? I have ordered the men to harness."

"What, are you going to take Kitty in the linyerka¹?" exclaimed the princess, reproachfully.

"We shall walk the horses, princess."

Levin never called the princess "*maman*," as his brothers-in-law did, and the princess resented it. But Levin, though he loved and respected her, could not call her so without doing violence to his feelings toward the memory of his own mother.

"Come with us, *maman*," said Kitty.

"I do not wish to countenance such imprudence!"

"Well, then, I will walk; that is good for me," said Kitty, rising to take her husband's arm.

"Good for you! But there's reason in all things," said the princess.

"Well, Agafya Mikharlovna, are your preserves done? Is the new method good?" asked Levin, smiling at the housekeeper in his desire to cheer her.

"Perhaps they're good; but, in my opinion, much overdone."

"There's one thing about them that's better, Agafya Mikharlovna, they won't spoil," said Kitty, divining her husband's intention, and with the same feeling addressing the old servant. "And you know the ice in the ice-

¹ *Linyerka* is a wide drozhsky with several seats.

house is all melted and we can't get any more. As for your spiced meats, mamma assures me that she has never eaten any better," she added, adjusting, with a smile, the housekeeper's loosened neckerchief.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna looked angrily at Kitty. "Do not try to console me, baruinya. To see you with *him* is enough to content me."

This familiar way of speaking of her master touched Kitty.

"Come and show us the best places to find mushrooms."

The old woman raised her head, smiling, as if to say, "One would gladly guard you from all hatred, if it were possible."

"Follow my advice, please, and put over each pot of jelly a round piece of paper soaked in rum, and you will not need ice in order to preserve them," said the princess.

CHAPTER III

KITTY was especially glad of the opportunity to be alone with her husband, because she had noticed how a shadow of dissatisfaction had crossed his telltale face when he stepped on the terrace and asked what they were talking about, and no one replied.

As they walked along in front of the others, and, losing sight of the house, took to the well-trodden, dusty road, bestrewn with rye and corn, she seized his hand and pressed it against her side. He had already forgotten the momentary unpleasant impression, and now that he was alone with her, and while the thought of her approaching maternity did not for an instant escape from his mind, he experienced a novel joy in the sense of the presence of a beloved woman — a joy perfectly free from anything sensual. There was nothing special to talk about, but he liked to hear the sound of her voice, which, like the expression of her eyes, had changed, owing to her condition. In her voice, as well as in her

eyes, there was a gentleness and gravity like that which people show when their attention has been concentrated on some one favorite task.

"You are not getting tired, are you? Lean on me more," said he.

"No, I am so glad to have a chance to be alone with you, and I confess that I miss our winter evenings when we two were alone together, much as I enjoy having *them* here!"

"That was good, but this is better. Both are better," said he, pressing her hand.

"Do you know what we were talking about when you came?"

"About preserves?"

"Yes, about preserves; but afterward about the way men propose."

"Ah!" said Levin, listening rather to the sound of her voice than to the words which she spoke, and all the time thinking of the road which they were following down to the forest, and carefully avoiding the places that might cause her to stumble.

"But how about Sergyer Ivanovitch and Varenka? Have you noticed it? I very much wish it might come about," she went on to say. "What do you think about it?"

And she glanced into his face.

"I don't know what to think," replied Levin, with a smile. "Sergyer in this respect was always a mystery to me. I think I told you about it."

"Yes, that he was in love with a young girl, but she died."

"That was when I was a child; I knew it by tradition. I remember him as he was then. He was wonderfully charming. But since then I have watched him with women. He is polite; he likes some of them; but you can't help feeling that for him they are merely people, not women."

"Yes, but now in the case of Varenka it seems to me there is some"

"Maybe there is but one must know him. He is

a peculiar, a remarkable man. He lives only a spiritual life. He is too pure and high-minded a man”

“What do you mean? How could this bring him to a lower level?”

“I don't say it would, but he is so accustomed to live a spiritual life only that he cannot reconcile himself to what is matter of fact. And Varenka is quite matter of fact.”

Levin had by this time become accustomed to speak his thoughts with all freedom, not taking pains to couch it in explicit words; he knew that his wife in such moments of intimate communion as now would understand what he expressed by a hint, and she did understand him.

“Yes, but she has none of that practicality such as I have. I can understand that he would never fall in love with me. She is all soul.”

“That is not so, he is so fond of you. And I am always so glad that my friends like you.”....

“Yes, he is kind to me; but”

“But not as it was with our lamented Nikolenka you loved each other;” said Levin, in conclusion. “But why not speak it out?” he added. “I often reproach myself that one so quickly forgets. Oh, what a terrible, what a fascinating man he was! But what were we talking about?” said Levin, after a silence.

“You mean that he is incapable of falling in love,” said she, expressing her husband's thought in her own way.

“I do not say that, but he has none of that weakness which is requisite and I always have envied him, and envy him still, in spite of my happiness.”

“You envy him because he is incapable of falling in love?”

“I envy him because he is better than I am,” said Levin, smiling. “He does not live for himself; it is duty which guides him, and so he has a right to be serene and well satisfied.”

“And you?” asked Kitty, with a mischievous smile.

He could never follow the course of her thoughts

when they caused her to smile. But the last deduction was that her husband, who had the greatest admiration for his brother, and who humbled himself before him, was insincere. Kitty knew that this insincerity of his was caused by his love for him, from a sort of conscientious scruple at being too happy, and especially from a never ceasing desire to be better — and she loved this in him, and that was why she smiled.

“But why should you be dissatisfied?” she asked, with the same smile.

Her disbelief in his self-dissatisfaction pleased him, and he unconsciously provoked her to explain the reasons for her disbelief.

“I am happy, but I am dissatisfied with myself” said he.

“How can you be dissatisfied, if you are happy?”

“How can I express it? In my heart of hearts I wish nothing else except that you should not stumble. Oh! you must not jump so,” he exclaimed, interrupting his argument with a reproach, because she had made a too vivacious motion in jumping over a branch which lay in the path.

“But when I criticize myself and compare myself with others, especially with my brother, I am conscious of all my inferiority.”

“But why?” persisted Kitty, with the same smile. “Are n’t you always doing for others? And your farming, your book?”

“Yes, I feel this especially now; and you are to blame,” said he, pressing her hand. “I do this so, so superficially. Ah, if I could love all this work as I love you! But of late I work on it as if it were a task imposed on me.”

“But what do you say about papa?” asked Kitty. “Is he unworthy because he does nothing for the commonwealth?”

“He? oh, no! But one must have just such simplicity, transparency, goodness, as he has; but I have n’t, have I? If I do not work, I am tormented. ’T is you who have made it so. If it were not for you, and if it were

not for what is coming," said he, with a significant glance at her figure, "I should devote all my powers to this work; but now I can't, and my conscience pricks me. I do it like a task, it is all pretense"

"Would you like to exchange with Sergyer Ivanovitch," asked Kitty; "would you like to work for nothing but your duty and the general welfare of mankind?"

"Of course not. The fact is, I am so happy that I can't reason clearly. So you think the proposal will take place to-day, do you?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"I think so, and then I think not. But I wish with all my heart it might. Here, wait!" She stooped down and plucked a daisy growing by the roadside. "Now, count; *he'll propose, he'll not propose,*" she said, giving him the flower.

"He'll propose, he'll not propose," repeated Levin, picking off the narrow, white, trembling petals.

"No, no!" cried Kitty, stopping him and seizing his arm, as she excitedly watched his fingers. "You pulled off two!"

"Well, that little one does n't count," said Levin, tearing off a short undeveloped petal. "But here comes the linyetka to meet us."

"Kitty, you have n't fatigued yourself?" cried the princess.

"Not the least in the world, mamma."

"Well, get in, if the horses are quiet and will walk."

But there was no need of riding; the place was so near they continued walking.

CHAPTER IV

VARENKA, in her white kerchief setting off her dark locks, and surrounded by children whom she was good-naturedly and gayly entertaining, and evidently excited by the possibility of a declaration from a man who was agreeable to her, was very fascinating. Sergyer Ivanovitch walked by her side, and could not refrain from

admiring her. As he looked at her he recalled all the pleasant remarks he had heard her make, all the goodness that he had found in her, and he confessed to himself more and more that the feeling which she aroused in him was something peculiar, like what he had experienced once, only long, long before, in his early youth.

The feeling of pleasure at being near her kept growing stronger, and at last when, as he put into her basket a monstrous birch mushroom with thin stem and edges, he looked into her eyes, and, noticing the blush of pleasure and timid emotion which spread over her face, he himself grew confused, and smiled with a mute smile which said too much.

"If this is the way it is going, I must deliberate and come to a decision, and not give way like a child to the impulse of a moment."

"I am going now to hunt for mushrooms independently of the rest of you, otherwise my acquisitions will not be noticed," said he; and he went off by himself from the edge of the woods, where they had been walking along the velvety turf among the old birch trees, scattered here and there in the forest together with the gray trunks of aspens and dark clumps of hazelnuts. Going off forty steps or so, and coming to a clump of the bush called *beresklet*, which was in full flower with its rosy catkins, Sergyei Ivanovitch sheltered himself behind it, knowing that he would not be seen.

Around him it was perfectly still. Only up in the tree-tops above his head, ceaseless, like a swarm of bees, buzzed the flies, and occasionally he heard the voices of the children. Suddenly, not far from the edge of the woods, rang out Varenka's contralto voice, calling Grisha, and a happy smile spread over Sergyei Ivanovitch's face. When he realized what he was doing, he shook his head disapprovingly at his state of mind, and, taking out a cigar, he began to smoke.

It was some time before he could light a match against the bole of a birch tree. The juicy scales of the white bark dampened the phosphorus, and the match refused to burn. At last one of the matches took fire, and the

fragrant cigar-smoke, like a wide wavering scarf, floated up and away above the bush under the pendant twigs of the birches. As he followed the whiff of smoke with his eyes, Sergyer Ivanovitch slowly walked on, thinking over the situation.

"And why should I not?" he asked himself. "If this was a caprice of passion, if I had experienced only this attachment, this mutual attachment—for I may call it *mutual*—and if I felt that it would run counter to the whole scheme of my life — if I felt that in giving way to this impression I should change my calling and duty — then it would not do at all. The one thing that I can bring against it is that when I lost Marie I vowed that I would never marry, in remembrance of her. This is the only thing that I can say against this feeling. This is serious," said Sergyer Ivanovitch to himself, but at the same time he recognized that this consideration had personally for him no great importance, but would simply spoil in the eyes of others the poetic *role* which he had been keeping up so long.

"But besides this, no matter how long I searched, I should never find out what would be said against my feeling. If I used all my wits, I could never find any one better."

Among all the women and girls whom he had ever known he could not think of one who united to such a high degree all, yes, verily, all the qualities which in a cold calculation he should wish to see in his wife. She had all the freshness and charm of youth, and yet she was no longer a child and if she loved him she loved him sensibly, as a woman ought to love: this was one thing. Another was: she was not only far removed from worldly-mindedness, but evidently found fashionable society distasteful; but at the same time she knew society well and had all those ways of a woman of good society, lacking which married life for Sergyer Ivanovitch was unthinkable. Thirdly, she was religious, but not like a child, irresponsibly religious and good, as Kitty, for example, was, but her life was founded on religious convictions. Even in trifles Sergyer Ivanovitch found in

her all that he desired in a wife. She was poor and unencumbered, so that she would not bring a throng of relatives and their influence into her husband's home, as he saw was the case with Kitty; but she would be in everything pledged to her husband, which was one of the conditions which he had demanded for himself in case he ever had any family life.

And this young woman, having all these qualities, loved him. He was modest, but he could not help seeing this. And he liked her. One obstacle stood in the way — his age. But his family were long-lived, he had not as yet a single gray hair, no one took him to be more than forty, and he remembered that Varenka had said that only in Russia men of fifty considered themselves old men, while in France a man of fifty reckoned himself *dans la force de l'âge* and one of forty was *un jeune homme*. But what signified his years when he felt himself as young in spirit as he had been twenty years before? Was not youth the feeling which he enjoyed when, coming out again from the forest into the clearing, he saw in the clear sunlight Varenka's graceful figure in her yellow frock and with her basket, moving along with light steps past the bole of an ancient birch tree, and the impression produced by the sight of Varenka blended with the surprising beauty of a field of oats shining yellow under the oblique rays of the sun, and beyond the field the old forest, variegated with yellow and stretching away into the azure distance? His heart swelled with joy. A feeling of tenderness seized him. He felt within him that his mind was made up. Varenka, who had just stooped down to pick up a mushroom, with an agile motion straightened herself up again and glanced around.

Sergye Ivanovitch, tossing away his cigar, went toward her with resolute steps.

CHAPTER V

"VAVARA ANDREYEVNA, when I was very young, I formed for myself an ideal of the woman whom I should love and whom I should be happy to call my wife. I have lived a long life, and now for the first time I find in you all that I was seeking. I love you and I offer you my hand."

Sergyei Ivanovitch was saying these words to himself when he was within ten steps of Varenka. She was kneeling on the grass and defending with her hands a mushroom from Grisha, and at the same time calling to little Masha.

"Here, come here. Little ones lots of them," she cried, in her deep, pleasant voice.

Though she saw Sergyei Ivanovitch approaching she did not rise nor did she change her position; but everything told him that she was aware of his presence and was glad.

"Did you find any?" she asked, turning her sweet face toward him with a smile.

"Not one," replied Sergyei Ivanovitch. "And you?"

She made no reply, her attention being just then absorbed by the children who surrounded her.

"Here's one for you near the twig," and she pointed out a little agaricus pushing its elastic red cap through the dry grass, from which it was extricating itself.

Varenka got up, after Masha had plucked the mushroom, breaking it into two white halves. "That reminds me of my childhood," she remarked, as she joined Sergyei Ivanovitch and walked with him away from the children.

They proceeded a few steps in silence. Varenka saw that he wanted to speak; she suspected what he had in mind, and felt stifled with the emotions of joy and terror. They had now gone so far from the rest that no one could have heard them, yet he had not opened his mouth to speak. Varenka would have done better not to say a word. After a silence it would have been easier to

say what they wanted to say than after any casual words. But against her own will, as it were unexpectedly, Varenka broke out :—

“And so you did not find any. But there are never so many mushrooms in the woods as along the edge.”

Sergyei Ivanovitch sighed and made no answer. He was annoyed because she spoke about mushrooms. He wanted to bring her back to the first words which she had spoken about her childhood ; but, as it were, contrary to his will, after a brief silence, he made an observation on what she had said last.

“I have heard that the white mushrooms are found pre-eminently on the edge of the forest, but I can't tell them.”

A few moments more passed ; they had gone still farther away from the children, and were wholly alone.

Varenka's heart beat so violently that she heard its throbs, and she was conscious that she was blushing, turning pale, and then blushing again.

To be the wife of such a man as Koznuishef after her position with Mme. Stahl seemed to her the height of happiness. Moreover, she was almost convinced that she was in love with him. And this was to be decided immediately ! It was a terrible moment for her ; terrible, both what he would say, and what he would not say.

Now, or never, it would have to be decided ; Sergyei Ivanovitch also felt this. Everything in Varenka's looks, in her heightened color, in the way she dropped her eyes, betrayed the most painful expectation.

Sergyei Ivanovitch saw this and was sorry for her. He even felt that he should wrong her if he kept silence. He made an effort to recall his recent arguments in favor of making the decision. He even repeated to himself the words in which he was going to couch his declaration ; but instead of these words, by some combination unexpected to himself, he asked :—

“What is the difference between a white mushroom and a birch mushroom ?”

Varenka's lips trembled as she answered :—

“There is very little difference in the cap, but it lies in the root.”

And as soon as these words were spoken both of them felt that this was the end of it, that what should have been said would never be said, and the emotion which up to this moment had reached its highest pitch gradually died away.

"The birch mushroom, or its root, reminds one of a black beard which has not been shaved for two days," said Sergyer Ivanovitch, calmly.

"Quite true," answered Varenka, smiling, and involuntarily the direction of their walk changed. They were going back toward the children. Varenka was puzzled and hurt, but at the same time she experienced a sense of relief. Sergyer Ivanovitch mentally reviewed his arguments in favor of marriage, and found them mistaken. He could not be unfaithful to Marie's memory.

"Gently, children, gently," cried Levin, testily, as the children sprang toward Kitty with shouts of glee.

Behind the children came Sergyer Ivanovitch and Varenka. Kitty needed not to question them. She knew by their calm and slightly mortified manner that the hope which she had been nursing would not be realized.

"Well, how is it?" her husband asked, when they returned to the house.

"It will not happen," said Kitty, with a smile and manner which reminded him of her father, as Levin had often remarked to his delight.

"Why won't it happen?"

"This is why," said she, taking his hand, raising it to her mouth, and touching it with her closed lips. "As people kiss a bishop's hand!"

"Which one has failed of it?" he asked, laughing.

"Both. It must be so when...."

"Here come the muzhiks...."

"No, not yet."

CHAPTER VI

WHILE the children took their supper, the older people sat on the balcony and talked as if nothing had happened; but all, and especially Sergyei Ivanovitch and Varenka, knew very well that an important event had occurred, although it was a negative one. The two experienced a feeling such as a boy has when, having failed in the examination, he is either kept in the same class or is excluded forever from an institution. All present, feeling likewise that something had taken place, talked with a forced animation.

Levin and Kitty felt especially happy and in love with each other that evening. And that they were happy in their love seemed to make it impolite to comment on the unskilfulness of those who did not know how to be happy, and this made them feel guilty.

"Take my word for it, Alexandre will not come," said the princess.

That evening they were expecting Stepan Arkadyevitch from the train, and the old prince had written that perhaps he, also, would come. "And if he does n't, I know why," continued the princess; "he says that young people ought to be left alone during the first part of their married lives."

"Yes, papa is abandoning us for that very reason. He has not been to see us at all. But how are we young folks? I am sure we are quite old."

"Only, if he does not come, and I have to take my leave of you children!" said the princess, with a melancholy sigh.

"What is the matter with you, mamma?" cried both daughters at once.

"You can think how it is with him. Here, now"

And suddenly and unexpectedly the old princess's voice broke. The daughters exchanged glances in silence.

"*Maman* is always finding some melancholy topic!" said their eyes. They did not know that, however

pleasant it was for the princess to visit her daughters, and however necessary she felt that she was, nevertheless both she and her husband had been very sad ever since they had given up their last beloved daughter and the family nest had become empty.

"What is it, Agafya Mikharlovna?" suddenly asked Kitty of the old housekeeper, whom she saw standing near with a mysterious and significant look in her eyes.

"It is about supper."

"Now, that is excellent," said Dolly. "You go and make your arrangements, and I will hear Grisha recite his lesson. He has not done anything all day."

"The lesson is my part! No, Dolly, I will go," cried Levin, springing up.

Grisha, who had already entered the gymnasium, was obliged to keep up his lessons during the summer. Darya Aleksandrovna, who had already begun, in Moscow, to study Latin with her son, now that she had come to the Levins', had made it a rule to go over with him, at least once a day, his most difficult lessons in Latin and arithmetic. Levin had taken it on himself to substitute for her. But the mother, having once listened while Levin was hearing the recitation, and noticing that he did not teach as the instructor in Moscow did, with an awkward attempt not to hurt his feelings, told Levin decidedly that he must go according to the book, as his tutor did, and that she had better take charge of the lessons again.

Levin was annoyed with Stepan Arkadyevitch, owing to whose carelessness the mother had charge of the children's education, though she understood nothing about it at all; and he was annoyed with the teachers, because they had such bad methods of teaching. But he promised his sister-in-law that he would conduct the recitations as she wished. And so he continued to take charge of Grisha's studies, no longer, however, in his own method, but according to the book, and therefore perfunctorily, and frequently forgetting the lesson-hour. And that is what had happened that day.

"No, I will go, Dolly, and you keep your seat," said

he. "We are going along in due order by the book. Only, now that Stiva is coming, we shall be going hunting, so we shall have to neglect them."

And Levin went to find Grisha.

Varenka was saying almost the same thing to Kitty. Varenka had found the way of being useful even in the Levins' happy, well-ordered household.

"I will go and see about supper, and you keep your seat," said she, and she joined Agafya Mikharlovna.

"Yes, yes! but you won't find the chickens. Then" said Kitty.

"Agafya Mikharlovna and I will settle the difficulty," said Varenka, and disappeared with her.

"What a pretty girl!" exclaimed the princess.

"Not pretty, *maman*, but the charmingest girl in the world."

"And so you are expecting Stepan Arkadyevitch, are you?" said Sergyei Ivanovitch, evidently not liking to have the conversation about Varenka prolonged. "It would be hard to find two brothers-in-law less alike," said he, with a sly smile. "One versatile, living only in society, like a fish in the water; the other, our Kostia, full of life and activity, quick at everything, but as soon as he gets into society he either gives up the ghost or flops about aimlessly, like a fish on dry land!"

"Yes, he is very heedless," said the princess, addressing Sergyei Ivanovitch. "I wanted especially to ask you to persuade him that it is impossible for her"—she was referring to Kitty—"to stay here; she certainly ought to be taken to Moscow. He says write for a doctor...."

"*Maman*, he is doing everything; he agrees to all you want," said Kitty, vexed with her mother for drawing Sergyei Ivanovitch into this matter as a judge.

While they were talking, the whinnying of a horse on the driveway was heard, and the sound of wheels on the stones.

Before Dolly could jump up to go and meet her husband, Levin jumped out of the window of the room downstairs where he was teaching Grisha, and put Grisha out.

"It's Stiva," cried Levin, from below the balcony. "We had finished, Dolly; don't you worry!" he added, as the boy darted off to meet the carriage.

"*Is, ea, id, ejus, ejus, ejus,*" cried Grisha, as he ran down the avenue.

"And there's some one with him! It must be papa!" cried Levin, standing at the entrance of the driveway. "Kitty, don't come down by the steep stairs. Come round!"

But Levin was mistaken in thinking that the other man in the carriage was the old prince. When he came close he saw, sitting next Stepan Arkadyevitch, not the prince, but a handsome, portly young man, in a Scotch cap with long floating ribbons. This was Vasenka Veslovsky, a third cousin of the Shcherbat-skys, a brilliant young member of Moscow and Petersburg society — "one of the best fellows that ever lived, and a devotee of hunting," as Stepan Arkadyevitch expressed it in introducing him.

Veslovsky was not in the least disconcerted by the surprise which his appearance, in place of the old prince, caused. He gayly greeted Levin, reminding him of their former acquaintance, and took Grisha into the carriage, lifting him up over the pointer which Stepan Arkadyevitch had brought with him.

Levin did not get into the carriage, but followed on foot. He was somewhat put out by the non-arrival of the old prince, whom he liked better and better the more he saw him; he was still more put out at the appearance of this Vasenka Veslovsky, a man who was utterly unknown and superfluous. He seemed to him still more unknown and superfluous when, as Levin approached the front door, about which had collected a lively throng of old and young, he kissed Kitty's hand with a remarkably flattering and gallant look.

"Your wife and I are cousins, and old friends," said Vasenka Veslovsky, heartily pressing Levin's hand a second time.

"Well, how is it, any game?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, addressing Levin almost before he had greeted

the others. "Vasenska and I have the most ferocious intentions. How are you, *maman*, since we saw each other in Moscow? Well, Tania, how goes it? Get the things from the back of the calash, please," said he, addressing every one at once. "How well you look, Dollenka," said he to his wife, again kissing her hand, holding it in his, and smoothing it.

Levin, who a few moments before had been in the happiest frame of mind, now looked at them all with indignant eyes, and everything disgusted him.

"Whom did he kiss yesterday with those same lips?" he queried, as he saw how affectionate Stepan Arkadyevitch was to his wife. He looked at Dolly, and even she was displeasing to him. "Of course she cannot believe in his love for her. How, then, can she seem so glad? Repulsive!" said Levin to himself.

He looked at the princess, who had seemed to him so charming a moment before, and her manner of receiving this Veslovsky and his ribbons, as if she were at home there, displeased him.

Even Sergyei Ivanovitch, who had come out on the porch with the rest, seemed to him disagreeable by reason of the hypocritical friendliness with which he met Stepan Arkadyevitch; for Levin knew that his brother neither liked nor respected Oblonsky.

And Varenka disgusted him, because she, with her *sainte nitouche* look, nevertheless met this stranger as if she thought only what sort of a husband would he make for her.

And most displeasing of all was Kitty, as she fell into conformity with the tone of gayety with which that gentleman regarded his visit, as if it were a festival for himself and all the rest; especially disagreeable was the peculiar smile with which she responded to his smile.

Noisily talking, they all went into the house, but as soon as they had sat down, Levin turned on his heel and started off.

Kitty saw that something was amiss with her husband. She wanted to take advantage of a favorable moment and have a little talk with him alone, but he hastened

from her, declaring that he had business to attend to at the office. Not for a long time had his affairs seemed to him so important as they did at that day.

"It may be a holiday for them," he said to himself, "but here are affairs of importance to be attended to, and they can't be delayed, and without them life could not be carried on."

CHAPTER VII

ONLY when they had sent to tell him supper was ready did Levin go back to the house again. On the stairway Kitty and Agafya Mikharlovna were standing holding a consultation over the wines for supper.

"But why do you make such a fuss? Give them what you usually do."

"No, Stiva does n't drink. Kostia, wait, what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Kitty, hastening after him; but he, without heeding her, went with long strides into the dining-room, and immediately began to take part in the lively conversation which Vasenka Veslovsky and Stepan Arkadyevitch were enjoying.

"What do you say? Shall we go hunting to-morrow?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Please let us go," said Veslovsky, changing his seat to another chair, and doubling his fat leg under him.

"I shall be very glad; yes, we will go. Have you had any hunting this year yet?" asked Levin, looking at Veslovsky's leg, but his cordiality was put on, as Kitty could easily see, and it did not become him. "I doubt if we find any woodcock, but snipe are abundant. We shall have to start early. You will not be too tired? Are you tired, Stiva?"

"I tired? I don't know what it is to be tired. I'm ready to stay up all night. We'll go and take a walk."

"Certainly, let us stay up all night. Capital," said Veslovsky.

"Oh, yes, we are agreed on that point, that you can

stay up all night and also keep other people awake," said Dolly, in that tone of playful irony which she almost habitually employed in addressing her husband. "In my opinion, I had better be going to bed. I won't eat any supper. I'll go now."

"No, Dollenka, sit down," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, going to the other side of the great table and taking a seat near his wife. "I've so many things to tell you about."

"Probably mighty little!"

"Do you know—Veslovsky has been at Anna's? She lives only seventy versts¹ away from here; he is going there when he leaves us, and I intend to go too. Veslovsky, come here."

Vasenska approached the ladies, and sat down next to Kitty.

"Oh, please tell us about it. Have you really been to Anna Arkadyevna's? How is she?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna.

Levin had remained at the other end of the table, and while he kept on talking with the princess and Varenka, he observed that Stepan Arkadyevitch, Dolly, Kitty, and Veslovsky were having an animated and mysterious conversation. Not only were they talking confidentially, but it seemed to him that his wife's face expressed a deep tenderness, as, without dropping her eyes, she looked into Vasenska's handsome face, while he was talking vivaciously.

"Their establishment is superb," Vasenska Veslovsky was saying in reference to Vronsky and Anna; "of course, I don't take it on myself to pass judgment on them, but when you are there in their house, you feel yourself at home."

"What are their plans?"

"They would like to pass the winter in Moscow, I believe."

"How jolly it would be for us to go there together. When shall you be there?" Oblonsky asked Vasenska.

"I am going to spend July with them."

¹46.41 miles.

"And are you going?" he asked his wife.

"I have long been wanting to go, and I certainly shall," said Dolly. "I am sorry for her, and I know her. She is a lovely woman. When you have gone away, I shall go alone; that will not disturb any one, and it would be better for me to go without you."

"Just the thing," answered Stepan Arkadyevitch. "And you, Kitty?"

"I? Why should I go to see her?" said Kitty; and, blushing with vexation, she glanced at her husband.

"Do you know Anna Arkadyevna?" asked Veslovsky; "she is a very fascinating woman."

"Yes," answered Kitty, blushing still more, and she rose and joined her husband. "So you are going hunting to-morrow, are you?" she asked him.

Levin's jealousy during those few moments, and especially at the blush which covered her cheeks while she was talking with Veslovsky, had already reached an acute stage. Now, hearing her question, he interpreted it in his own way. Strange as it was afterward for him to remember this, now it seemed clear to him that the reason for her asking him if he was going hunting and for her interest in it was to know if he would give Vasenka Veslovsky that pleasure, and that proved that she was already in love with him!

"Yes, I am thinking of it," he answered, in a voice so unnatural and constrained that he himself was horrified at it.

"Well, you had better stay at home to-morrow; Dolly has hardly seen her husband yet. Go day after to-morrow."

Levin now translated Kitty's words thus:—

"Do not separate me from *him*. *You* may go; it is all the same to me; but let me enjoy the society of this attractive young man."

"Oh, if you desire it, we will stay at home to-morrow," answered Levin, with especial pleasantness.

Meantime, Vasenka, not suspecting the effect his presence had produced, rose from the table, and approached Kitty with an affectionate smile.

Levin noticed that smile. He grew pale and for a moment could not get his breath.

"How does he dare to look at my wife in that way?" He was boiling!

"We are to go hunting to-morrow, are we not?" asked Vasenka, and he sat down in a chair and again doubled one leg under him, as his habit was.

Levin's jealousy grew still more intense. Already he saw himself a deceived husband, whom his wife and her lover were plotting to get rid of that they might enjoy each other in peace.

Nevertheless, he asked Veslovsky, with all friendliness and hospitality, about his hunting-gear, his guns and boots, and agreed to go the next day.

To Levin's happiness the old princess put an end to his torture by advising Kitty to go to bed. But even this was accompanied by new suffering for Levin. On bidding his hostess "good night," Vasenka tried to kiss her hand again. But Kitty, blushing and drawing away her hand, said, with a naive rudeness for which her mother afterward chided her:—

"That is not the custom with us."

In Levin's eyes she was blameworthy for permitting such liberties with her, and still more so for being so awkward in showing her disapprobation.

"Why should you go to bed?" said Oblonsky, who had taken several glasses of wine at dinner, and was in his most genial and poetic mood. "Look, Kitty," said he, pointing to the moon just rising above the lindens, "how lovely! Veslovsky, it is just the time for serenading. You know he has a splendid voice; he and I tried some on the way down. He has brought two new ballads with him. He and Varvara might sing to us."

After they had all left, Stepan Arkadyevitch and Veslovsky still for a long time walked up and down in the avenue, and their voices could be heard as they practised singing over the new ballads.

Hearing these voices, Levin sat scowling in an easy-chair in his wife's room, and obstinately refused to an-

swer her questions as to what was the matter with him. But at last Kitty, timidly smiling, asked him: "Is there anything about Veslovsky that has displeased you?"

This question loosened his tongue, and he told her all. What he said filled him with vexation, and so he grew still more excited.

He stood up in front of his wife with his eyes flashing terribly under his contracted brows and his hands pressed against his chest as if exerting all his force to restrain himself. His face would have been harsh and even cruel, had it not expressed also such keen suffering. His cheeks trembled and his voice shook. "Don't think me jealous; the word is disgusting. I could not be jealous and at the same time believe that.... I cannot tell you what I feel, but it is horrible to me.... I am not jealous, but I am hurt, humiliated, that any one should dare to look at you so."....

"Why, look at me how?" asked Kitty, honestly trying to recall all the remarks and incidents of the evening and all their possible significance. In the depth of her heart she had thought that there was something peculiar at the time when Veslovsky followed her to the other end of the table, but she dared not acknowledge it even to herself, and still more she did not wish to say this to him and thus increase his suffering.

"But what could he find attractive in me in my condition?"....

"Akh!" he cried, clutching his head. "You should not have said that.... That means, if you had been attractive...."

"Now stop, Kostia, and listen to me!" said Kitty, looking at him with a passionately compassionate expression. "What can you be thinking about? You know you are the only person in the world for me.... But you would not wish me to shut myself up away from everybody?"

At first she had been wounded by this jealousy of his, which spoiled even the slightest and most innocent pleasures; but she was ready now to renounce, not merely the trifling things, but everything, for the sake

of calming him so as to cure him of the suffering which he was enduring.

"Try to understand all the horrible absurdity of my position," he went on to say, in a whisper of despair. "He is my guest, and if it were not for his silly gallantry, and his habit of sitting on his leg, he has certainly done nothing unbecoming; he certainly thinks himself irreprouchable, and so I am obliged to seem polite."

"But, Kostia, you exaggerate things," said Kitty, glad at heart to see the force of his love for her, which now was expressed in his jealousy.

"But more terrible to me than all this is that, when you are an object of worship to me, and we are so happy, so peculiarly happy, this trashy fellow, but why should I call him names? He has done nothing to me. But why should our happiness"

"Listen, Kostia; I believe I know what has offended you."

"Why is it, why is it?"

"I saw how you were looking when we were at supper."

"Well, well?" asked Levin, excitedly.

She told him what they were talking about. And as she recounted it, she sighed with her emotion. Levin was silent; then, observing his wife's pale, excited face, he clutched his head again.

"Katya," cried he, "I have tired you! Galubchik, forgive me! This is sheer craziness. I am a burden to you, Katya! I am a fool! How could I torture myself over such a trifle!"

"I am sorry for you."

"For me, for me? that I am insane! but still it is horrible to think that any stranger might destroy our happiness!"

"Of course, this is outrageous"

"No, to disprove this, I will keep him with us all summer, and I'll spread myself in heaping favors on him," said Levin, kissing his wife's hands. "You'll see. And to-morrow — yes, certainly to-morrow, we will go!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE next morning the ladies were not yet up when the hunting-traps¹ were waiting at the door, and Laska, who since dawn had realized that hunting was in prospect, and having frisked and barked till she was tired, was sitting up on the *katki* next the coachman, looking with excitement and disapprobation at the door at which the huntsmen were so provokingly dilatory in making their appearance.

The first to appear was Vasenka Veslovsky, in a green blouse, with a cartridge-belt of fragrant Russia leather, shod in high new boots, which reached half-way up his thighs, his Scotch cap, with ribbons, on his head, and having an English gun of rather recent style, but without strap or bandoleer.

Laska sprang toward him and welcomed him, and asked in her way if the others were coming; but, receiving no answer, she returned to her post, and waited with bent head and one ear pricked up. At last the door opened noisily, and let out Krak, the pointer, circling round and leaping into the air, and after him came his master, Stepan Arkadyevitch, with gun in hand and cigar in mouth.

"Down, Krak, down!"² exclaimed Oblonsky, caressingly, to the dog, which leaped up to his breast and caught his paws on his game-pouch. Stepan Arkadyevitch wore pigskin sandals, leggings, torn trousers, and a short overcoat. On his head was the ruin of what had once been a hat; but his gun was of the most modern pattern, and his game-bag as well as his cartridge-box, though worn, were of the finest quality.

Vasenka Veslovsky had never before realized the fact that the height of elegance for a huntsman is to be in rags, but to have the equipment of the very finest quality. He understood this now, as he gazed at Stepan Arkadyevitch, whose elegant, well-nurtured, and aristocratic

¹ *Katki* and *telyegas*.

² *Tubo* is the Russian address to the dog.

figure was so gayly brilliant, though in rags, and he made up his mind to profit by this example the next time he should go hunting.

"Well, where is our host?" asked he.

"He has a young wife," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling.

"And how charming she is!"

"He must have gone in to see her again, for I saw him all ready to start."

Stepan Arkadyevitch was right. Levin had gone back to Kitty to make her say over again that she forgave him for his absurd behavior of the evening before, and to ask her for Christ's sake to be more careful. The most important thing was for her to keep the children at a distance, for they were always likely to run into her. Then he needed once more to receive assurance from her that she would not be angry with him because he was going away for two days, and to reiterate his desire that she should infallibly send him a note the next morning by a mounted courier, if it were only two words, so that he might know that she was comfortable.

Kitty, as always, had regretted the two days' separation from her husband; but as she saw him full of animation, and seeming especially big and strong in his hunting-boots and white blouse, and recognized that, to her incomprehensible, enthusiasm for hunting, she forgot her own regret in her delight in his happiness, and cheerfully bade him good-by.

"Pardon, gentlemen!" cried Levin, hurrying down to the porch. "Has the breakfast been put up? Why is the chestnut horse on the off side? Well, then, it makes no difference. Down, Laska! charge!"

"Put him among the geldings," said he, addressing the cowherd who was waiting for him on the door-steps with a question about the young ram. "It is my blunder that he's become ugly."

Levin jumped down from the katki in which he had already taken his seat, and met a hired carpenter who was just approaching the porch.

"Now, yesterday evening you didn't come to my office and here you are delaying me: well, what is it?"

"You bid me make a new stairway. Three steps will have to be added. And we can get all the lumber at once. It would be much more convenient."

"You should have listened to me," said Levin, in a tone of annoyance. "I said, 'Fix the string-boards, and then cut in the steps.' Now, don't try to mend them. Do as I ordered, make a new one."

The matter in question was this: in the wing which was building, the carpenter had spoiled a staircase by framing it separately, and not taking the slope into account, so that the steps were all at an angle when it was put into its place. But now the carpenter wanted to add three steps and keep the same framework.

"It would be much better...."

"But where would it go, even if you added three steps?"

"Excuse me," said the carpenter, with a disdainful smile. "It would go up to the same landing. Of course you'd pull it out below," said he, with a persuasive gesture. "It will fit, it will surely fit."

"But three steps add to the length of it—how would that improve it?"

After an idle argument in which the carpenter kept obstinately repeating the same words, Levin took his ramrod and proceeded to outline the plan of the stairway in the dust.

"Now do you see?"

"As you command," said the carpenter, with a sudden light flashing into his eyes, and evidently at last comprehending what Levin was driving at. "I see, we shall have to make a new one."

"Well, then, do as you were ordered," cried Levin, taking his place in the katki again. "Let us start! Hold the dogs, Filipp!"

Levin, now that he had left behind him all domestic and business cares, felt such a powerful sense of the joy of living and such expectation that he did not care to talk. Moreover, he experienced that sense of con-

centrated emotion which every huntsman feels as he approaches the field of his activity. If anything occupied him now, it was the question whether they should find anything in the Kolpensky marshes, and how would Laska come out in comparison with Krak, and what sort of luck he would that day enjoy. Should he do himself credit as a huntsman before this stranger? How would Oblonsky shoot? Better than he?

Oblonsky was occupied with similar thoughts and was not talkative. Vasenka Veslovsky was the only voluble one; and now, as Levin listened to him, he reproached himself for his injustice of the previous evening. He was a capital fellow, simple, good-natured, and very gay. If Levin had known him in his bachelor days, he would have become intimate with him. But Levin rather disliked his holiday view of life and a certain free and easy elegance. He seemed to arrogate to himself a marked and indubitable superiority because of his long finger-nails and his little cap and everything else corresponding; but this could be condoned in view of his good nature and irreproachable manners. He pleased Levin because he was well educated, and spoke French and English admirably, in fact, was a man of his own walk in life.

Vasenka was completely carried away by the *Stepnaya Donskaya* horse on the left of the three-span. He kept going into raptures over her. "How splendid it would be to gallop over the steppe on a steed of the steppe! Is n't that so?" he cried. He imagined that galloping over the steppe on such a horse was something wild and poetic, with no possibility of disappointment; but his innocence, especially in conjunction with his good looks, his pleasant smile, and his graceful motion, was very captivating. And because he was naturally sympathetic to Levin, or else because Levin, in consequence of his injustice to him the evening before, tried to find all his best qualities, they got on famously.

They had gone scarcely three versts when Veslovsky suddenly remembered his cigars and pocket-book, and

could not tell whether he had lost them or left them on his table. There were three hundred and seventy rubles in the pocket-book, and he could not leave them so.

"Do you know, Levin, I could take your Cossack horse and gallop back to the house. It would be elegant!"

"Oh, no," replied Levin, who calculated that Vasenka's weight must be not less than two hundred and forty pounds; "my coachman can easily do the errand."

The coachman was sent back on the Cossack horse, and Levin drove on with the pair.

CHAPTER IX

"WELL, what's our line of march? Give us a good idea of it," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"This is my plan: we will go first to Gvozdevo. Just this side of Gvozdevo is a snipe marsh, but on the other side of Gvozdevo extend splendid woodcock marshes, and there'll be game there. It's hot now, but toward the cool of the day—it's twenty versts from here—we will try the field. We will spend the night there, and then to-morrow we will strike into the great marshes."

"But is n't there anything on the way?"

"Yes, but it would delay us, and it is too hot. There are two splendid little places, but it is hardly worth while."

It was Levin's intention to attack these places, but as they were near home, he could go there at any time, and as they were small he thought that three hunters were too many. Therefore, he prevaricated when he said that it was hardly worth while.

When they came up to the little marsh, Levin was proposing to drive by; but Stepan Arkadyevitch, with the experienced eye of a huntsman, immediately saw the water-soaked ground which was visible from the road.

"Shan't we try that?" he asked, pointing to the marsh.

"Levin, please stop, how splendid!" Vasenka Veslovsky began to beg, and Levin could not well refuse.

Before they had fairly stopped, the dogs, in eager emulation, darted into the marsh.

"Krak! Laska!"

The dogs turned back.

"There won't be room enough for three. I will wait here," said Levin, hoping that they would not find anything except lapwings, which flew up from in front of the dogs, and, as they skimmed away over the marshy ground, uttered the most mournful cries.

"No; come on, Levin, let us all go together," called Veslovsky.

"It's a fact, there is n't room. Back, Laska, back. You don't need more than one dog, do you?"

Levin remained by the linerka and with jealousy in his heart watched the huntsmen, who were tramping through the whole bog. There was nothing in it, however, except moor-hens and lapwings, one of which Vasenka killed.

"Now you see that I gave you good advice about the marsh," said Levin. "It's only a waste of time."

"No, it's good fun all the same! Did you see?" exclaimed Vasenka, awkwardly climbing into the wagon with his gun and his lapwing in his hands. "Did n't I make a stunning good shot? Well, will it take long to get to the other one?"

Suddenly the horses plunged. Levin gave himself a violent bump on the head against some one's gun, and a shot went off. The gun really went off before, but it seemed to Levin the other way. It happened that Vasenka in uncocking his gun fired one barrel. The shot buried itself in the ground and no damage was done to any one. Stepan Arkadyevitch shook his head and laughed reproachfully at Veslovsky. But Levin had not the heart to rebuke him. In the first place, any reproach would seem to be called forth by a danger past and by the bump on his forehead; and in the second place, Veslovsky was so innocently filled with remorse and afterward laughed so good-naturedly and so con-

tagiously over their common alarm that no one could help joining in.

When they reached the second marsh, which was of considerable size and sure to occupy much time, Levin advised not getting out. But Veslovsky again put in his entreaties. Again, since the marsh was not big enough for three, Levin, like a hospitable host, remained by the teams. As soon as they stopped, Laska darted off to the tussocks. Vasenka Veslovsky was the first to follow the dog. And before Stepan Arkadyevitch reached the wet ground a snipe flew up. Veslovsky missed it, and the bird flew over into an unmown meadow. But this snipe was predestined to be Veslovsky's. Krak again pointed it, and Veslovsky killed it and returned to the teams.

"Now you go, and I will stay by the horses," said he.

The huntsman's fever had by this time taken possession of Levin. He turned the reins over to Veslovsky and went into the swamp. Laska, who had been for some time pitifully whining and complaining at the inequality of fate, darted toward the tussock-filled bog which Levin knew so well, and to which Krak had not yet found his way.

"Why don't you hold her back?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"She won't scare them away," replied Levin, delighting in his dog and following after her.

As Laska went forward, the nearer she came to the tussocks the greater grew her gravity. A little marsh bird only for a second distracted her attention. She made one sweep around the tussocks, then began a second, but suddenly trembled and stood stock still.

"Come, Stiva, come," cried Levin, feeling how his heart was beginning to throb, and how, suddenly as if some bolt had slipped in his ears, all sounds, losing their sense of proportion, disconnectedly but distinctly began to come to him. He heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's steps, distinguishing them from the distant stamping of horses, he heard the crunching sound of a corner of a tussock torn away by the roots, and he could distinguish above

it the whir of a woodcock's wings. He could also hear, not far behind him, a strange splashing in the water, but what it was he could not make out. Choosing a place for his feet, he moved toward the dog.

"Go on."

Not a snipe, but a woodcock, flew up from under the dog's nose. Levin raised his gun, but at the instant he aimed the same noise of splashing in the water grew louder and nearer, and together with it Veslovsky's voice loudly shouting something. Levin saw that he was aiming too far behind the woodcock, but still he fired.

Turning round to discover what made the noise, Levin saw that the horses attached to the katki were no longer in the road, but were in the swamp.

Veslovsky, desirous of watching the shooting, had driven down to the swamp and had entangled the horses.

"The devil take him," said Levin to himself, turning back to the entangled horses.

"Why did you drive in so far?" he asked dryly; and, summoning the coachman, he began to disengage the horses.

Levin was vexed because they had caused him to miss his shot, but still more so because neither Stepan Arkadyevitch nor Veslovsky would help him to unharness and get out the team; but the reason for this was that they had not the slightest comprehension of the art of harnessing.

Not vouchsafing Vasenka a single word in answer to his assurance that where he stood it was perfectly dry, Levin silently worked with the coachman to unhitch the horses. But afterward, warming up to the work, and noticing how zealously and assiduously Veslovsky dragged at the katki by its side and even broke a part of it off, Levin blamed himself because, under the influence of the feeling which he had had the evening before, he had been too cool toward Veslovsky, and he tried by especial friendliness to atone for his curtness.

When everything was brought to order again and the teams were on the highway, Levin gave orders to get the luncheon ready.

"*Bon appétit, bonne conscience. Ce poulet va tomber jusqu'au fond de mes bottes,*" exclaimed Vasenka, growing lively again, and employing a quaint French proverb, as he devoured his second chicken. "Now our misfortunes are ended; now everything will go on famously. Only as a punishment for my sin I must certainly sit on the driver's box. Is n't that so? hey?—No, no, I am a born Automedon. Just see how I will tool you along," he insisted, not letting go the reins when Levin asked him to give up to the coachman. "No, I must atone for my sin, and I like it immensely on the box." And he drove.

Levin was somewhat afraid that he would tire out the horses, especially the chestnut on the left, which he could not control; but reluctantly he gave in to his gayety, listened to the love-songs which Veslovsky, sitting on the box, sang all the way, or to his stories and personation of an Englishman driving a four-in-hand, and after they had enjoyed their luncheon they reached the marshes of Gvozdevo in the gayest possible spirits.

CHAPTER X

VASENKA drove the horses so furiously that they reached the marshes too early and it was still hot. On reaching the important marsh, the real goal of their journey, Levin could not help wondering how he might rid himself of Vasenka and so get along without impediment. Stepan Arkadyevitch had evidently the same desire, and Levin could read in his face that expression of anxiety which a genuine huntsman always betrays before he goes out on the chase—he also detected a certain good-natured slyness characteristic of him.

"How shall we go in? I can see the marsh is excellent, and there are the hawks," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pointing to two big birds circling over the tall grass. "Where hawks are there is sure to be game!"

"Well, do you see, gentlemen?" said Levin, with a rather gloomy expression, pulling up his boots and con-

templating the caps on his fowling-piece. "Do you see that tall grass?" He pointed to an islet shading into a black green in the midst of the wet meadow which, already half mown, extended along the right bank of the river. "The marsh begins here directly in front of you — where it is so green. From there it extends to the right where those horses are going; there are the tussocks and you will find snipe there, and so on around this high grass clear up to the alders and the mill itself. That direction, you see where the ground is overflowed, that is the best place. I've killed as many as seventeen woodcock there. We will separate with the two dogs in different directions, and then we will meet at the mill."

"Well, who will go to the right, who to the left?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch. "There is more room to the right; you two go that way and I will take the left," said he, with pretended indifference.

"Capital, we will shoot more than he does. Come on, come on, come on," cried Veslovsky.

Levin saw that he was in for it, so they started off together.

As soon as they struck into the marsh the dogs began to hunt round and darted off for the swamp. Levin well knew what that careful and indeterminate manœuver of Laska's meant; he also knew the place, and he was on the lookout for a bevy of woodcock.

"Veslovsky, come in line, in line," he cried in a voice of anguish to his companion, who insisted in falling behind. Since the accidental discharge of the weapon at the Kolpensky marsh, Levin could not help taking an interest in the direction in which Veslovsky's gun-barrel was pointing.

"Now, I won't bother you, don't worry about me!"

But Levin could not help worrying, and he remembered Kitty's words as she said good-by to him: "Look out that you don't shoot one another."

Closer and closer ran the dogs, avoiding each other, each following her own scent; the expectation of starting up a woodcock was so strong that the squeak of

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his heel as he lifted it out of the mud seemed to Levin like the cry of the bird; he clutched and squeezed the butt of his gun.

Bang! Bang! A gun went off directly behind his ear.

It was Vasenka shooting at a flock of ducks which were splashing about in the swamp, and alighted far away from the huntsmen in an irregular line. Before Levin had a chance to glance round, a woodcock drummed,—another, a third, and half a dozen more flew up one after the other.

Stepan Arkadyevitch shot one at the very instant he was about beginning his zigzags, and the woodcock fell in a heap in the swamp. Oblonsky took his time in aiming at another which was flying low toward the high grass, and simultaneously with the flash the bird fell and it could be seen skipping from the mown grass, flapping its white uninjured wing.

Levin was not so fortunate; he shot at too close range for the first woodcock, and missed; he was about to follow after it, but just as it was rising again, another flew up from almost under him and diverted his attention, causing him to miss again.

While they were reloading, still another woodcock flew up, and Veslovsky, who had got his gun loaded first, fired two charges of small shot into the water. Stepan Arkadyevitch picked up his woodcock, and looked at Levin with flashing eyes.

“And now let us separate,” said he, and limping with his left leg, and holding his gun ready cocked and whistling to his dog, he started off by himself. Levin and Veslovsky took the other direction.

It always happened with Levin that when his first shots were unsuccessful, he grew excited, lost his temper, and shot badly the rest of the day. So it was in the present instance. The woodcock were abundant; they kept flying up from before the dogs, and from under the huntsmen's feet, and Levin might have easily retrieved his fortunes; but the longer he hunted, the more he disgraced himself before Veslovsky, who kept mer-

rily firing recklessly, never killing anything and never in the slightest degree abashed at his ill luck. Levin moved forward hotly, growing more and more excited, and finally he came not to have much hope of bringing down his game. Laska seemed to understand this state of things. She began to follow the scent more lazily, and looked at the huntsmen with almost an air of doubt and reproach. Shot followed shot. The gunpowder-smoke hung round the sportsmen, but in the great wide meshes of the hunting-bag lay only three light little woodcock. And of those one was killed by Veslovsky, and one of them they both brought down.

Meantime on the other side of the swamp Stepan Arkadyevitch's shots were heard, not very frequently, but, as it seemed to Levin, very significantly, and at almost each one he would hear him cry: —

“Krak, Krak, *apporte*.”

This still more excited Levin. The woodcock kept flying up into the air over the high grass. The drumming on the ground and the cries of the birds in the air continued incessantly on all sides, and the woodcock, which flew up before them and swept through the air, kept settling down again in front of the huntsmen. Now instead of two hawks there were dozens of them screaming over the marsh.

After they had shot over the larger half of the swamp, Levin and Veslovsky directed their steps to a place where there were alternating strips of meadow-land, which the peasants were accustomed to mow. Half of these strips had already been mown.

Although there was less hope of finding game where the grass was tall than where it had been cut, Levin had agreed with Stepan Arkadyevitch to join him there, and so he proceeded with his companion across the mown and unmown strips.

“Hi! sportsmen,” cried a muzhik, who with several others were sitting around an unharnessed cart. “Come and have a bite with us. We'll give you some wine.”

Levin looked round.

“Come on, we've plenty,” shouted a jolly bearded

muzhik with a red face, displaying his white teeth and holding up a green bottle which glittered in the sun.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'ils disent?*" asked Veslovsky.

"They invite us to drink some vodka with them. They have probably just finished their meadows. I'd go if I were you," said Levin, not without craftiness, for he hoped that Veslovsky would be tempted by the vodka and would go for it.

"Why should they treat us?"

"Oh, they are probably having a jollification. Really, you had better go. It will interest you."

"*Allons, c'est curieux.*"

"Go ahead, go, you will find the road to the mill," cried Levin; and, looking round, he saw to his delight that Veslovsky, stooping over and dragging one leg after the other, and carrying his musket on his outstretched arm, was making his way from the swamp toward the peasants.

"You come too," cried the muzhik to Levin. "Don't be afeared,¹ we'll give you a tart."

Levin felt a strong inclination to drink a glass of vodka and to eat a piece of bread. He was tired and could hardly lift his feet out of the bog, and for a moment he hesitated. But the dog was pointing, and immediately all his weariness vanished, and he lightly made his way over the marsh toward the dog. The woodcock flew from under his feet; he fired and brought it down. The dog pointed again—*pil!* From in front of the dog another arose. Levin blazed away. But the day was unfortunate; he missed, and when he looked for the one he had killed, it was nowhere to be found. He searched all through the tall grass, but Laska had no faith that her master had killed it, and when he sent her to find it, she pretended to circle round but did not really search.

Even without Vasenka, on whom Levin had laid the blame for his bad luck, there was no improvement. There also woodcock abounded, but Levin missed shot after shot.

¹ He says *niabor'* for *nebor'*, *nichavo* for *nichevo*.

The slanting rays of the sun were still hot ; his clothes, wet through with perspiration, stuck to his body ; his left boot, full of water, was heavy and made a sucking noise ; over his face, begrimed with gunpowder, the perspiration ran in drops ; there was a bitter taste in his mouth ; his nose was filled with the odor of smoke and of the bog ; in his ears rang the incessant cries of the woodcock ; his gun-barrels were so hot that he could not touch them ; his heart beat with loud and rapid strokes, his hands trembled with excitement, his weary legs kept stumbling and catching in the roots and tussocks : but still he kept on shooting. At last, having made a disgraceful failure, he threw down his gun and cap.

"No, I must get my wits back," he said to himself ; and, picking up his gun and cap, he called Laska to heel, and quitted the swamp. As he came out on the dry ground he sat down on a tussock, took off his boots and stockings, poured out the water, then he went back to the swamp, took a long drink of the boggy-smelling water, soaked his hot gun-barrels, and washed his face and hands. After he had cooled off, he again went down to the place where he would find the woodcock, and he made up his mind not to lose his self-control again. He meant to be calm, but it was the same as before. His finger would press the trigger before he had taken fair aim at the bird. Indeed, it went from bad to worse.

He had only five birds in his game-bag when he quitted the marsh and went to the alder-wood where he had agreed to meet Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Before he caught sight of Stepan Arkadyevitch he saw his dog Krak, all black with the marsh slime, and with an air of triumph as he came leaping out from under the up-turned root of an alder and began to snuff at Laska. Then appeared Stepan Arkadyevitch's stately figure in the shade of the alders. He came along, still limping, but with flushed face, all covered with perspiration and with his collar flung open.

"Well, how is it ? Have you killed many ?" he cried, with a gay smile.

"How is it with you?" asked Levin. But there was no need of asking, because he could see his overflowing game-bag.

"Oh, just a trifle." He had fourteen birds. "What a splendid marsh. Veslovsky must have bothered you. Two can't hunt well with the same dog," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, to soften the effect of his triumph.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Levin and Stepan Arkadyevitch reached the peasant's izba, where Levin always stopped when he was out hunting, Veslovsky was already there. He was laughing his merrily contagious laugh, sitting in the middle of the hut and clinging with both hands to a bench from which a soldier, the brother of their host, was pulling him in his efforts to haul off his muddy boots.

"I have only just got here. *Ils ont été charmants.* Imagine it—they gave me plenty to eat and drink. What bread, 't was marvelous. *Délicieux.* And such vodka I never tasted! And they utterly refused to take any payment. They kept saying: 'Drink it down,' or something like that."

"Why should they take money? They regarded you as a guest. Do you suppose they had vodka to sell?" asked the soldier, who at last succeeded in pulling off the wet boot together with the mud-stained stocking.

Notwithstanding the dirtiness of the izba, which the huntsmen and their dogs had tracked all over with mud, notwithstanding the smell of bog and gunpowder with which it was filled, and notwithstanding the absence of knives and forks, the three men drank their tea and ate their luncheon with appetites such as only hunting produces. After they had washed up and cleansed off the mud, they went to a hay-loft where the coachman had prepared them beds.

Although it was already dark, not one of the huntsmen felt any inclination to go to sleep. After they had indulged in various recollections and stories of shooting,

of dogs, and of previous expeditions, the conversation turned on a theme which interested them all. As it happened, Vasenka kept going into raptures over the fascination of this their camp and the fragrance of the hay, and the charm of the broken telyega — it seemed to him to be broken because the front part was taken off — and about the hospitality of the muzhiks, who had given him vodka to drink, and about the dogs, which were lying each at his master's feet.

Then Oblonsky gave an account of a charming meet which he had attended the summer before at the place of a man named Malthus, who was a well-known railway magnate. Stepan Arkadyevitch told what wonderful marshes and game preserves Malthus rented in the government of Tver, what equipages, dog-carts, and wagonettes were provided for the sportsmen, and how a great breakfast tent was carried to the marshes and pitched there.

"I can't comprehend you," exclaimed Levin, raising himself on his hay. "I should think such people would be repulsive to you. I can understand that a breakfast with Lafitte might be very delightful; but isn't such luxury revolting to you? All these people, like all monopolists, acquire money in such a way that they gain the contempt of people; they scorn this contempt and then use their ill-gotten gains to buy off this contempt!"

"You're perfectly right," assented Veslovsky. "Perfectly. Of course Oblonsky does this out of *bonhomie*, but others say, 'Oblonsky goes there.'" ...

"Not in the least," — Levin perceived that Oblonsky smiled as he said this. "I simply consider that this man is no more dishonorable than any other of our rich merchants or nobles. They all have got their money by hard work and by their brains."

"Yes, but what kind of hard work? Is it hard work to secure a concession and then farm it out?"

"Of course it is hard work. Hard work in this sense, that if it were not for such men, then we should have no railways."

"But it is not hard work such as the muzhik or the student has."

"Agreed, but it is work in this sense, that it is a form of activity which gives us results — railways. But perhaps you argue that railways are useless."

"No; but that is another question. I am willing to acknowledge that they are useful. But all gains that are disproportionate to the amount of labor expended are dishonorable."

"But who is to determine the suitability?"

"Property acquired by any dishonest way, by craft," said Levin, feeling that he could not very well make the distinction between honorable and dishonorable. "For example, the money made by stock-gambling," he went on to say, "that is bad, and so are the gains made by fortunes acquired without labor, as it used to be with the speculators in monopolies; only the form has been changed. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* We had only just done away with brandy-farming when the railways and stock-gambling came in; it is all money acquired without work."

"Yes, that may be very wise and ingenious reasoning. — Lie down, Krak," cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, addressing the dog, which was licking his fur and tossing up the hay. Oblonsky was evidently convinced of the correctness of his theory, and consequently argued calmly and dispassionately. "But you do not make the distinctions clear between honest and dishonest work. Is it dishonest when I receive a higher salary than my head clerk, although he understands the business better than I do?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I will tell you one thing: what you receive for your work on your estate is — let us say — five thousand above your expenses; but this muzhik, our host, hard as he works, does not get more than fifty rubles, and this disparity is just as dishonorable as that I receive more than my head clerk or that Malthus receives more than a railway engineer. On the contrary, it seems to me that the hostility shown by society to these men arises from envy."

"No, that is unjust," said Veslovsky; "it cannot be

envy, and there is something unfair in this state of things."

"Excuse me," persisted Levin. "You say it is unfair for me to receive five thousand while the muzhik gets only fifty; you're right. It is unfair. I feel it, but"

"The distinction holds throughout. Why do we eat, drink, hunt, waste our time, while he is forever and ever at work?" said Vasenka Veslovsky, who was evidently for the first time in his life thinking clearly on this question, and therefore was willing to be frank.

"Yes, you feel so, but you don't give your estate up to the muzhik," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, not sorry of a chance to tease Levin.

Of late there had arisen between the two brothers-in-law a secretly hostile relationship; since they had married sisters, a sort of rivalry existed between them as to which of them had the best way of living, and now this hostility expressed itself by the conversation taking a personal turn.

"I do not give it because no one demands this of me, and even if I wanted to, I could not," replied Levin.

"Give it to this muzhik; he would not refuse it."

"But how could I give it to him? Should I come with him and sign the deed?"

"I don't know; but if you are convinced that you have not the right"

"I am not altogether convinced. On the contrary I feel that I have no right to give it away, that I have certain obligations both to the land and to my family."

"No, excuse me; if you consider that this inequality is unjust, then why don't you do so?"

"I do it, only in a negative way, in the sense that I do not try to increase the discrepancy that exists between him and me."

"No, but that is a paradox, if you will allow me to say so."

"Yes, that is a sort of sophistical statement," averred Veslovsky. — "Ho! friend,"¹ he exclaimed, addressing

¹ *Khozain.*

their host, who had just then come into the loft, making the door creak on its hinges, "aren't you asleep yet?"

"No, how can one sleep? But I supposed you gentlemen were asleep—still, I heard talking. I wanted to get a hook.—Will she bite?" he added, carefully slipping along in his bare feet.

"But where do you sleep?"

"We are on night duty."

"Oh, what a night," exclaimed Veslovsky, catching a glimpse of the edge of the izba and the unharnessed wagons in the faint light of the west through the now widely opened door. "Just listen to those women's voices singing; it is not bad at all. Who is singing, friend?" said he, addressing the muzhik.

"Oh, those are the girls from the farm, singing together."

"Come, let's go out and take a walk! We shall never go to sleep. Come on, Oblonsky."

"What's the use?" said Oblonsky, stretching, "it's more comfortable here."

"Well, then, I'll go alone," exclaimed Veslovsky, jumping up eagerly and putting on his shoes and stockings. "Good-by—da svidanya—gentlemen. If there's any fun, I will come and call you. You have given me good hunting and I won't forget you."

"He's a splendid young fellow," said Oblonsky, after Veslovsky had gone out and the muzhik had shut the door again.

"Yes, he is," replied Levin, still continuing to think of what they had been talking about. It seemed to him that he had clearly, to the best of his ability, uttered his thoughts and feelings, and yet these men, who were by no means stupid or insincere, agreed in declaring that he indulged in sophistries. This confused him.

"This is the way of it, my friend," said Oblonsky. "One of two things must be: either you must agree that the present order of society is all right, and then stand up for your rights, or confess that you enjoy unfair privileges, as I do, and get all the good out of them that you can."

"No; if this was unfair, you could not get any enjoyment out of these advantages.... at least I could not. With me the main thing would be to feel that I was not to blame."

"After all, why should we not go out," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, evidently growing tired of this discussion. "You see we are not going to sleep. Come on, let's go out."

Levin made no reply. What he had said in their conversation about his doing right only in a negative sense occupied his mind. "Can one be right only in a negative way?" he asked himself.

"How strong the odor of the fresh hay is," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he got up. "It is impossible to go to sleep. Vasenka is hatching some scheme out there. Don't you hear them laughing, and his voice? Won't you come? Come on."

"No, I am not going," said Levin.

"Is this also from principle?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile, as he groped round in the darkness for his cap.

"No, not from principle, but why should I go?"

"Do you know you are laying up misfortune for yourself?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, having found his cap, and getting up.

"Why so?"

"Don't I see how you are giving in to your wife? I heard how much importance you attached to the question whether she approved of your going off for a couple of days' hunting. That is very well as an idyl, but it does n't work for a whole lifetime. A man ought to be independent; he has his own masculine interests. A man must be manly," said Oblonsky, opening the door.

"What does that mean.... going and flirting with the farm girls?" asked Levin.

"Why not go, if there's fun in it? *Ça ne tire pas à conséquence.* My wife would not be any the worse off for it, and it affords me amusement. The main thing is the sanctity of the home. There should not be any

trouble at home. But there is no need of a man's tying his hands."

"Perhaps not," said Levin, dryly, and he turned over on his side. "To-morrow I must start early and I shan't wake any one, and I shall start at daybreak."

"*Messieurs, venez vite,*" called Vasenka, returning. "*Charmante!* I have discovered her! *Charmante!* A perfect Gretchen, and she and I have already scraped acquaintance. Truly she is mighty pretty," he cried, with such an expression of satisfaction that any one would think that she had been made for his especial benefit, and that he was satisfied with the work of the one who had prepared her for him.

Levin pretended to be asleep, but Oblonsky, putting on his slippers and lighting a cigar, left the barn and soon their voices died away.

It was long before Levin could go to sleep. He heard his horses munching their hay, then the muzhik setting out with his eldest son to watch the animals in the pasture, then the soldier going to bed on the other side of the loft with his nephew, the youngest son of their host; he heard the little boy in a low voice telling his uncle his impressions regarding the dogs, which to him seemed terrible and monstrous beasts; then the boy asking what these dogs caught, and the soldier in a hoarse and sleepy voice telling him that the next day the huntsmen would go to the swamp and would fire off their guns; and then, the boy still continuing to ply him with questions, the soldier hushed him up, saying, "Go to sleep, Vaska, go to sleep, and you will see," and soon the man began to snore and all became quiet. All that was heard was the neighing of the horses and the cries of the woodcock.

"Why is this simply revolting?" he asked himself. "Well, what's to be done? It is not my fault." And he began to think of the morrow.

"To-morrow I will start early in the morning, and I will take it on myself not to get excited. I will bring down some woodcock. And there are plenty of snipe! And when I get back, there'll be a letter from Kitty.

Yes, perhaps Stiva is right; I am not manly toward her; I am too much under my wife's thumb. But what is to be done about it? This also is revolting."

Through his dream he heard Veslovsky and Stepan Arkadyevitch gayly talking and laughing. For an instant he opened his eyes. The moon had risen, and through the open doors he saw them standing there in the bright moonlight, and talking. Stepan Arkadyevitch was saying something about the freshness of a young girl, comparing her to a walnut just out of its shell, and Veslovsky laughing his contagious laugh, made some reply, evidently repeating the words spoken by some muzhik, "You'd better be going home."

Levin spoke through his dream, "Gentlemen, tomorrow morning at daybreak."

CHAPTER XII

WAKING at earliest dawn, Levin tried to wake his companions. Vasenka, lying on his stomach, with one leg in a stocking, was sleeping so soundly that it was impossible to get any reply from him. Oblonsky, only half awake, refused to start out so early. And even Laska, sleeping curled up in a round ball at the edge of the hay, got up reluctantly, and lazily stretched out and straightened her hind legs, one after the other. Levin, putting on his boots, took his gun and cautiously opening the creaking door of the shed, went outdoors. The coachmen were sleeping near the wagons; the horses were dozing. Only one sheep was drowsily eating with his nose in the trough. It was still gray in the yard.

"You are up early, are n't you, my dear," said the old peasant woman, the mistress of the house, coming out from the izba, and addressing him in a friendly way, like an old acquaintance.

"Yes, I'm going out shooting, auntie. Can I go this way to the swamp?"

"Directly behind the barns, follow the foot-path along

by the hemp-field." Stepping cautiously with her bare, sunburnt feet, the old woman accompanied Levin as far as the fence back of the barn. "Go straight on and you'll come to the swamp. Our boys went there last evening."

Laska ran merrily ahead along the foot-path. Levin followed her with swift, light steps, constantly watching the sky. He had an idea that he would reach the swamp before the sun would be up. But the sun did not loiter. The moon, which had been shining brightly when he first came out, was now growing pallid like a lump of quicksilver. The morning star, which before was most conspicuous, now almost defied detection; certain spots before almost indistinguishable on the distant field, now were becoming plainly visible; these were heaps of rye. The dew, though it could not be seen in the absence of the sunlight, was so dense on the fragrant tall hemp from which the seed had already been gathered, that it wet Levin's legs and blouse above his belt. In the transparent stillness of the morning the slightest sounds were audible. A bee, humming like a bullet, whizzed by Levin's ear. He looked around and discovered a second and yet a third. They were coming from the hives and were flying over the hemp-field and disappearing in the direction of the swamp. The foot-path led directly into the marsh, which could be detected by the mists rising over it, here denser, there thinner, so that clumps of grass and cytusus bushes looked like little islands emerging from them. Peasant boys and men, who had been on night duty, were scattered about on the edge of the swamp and along the roadside, and all of them were sleeping wrapped up in their kaftans. At a little distance from them three horses were moving about unfastened. One of them carried clinking chains. Laska ran along by her master's side, eager to dash ahead, and with her eyes on everything. After they had passed the sleeping muzhiks and had reached the first swampy places, Levin examined the priming of his gun and let the dog go.

One of the horses, a fat chestnut three-year-old, see-

ing Laska, shied, and, lifting his tail, whinnied. The two other horses were also startled, and dashed through the water and galloped out of the swamp. As they pulled their hoofs out of the soft, sticky mud, they made a noise like smacking. Laska paused, looking with amused eyes at the horses, and seemed to ask her master what she should do. Levin caressed her and gave a whistle as a signal that she might begin her work. Laska, joyous and full of importance, darted on over the soil of the marsh, which quaked under her weight.

As soon as she got fairly into the bog, Laska instantly distinguished amid all the well-known odors of roots and swamp-grass and the mud and the droppings of the horses, the scent of the bird perceptible through the whole place—the penetrating bird odor which more than anything else excited her. Wherever there was moss or sage bushes this odor was peculiarly strong, but it was impossible to make out in which direction it increased or diminished in strength. In order to get her bearings, the dog had to bear to the lee of the wind. Unconscious of any effort in moving her legs, Laska in an eager gallop, yet so restrained that she was able to stop at a bound, if anything of consequence presented itself, dashed toward the right away from the breeze which was now beginning to blow freshly from the east. Snuffing the air with her widespread nostrils, she suddenly became conscious that she was no longer following a trail, but was on the game itself—not one bird alone, but many. Laska slackened her speed. The birds were there, but she could not as yet determine exactly where. In order to find the exact spot, she began another circle, when suddenly the voice of her master called her back.

“Here, Laska,” he cried, directing her toward the other side. She paused as if to ask him if she had not better keep on as she had begun. But he repeated his command in a stern voice, sending her to a tussock-covered place overflowed with water, where there could not possibly be anything.

She heard him, and, pretending to obey him, so as to satisfy him, ran hastily over the spot indicated, and then returned to the place which had attracted her before, and instantly perceived them again. Now that he no longer bothered her she knew exactly what to do, and without looking where she was going, stumbling over tussocks to her great indignation and falling into the water, but quickly extricating herself with her strong, agile legs, she began to circle round, so as to get her exact bearings.

The scent of the birds kept growing stronger and stronger, more and more distinct, and suddenly it became perfectly evident to her that one of them was there, just behind a certain tussock not five steps in front of her, and she stopped and trembled all over. Her legs were so short that she could not see anything, but she knew by the scent that the bird was sitting there not five steps distant from her. She pointed, growing each instant more certain of her game and full of joy in the anticipation. Her tail stuck straight out and only the end of it quivered. Her mouth was open slightly. Her ears were cocked up. Indeed, one ear had been all the time pricked up as she ran, and she was panting heavily, but cautiously, and looking round still more cautiously, rather with her eyes than with her head, to see if her master was coming. He was coming, leaping from tussock to tussock, and more slowly than usual it seemed to her; his face bore the expression which she knew so well, and which was so terrible to her. It seemed to her that he was coming slowly, and yet he was running!

Remarking Laska's peculiar method of search as she crouched down close to the ground and took such long strides that her hind legs seemed to rake the ground, and noticing her slightly opened mouth, Levin knew that she was on the track of snipe, and offering a mental prayer to God that he might not miss especially his first shot, he followed the dog. As he came up close to her he looked from his superior height and saw with his eyes what she perceived only with her nose. In a nook between two tussocks not more than six feet

away from him a snipe was sitting. With head raised it was listening. Then, slightly spreading and closing its wings and awkwardly wagging its tail, it hid behind its nook.

"At him, at him!" cried Levin, pushing Laska from behind.

"But I can't move," thought Laska. "Where shall I go? From here I smell 'em, but if I stir I shan't find anything, or know what they are or where they are."

But Levin again pushed the dog with his knee, and in an excited whisper he cried again, "At him, Lasotchka, at him!"

"Well, if he wants me to do it, I will, but I won't answer for the consequences now," she said to herself, and she darted forward with all her might between the tussocks! She no longer went by scent, but only by her eyes and ears, and did not know what she was doing.

Ten paces from the first place a second snipe arose with a loud squawking and a characteristic drumming of wings. Instantly the shot rang out and the bird fell heavily with its white breast on the moist ground. Still another immediately flew up, not even roused by the dog.

When Levin aimed at it it was already a long shot, but he brought it down. After flying twenty feet or more the second snipe rose high into the air, then, spinning like a top, fell heavily to the ground on a dry spot.

"That is the talk," thought Levin, thrusting the fat snipe, still warm, into his hunting-bag. "Ha, Lasotchka, there's some sense in this, hey?"

When Levin, having reloaded, went still farther into the swamp, the sun was already up, though it was as yet hidden behind masses of clouds. The moon, which had now lost all its brilliancy, looked like a white cloud against the sky; not a star was to be seen. The swampy places, which before had been silvered with the dew, were now yellow. The whole swamp was amber. The blue of the grass changed into yellowish green. The

marsh birds bustled about among the bushes glittering with dew and casting long shadows along by the brook. A hawk awoke and perched on a hayrick, turning his head from side to side, looking with displeasure at the marsh. The jackdaws flew fieldward, and a barefooted urchin was already starting to drive the horses up to an old man who had been spending the night there, and was now crawling out from under his kaftan. The gunpowder smoke lay white as milk along the green grass. One of the peasant children ran down to Levin.

"There were some ducks here last evening, uncle,"¹ he cried, and followed him at a distance.

And Levin experienced a feeling of the keenest satisfaction in killing three woodcock, one after the other, while the boy was watching him and expressing his approbation.

CHAPTER XIII

THE superstition of hunters, that if the first shot brings down bird or beast, the field will be good, was justified.

Tired and hungry, but delighted, Levin returned about ten o'clock, after a run of thirty versts, having brought down nineteen snipe and woodcock and one duck, which, for want of room in his game-bag, he hung at his belt. His companions had been long up; and after waiting till they were famished, they had eaten breakfast.

"Hold on, hold on! I know there are nineteen," cried Levin, counting for the second time his woodcock and snipe, with their bloodstained plumage, and their drooping heads all laid one over the other, so different from what they were on the marsh.

The count was verified, and Stepan Arkadyevitch's envy was delightful to Levin.

It was also delightful to him, on returning to his

¹ *Dyadenka*, little uncle.

lodging, to find there a messenger who had just come from Kitty, bringing him a letter.

I am perfectly well and happy, and if you fear lest I shall not be sufficiently cared for, you may be reassured. I have a new body-guard in the person of Marya Vlashevna. [She was a midwife, a new and very important personage in Levin's family.] She came over to see me. She thinks I am wonderfully well, and we shall keep her till you get back. We are all well and happy, and if you are enjoying yourself and the hunting is good you may stay another day.

These two pleasures — his successful hunt and the letter from his wife — were so great, that they effaced from Levin's mind two less agreeable incidents. The first was the fact that his fast horse, who had apparently been overworked the evening before, refused to eat and was out of sorts. The coachman said that she was used up.

"They abused her last evening, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he. "The idea! They drove her ten versts at full speed!"

The second unpleasantness, which for the first moment put an end to his happy frame of mind, but which afterward caused him no end of amusement, arose from the fact that not a thing was left for him from all the abundant store of provisions which Kitty had put up for them, and which it seemed ought to have lasted them a whole week. As he returned from his long and weary tramp, Levin had indulged his imagination in certain tarts, so that when he entered the izba he actually felt the taste of them in his mouth just as Laska scented the game, and he immediately ordered Filipp to serve them to him. It then transpired that not only the tarts, but all the cold chicken, had disappeared.

"There! talk of appetites," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing and nodding at Vasenka Veslovsky; "I cannot complain of mine, but this is marvelous."

"Well! what shall I do?" cried Levin, glowering at Veslovsky. "Filipp, give me some cold beef."

"Beef's all gone and the dogs have got the bones!" replied Filipp.

Levin was so irritated that he could not help exclaiming, "I should think you might have left something for me!" and he felt like crying.

"Then cook me a woodcock," he said, with trembling voice, to Filipp, trying not to look at Vasenka, "and bring me some milk."

But after he drank his milk he was mortified because he had shown his disappointment so plainly and before a stranger, and he began to laugh at himself for his anger.

In the afternoon they went out into the fields again, and even Veslovsky shot several birds, and at night they went home.

They were as gay on their return as they had been while going. Veslovsky now sang songs, and now told of his adventures with the muzhiks who gave him his vodka and bade him drink it down quick. Then he related his nocturnal experiences with the nuts and the farm girl, and the muzhik who asked him if he was married or not, and who, when he found that he was not married, said to him: "Well, you'd better not be running after other folks' women; first of all go home and get a wife for yourself."

This advice greatly amused Veslovsky.

"Well, on the whole, I am awfully glad we went, are n't you, Levin?"

"Very glad," replied Levin, sincerely, and he was especially happy because he no longer felt that animosity which he had felt at home toward Vasenka Veslovsky; but, on the other hand, had conceived a genuine friendship for him.

CHAPTER XIV

ABOUT ten o'clock the next morning, after inspecting the farm, Levin knocked at the door of the room in which Vasenka had spent the night.

"*Entrez,*" cried Veslovsky. "Excuse me, but I am just finishing my *ablutions,*" he added, with a smile, standing before Levin in his bare skin.

"Do not let me disturb you," said Levin, and he sat down by the window. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like the dead. Is it a good day for hunting?"

"What do you drink, tea or coffee?"

"Neither; I always go down to breakfast; I am mortified at being so late. The ladies, I suppose, are already up? Splendid time for a ride! You must show me your horses."

After walking around the garden, examining the stable, and performing a few gymnastic exercises together on the parallel bars, Levin and his guest returned to the house and went into the drawing-room.

"We had splendid sport and got so many new impressions," said Veslovsky, approaching Kitty, who was sitting near the samovar. "What a pity that ladies are deprived of this pleasure!"

"Well, of course he must have something to say to the lady of the house," thought Levin. Again he detected something peculiar in the smile and in the triumphant air with which his guest behaved toward Kitty.

The princess, who was sitting on the other side of the table with Marya Vlasyevna and Stepan Arkadyevitch, called Levin to her and began to broach her idea that they should go to Moscow for Kitty's confinement, and explained to him how the rooms should be prepared for her.

Just as all the preparations for his wedding had seemed distasteful to Levin because they were so insignificant in comparison with the majesty of the event itself, so now even more humiliating were all the preparations for the approaching confinement, the time of which they were reckoning up on their fingers. He tried to shut his ears to all the talk about the various kinds of swaddling-clothes for the unborn infant; he did his best to shut his eyes to all the mysterious and numberless bands and triangular pieces of linen to which Dolly seemed to attribute special importance and the like.

The event of the birth of a son — for he was firmly persuaded that it would be a son — seemed to him so

extraordinary that he could not believe in its possibility; and while on the one hand it promised him a happiness too enormous and therefore incredible, on the other hand it seemed to him too mysterious to admit of trying to imagine what it meant, and consequently all this preparation as if for something commonplace, for something in the hands of men, seemed to him revolting and humiliating. The princess did not understand his feelings, and she attributed his unwillingness to think and talk about this to indifference and carelessness, and so she gave him no peace. She had just been charging Stepan Arkadyevitch to look up a suite of rooms, and now she called Levin to her.

"Do as you think best, princess; I understand nothing about the matter," said he.

"But it must be decided just when you will go to Moscow."

"Truly I don't know; what I know is that millions of children are born away from Moscow, and doctors.... and all that...."

"Yes, but in that case...."

"Let Kitty do as she pleases about it."

"It is impossible to speak with Kitty about it. Do you want me to frighten her? Only this spring Natali Golitsuin died in consequence of an unskilful *accoucheur*."

"I shall do as you wish," repeated Levin, angrily.

The princess began to say something more to him, but he was not listening. Though his conversation with the princess upset him, he was not angered by what she said, but by what he saw at the samovar.

"No; that can't go on," thought he, as he from time to time glanced over at Vasenka, who was bending down to Kitty, with a flattering smile, and making some remark to her; and he also noticed his wife's disturbed and blushing face.

There was something improper in Veslovsky's attitude, his smile, his eyes. So, too, Kitty's action and appearance seemed to him unbecoming, and again the light flashed in his eyes. And again, as happened two days before, he felt himself suddenly, without the least warn-

ing, precipitated from the height of happiness, contentment, and dignity, into an abyss of despair, hatred, and confusion. Again they seemed to him, each and all, his enemies.

"Do just as you please, princess," said he again, turning round.

"Heavy is the cap of Monomakh," said Stepan Arkadyevitch in jest, referring evidently, not to Levin's conversation with the princess, but to the cause of Levin's agitated face, which he had noticed. "How late you are, Dolly!"

All rose to greet Darya Aleksandrovna. Vasenka also arose, but only for a moment; and with the lack of politeness characteristic of up-to-date young men toward ladies, scarcely bowing, he resumed his conversation with some humorous remarks.

"Masha has been wearing me all out," said Dolly. "She did not sleep well and she is terribly fretful to-day."

The conversation which Vasenka and Kitty were engaged in once more turned, as it had the evening before, on Anna and whether love could hold outside the conventions of society. This conversation was disagreeable to Kitty, and it agitated her, not only by reason of the topic and the tone in which it was carried on, but still more because she was already conscious of the effect it would have on her husband. But she was too simple and innocent to understand how to put an end to it, or even to hide the signs of agitation which this young man's too pronounced attentions produced in her. Whatever she did, she knew perfectly well would be remarked by her husband and would be absolutely misinterpreted.

And indeed, when she asked Dolly what was the matter with Masha, and Vasenka, waiting till this new subject of conversation, which was a bore to him, should be finished, stared with an indifferent look at Dolly, this question struck Levin as an unnatural and obnoxious kind of slyness.

"Well, are we going after mushrooms to-day?" asked Dolly.

"Oh, yes, do let us go, I should like to get some," said Kitty, and she blushed. For mere politeness' sake she wanted to ask Vasenka if he would go with them, but she did not do so.

"Where are you going, Kostia?" she asked, with a guilty air, as her husband, with deliberate steps, went by her on his way out of the room.

This guilty confusion confirmed all his suspicions.

"A machinist came while I was away. I have not had a chance to see him yet," he answered, without looking at her.

He had gone down-stairs, but had not yet left his library, before he heard Kitty's well-known footsteps imprudently hurrying after him.

"What is it? We are busy," said he, curtly.

"Excuse me," said Kitty, addressing the German machinist; "I wish to say a few words to my husband."

The mechanic was about to leave, but Levin stopped him: "Don't disturb yourself."

"I don't want to lose the three o'clock train," remarked the German.

Without answering him, Levin went out into the corridor with his wife.

"Well, what do you wish to say to me?" he asked in French.

He did not look at her face, and did not want to see how it quivered and what a look of pathetic humiliation was in her eyes.

"I I wanted to say that it is impossible to live so; it is torture" murmured she.

"There is some one there at the cupboard," he replied angrily. "Don't make a scene."

"Then let us go in here, then."

Kitty wanted to go into the next room, but there the English governess was teaching Tania.

"Then let us go into the garden."

In the garden they ran across a muzhik who was weeding a path. And now no longer thinking that the muzhik would see her tearful or his agitated face, not thinking that they were in sight of people, as if running

from some unhappiness, they went with swift steps straight on, feeling that they must have a mutual explanation, and find some lonely spot where they could talk, and free themselves from this misery that was oppressing them both.

"It is impossible to live so. It is torture. I suffer. You suffer. Why is it?" she said, when at last they reached a bench standing by itself in the corner of the linden alley.

"But tell me one thing: was not his manner indecent, improper, horribly insulting?" he asked, standing in front of her in the same position, with his fists doubled up on his chest, in which he had stood before her two days before.

"It was," said she, in a trembling voice; "but, Kostia, can't you see that I am not to blame? All this morning I have been trying to act so that.... but oh, these men.... why did he come? How happy we were!" she said, choking with the sobs that shook her whole body.

The gardener saw with surprise that, though nothing was chasing them, and there was nothing to run away from, and there was nothing especially attractive about the bench where they had been sitting, yet still they went past him back to the house with peaceful, shining faces.

CHAPTER XV

As soon as he had taken his wife to her room, Levin went to seek Dolly. Darya Aleksandrovna also was in a state of great excitement. She was pacing up and down her chamber, and scolding little Masha, who stood in a corner, crying.

"You shall stay all day in the corner, and eat dinner alone, and you shall not see one of your dolls, and you shall have no new dress," she was saying, though she did not know why she was punishing the child. "This is a naughty little girl," she said to Levin; "where does she get this abominable disposition?"

"Why, what has she done?" asked Levin, rather indifferently, for he was annoyed to find that he had come at the wrong time when he wished some advice regarding his own affairs.

"She and Grisha went into the raspberry bush, and there but I can't tell you what she did. I'd a thousand times rather have Miss Elliot. This governess does n't look after anything she 's a machine. *Figures vous, que la petite*"

And Darya Aleksandrovna related Masha's misdeeds.

"There's nothing very bad in that. That does n't signify a bad disposition. It is only a piece of childish mischief," said Levin, soothingly.

"But what is the matter with you? You look troubled. What has happened down-stairs?" asked Dolly, and by the tone of her questions Levin perceived that it would be easy for him to say what he had in his mind to say.

"I have n't been down-stairs. I have been alone in the garden with Kitty. We have just had a quarrel the second since Stiva came."

Dolly looked at him with her intelligent, penetrating eyes.

"Now tell me, with your hand on your heart," he said, "tell me, was the conduct, not of Kitty, but of this young man, anything else than unpleasant, not unpleasant, but intolerable, insulting even, to a husband?"

"What shall I say to you? — *Stand, stand in the corner!*" said she to Masha, who, noticing the scarcely perceptible smile on her mother's face, started to go away. "Society would say that he is only behaving as all young men behave. *Il fait la cour à une jeune et jolie femme*, and her husband, as himself a gentleman of society, should be flattered by it."

"Yes, yes," said Levin, angrily; "but have you noticed it?"

"I noticed it, of course, and so did Stiva. Just after tea he said to me, '*Je crois que Veslovsky fait un petit brin de cour à Kitty.*'"¹

¹ I believe Veslovsky is trying to flirt with Kitty.

"Well, that settles it. Now I am calm. I am going to send him away," said Levin.

"What! Are you out of your senses?" cried Dolly, alarmed. "What are you thinking about, Kostia?" she went on with a laugh. — "You may go now to Fanny," she said to the child. "No! If you like, I will speak to Stiva. He will get him to leave. He can say you are expecting company. However, it is not our house."

"No, no! I will do it myself."

"You will quarrel."

"Not at all, I shall find it amusing," said he, with a happier light shining in his eyes. "There, now, Dolly, forgive her; she won't do it again," he said, pointing to the little culprit, who had not gone to Fanny, but was now standing irresolute beside her mother, and looking askance at her with pleading eyes.

The mother looked at her. The little girl, sobbing, hid her face in her mother's lap, and Dolly laid her thin hand tenderly on her head.

"Is there anything in common between us and that fellow?" thought Levin, and he went to find Veslovsky.

As he passed through the hall he ordered the carriage to be made ready to go to the station.

"The springs were broken yesterday," the servant answered.

"Then bring the tarantas. Only be quick about it. Where is the guest?"

"He went to his room."

Levin found Vasenka in the act of trying on his gaiters in preparation for a ride. He had just taken his things out of his valise, and laid aside some new love-songs.

Either there was something strange in Levin's expression, or Vasenka himself was conscious that *ce petit brin de cour* which he was making was rather out of place in this family; but at all events, he felt as uncomfortable in Levin's presence as it is possible for an elegant young man to feel.

"Do you ride in gaiters?" asked Levin.

"Yes; it's much neater," replied Vasenka, putting up one fat leg on a chair, and struggling with the bottom button, and smiling with genuine good humor.

He was really a very good-hearted young fellow, and Levin felt sorry for him and conscience-stricken for himself as his host when he saw the timidity in Vasenka's eyes.

On the table lay a fragment of a stick which they had broken off that morning while trying to prop up the parallel bars for their gymnastic exercises. Levin took this fragment in his hand and began to break off the ragged ends, not knowing how to commence.

"I wanted" He stopped for a moment; but suddenly remembering Kitty and all that had taken place, he went on, looking him squarely in the eye. "I have had the horses put in for you."

"What do you mean?" began Vasenka, in surprise. "Where are we going?"

"You are going to the railway station," said Levin, with a frown, breaking off the end of the stick.

"Are you going away? Has anything happened?"

"I happen to be expecting company," Levin went on, breaking off pieces of his stick more and more nervously with his strong fingers. "Or, no, I am not expecting any one, and nothing has happened, but I beg you to go away. You may explain my lack in politeness as you please."

Vasenka drew himself up.

"I beg *you* to explain to me," said he, with dignity, comprehending at last.

"I cannot explain to you, and you will be wise not to question me," Levin said slowly, trying to remain calm, and to check the tremulous motions of his face.

And as the chipped pieces of the stick were by this time all broken, Levin took the stick in his fingers, split it in two, and picked up the part that fell to the floor.

Apparently the sight of those energetic hands, those very muscles which he had seen tested that morning while they were doing their gymnastics, those flashing

eyes, and the quivering face and the subdued sound of his voice impressed Vasenka more than the spoken words. Shrugging his shoulders and smiling disdainfully, he submitted.

"May I not see Oblonsky?"

The shrugging of the shoulders and the smile did not annoy Levin. "What else could he do?" he asked himself.

"I will send him to you immediately."

"What sense is there in such conduct!" exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, when he had learned from his friend that he was to be driven from the house, and finding Levin in the garden, where he was walking up and down waiting for his guest's departure. "*Mais c'est ridicule!* To be stung by such a fly as that! *Mais c'est du dernier ridicule!* What difference does it make to you if a young man...."

But the spot where the fly had stung Levin was evidently still sensitive, because he turned pale again and cut short the explanations which Stepan Arkadyevitch tried to give.

"Please don't take the trouble to defend the young man; I can't help it. I am sorry both for you and for him. But I imagine it won't be a great trial for him to go away, and my wife and I both found his presence unpleasant."

"But it was insulting to him. *Et puis c'est ridicule.*"

"Well, it was humiliating and extremely disagreeable to me. I am not to blame toward him, and there is no reason why I should suffer for it."

"Well, I did not expect this of you. *On peut être jaloux, mais à ce point c'est du dernier ridicule.*"

Levin quickly turned away, and entered the thick shrubbery by the driveway, and continued to walk up and down the path.

Soon he heard the rumbling of the tarantas, and sitting on the trees he saw Vasenka riding up the road, throwing on the straw (for unfortunately the tarantas had no seat), the ribbons of his Scotch cap streaming behind his head as he jolted along.

"What now?" thought Levin, as he saw a servant run from the house and stop the cart. It was only to find a place for the machinist, whom Levin had entirely forgotten. The machinist, with a low bow, said something to Veslovsky, and clambered into the tarantas, and they drove off together.

Stepan Arkadyevitch and the old princess were indignant at Levin's conduct. And he himself felt that he had been not only ridiculous in the highest degree, but even blameworthy and disgraceful; but as he remembered all that he and his wife had suffered, he asked himself how he should do another time in similar circumstances, and his answer was that he should do exactly the same thing again.

In spite of all this, toward the end of the day, all of them, with the exception of the old princess, who could not forgive Levin's behavior, became extraordinarily gay and lively, just like children after a punishment or like grown people after a solemn official reception, so that in the evening, in the absence of the old princess, they talked about the dismissal of Vasenka as about something that had taken place long, long before. And Dolly, who had inherited from her father the gift of telling a funny story, made Varenka laugh till she cried, by telling her three and four times, and each time with new amusing details, how she had just put on, in honor of their guest, some new ribbons, and was just going into the drawing-room, when, at that very minute, the rattle of an old tumble-down wagon drew her to the window. Who was in this old tumble-down wagon? Vasenka himself! and his Scotch cap, his love-songs, his romantic airs, and his gaiters, seated on the straw!

"If only a carriage had been given him! But no! Then I hear a shout: 'Hold on!' 'Well,' I say to myself, 'they have taken pity on him;' not in the least; I look and see a fat German,—and off they go! and my ribbons were wasted."

CHAPTER XVI

DARYA ALEKSANDROVNA carried out her plan of going to see Anna. She was sorry to offend her sister, or to displease her sister's husband. She realized that the Levins were right in not wishing to have anything to do with Vronsky; but she considered it her duty to go to see Anna and prove to her that her feelings could not change, in spite of the change in her position.

In order not to be dependent on the Levins, Darya Aleksandrovna sent to the village to hire horses; but Levin, when he heard about it, went to her with his complaint:—

“Why do you think this journey would be disagreeable to me? And even if it were, it would be still more unpleasant for me not to have you take my horses,” said he. “You never told me that you were really going; but to hire them from the village is disagreeable to me in the first place, and chiefly because, though they undertake to get you there, they would not succeed. I have horses. And if you don't wish to offend me, you will take mine.”

Darya Aleksandrovna had to yield, and on the appointed day Levin had all ready for his sister-in-law a team of four horses, and a relay, made up of working and saddle-horses; a very far from handsome turnout, but capable of taking Darya Aleksandrovna to her destination in one day.

Now that horses were needed to take the old princess out for her daily drive, and for the midwife, it was a rather heavy burden for Levin; but, according to the law of hospitality, he could not possibly think of allowing Darya Aleksandrovna to hire horses outside, and, moreover, he knew that the twenty rubles which was asked for the hire of a team would be a serious matter for her, for Darya Aleksandrovna's pecuniary affairs had got into a very wretched condition, and caused the Levins as much anxiety as if they had been their own.

Darya Aleksandrovna, by Levin's advice, set out at

early dawn. The weather was fine, the calash was comfortable, the horses went merrily, and on the box, next the coachman, in place of a footman, sat the book-keeper, whom Levin had sent for the sake of greater security.

Darya Aleksandrovna dropped off to sleep, and did not wake up till they reached the place where they had to change horses. It was at the same rich muzhik's house where Levin had stopped on his way to Sviazhsky's. After she had taken tea, and talked awhile with the women about their children and with the old man about Count Vronsky, for whom he had great respect, Darya Aleksandrovna proceeded on her way about ten o'clock.

At home on account of her maternal cares she never had much time to think. Consequently now, during this four hours' journey, all the thoughts that had been so long restrained suddenly began to throng through her brain, and she passed her whole life in review as she had never before done and from every side. These thoughts were strange even to herself.

First she thought of her children, and began to worry over them, though her mother and her sister—and it was the latter on whom she chiefly relied—had promised to look after them. "If only Masha does n't do some stupid thing, and if Grisha does n't get kicked by the horse, and if Lili does n't have an attack of indigestion," she said to herself.

Then questions of the present moment began to mingle with questions of the immediate future. She began to consider how she must make changes in her rooms when she returned to Moscow, she must refurnish her drawing-room; her eldest daughter would need a shuba for winter. Then came questions of a still more distant future. How should she best continue the children's education?

"The girls can be easily managed," she said to herself, "but the boys? It is well that I am able to look after Grisha, but it comes from the fact that I am free just now, with no baby in prospect. Of course there's no

dependence to be placed on Stiva. I shall be able to bring them up with the assistance of excellent people; but if I have any more babies”

And it occurred to her how unjust was the saying that the curse laid on woman lay in the pangs of child-birth.

“Childbirth is nothing, but pregnancy is such misery,” she said to herself, recalling the last experience of the sort, and the death of the child. And the thought brought to mind her talk with the young wife at the post-house. When asked if she had children, this peasant woman had answered cheerfully: —

“I had one daughter, but God relieved me of her; she was buried in Lent.

“And you are very sad about her?”

“Why should I be? father has plenty of grandchildren, as it is, and she would have been only one care more! You can’t work or do anything; it hinders everything.”

This reply had seemed revolting to Darya Aleksandrovna, in spite of the young peasant-woman’s appearance of good nature, but now she could not help recalling what she had said. There was certainly a grain of truth in those cynical words.

“Yes, and as a general thing,” said Darya Aleksandrovna, as she looked back over the fifteen years of her married life, “pregnancy, nausea, dullness of spirits, indifference to everything, and worst of all, ugliness. Kitty, our little, young, pretty Kitty, how ugly even she has grown, and I know well what a fright I become when I am in that condition. The birth-pains, the awful sufferings, and that last moment.... then the nursing of the children, the sleepless nights, the agonies”

Darya Aleksandrovna shuddered at the mere recollection of the agony which with almost every one of her children she had suffered from broken breast.

Then the illnesses of the children, that panic of fear; then their education, their evil disposition; she recalled little Masha’s disobedience in going to the raspberry bush; the lessons, Latin — everything that is so incomprehensible and hard. And, above all, the death of these children.

And once more she went over the undying pangs that weighed down her maternal heart in the cruel remembrance of the death of her youngest child, the nursing who died of the croup, and his funeral, and the indifference of other people as they looked at the little pink coffin, and her own heartrending grief, which none could share, as she looked for the last time on the pallid brow with the clinging curls, and the surprised half-open mouth visible for one instant ere they shut down the cover with its silver-gilt cross.

“And what is all this for? What will be the result of it all? That I never have a moment of rest, spending my days now in bearing children, now in nursing them, forever irritable, complaining, self-tormented, and tormenting others, repulsive to my husband. I shall live on, and my children will grow up wretched, ill-educated, and poor. Even now, if I had not been able to spend the summer with the Levins, I don't know how we should have got along. Of course Kostia and Kitty are so considerate that we can't feel under obligations to them; but this cannot go on so. They will be having children of their own, and then they will not be able to help us any more; even now their expenses are very heavy. What then? Papa, who has kept almost nothing for himself, won't be able to help us, will he? One thing is perfectly certain, I cannot educate my children unaided; and, if I have to have assistance, it will be humiliating. Well, let us suppose that we have good luck, if no more of the children die and I can manage to educate them. Under the most favorable circumstances they will at least turn out not to be bad. That is all that I can hope for. And to bring about so much, how much suffering, how much trouble, I must go through. My whole life is spoiled!”

Again she recalled what the young peasant woman had said, and again it was odious to her to remember it; but she could not help agreeing that there was a grain of coarse truth in her words.

“Is it much farther, Mikhaïla?” asked Darya Aleksandrovna of the bookkeeper, in order to check these painful thoughts.

"They say it is seven versts from this village."

The calash was rolling through the village street and across a little bridge. On the bridge was passing a whole troop of peasant women talking, with loud and merry voices, and carrying their sheaves on their backs. The women paused on the bridge and gazed inquisitively at the calash. All the faces turned toward Darya Aleksandrovna seemed to her healthy and cheerful, mocking her with the very joy of life.

"All are full of life, all of them enjoy themselves," said Darya Aleksandrovna, continuing to commune with her own thoughts, as she passed by the peasant women and was carried swiftly up the little hill, pleasantly rocking on the easy springs of the old calash, "while I, like one let loose from a prison, am free for a moment from the life that is crushing me with its cares. All other women know what it is to live, these peasant women and my sister Natali and Varenka and Anna whom I am going to visit — every one but me.

"And they blame Anna. Why? Am I really any better than she? At least I have a husband whom I love; not, to be sure, as I wish I loved him, but I love him in a way, and Anna did not love hers. In what respect is she to blame? She desired to live. And God put that desire into our hearts. Very possibly I might have done the same thing. And to this day I am not certain whether I did well in taking her advice at that horrible time when she came to visit me in Moscow. Then I ought to have left my husband and begun my life all over again. If I had I might have loved and been loved. And now are things any better? I cannot respect him, but I need him," she said to herself, referring to her husband, "and so I endure him. Is that any better? At that time I still had the power of pleasing, I had some beauty then," said Darya Aleksandrovna, still pursuing her thoughts; and the desire to look at herself in a mirror came over her. She had a small traveling mirror in her bag, and she wanted to take it out; but, as she looked at the backs of the coachman and the swaying bookkeeper, she felt that she should be

ashamed of herself if either of them turned round and saw her, and so she did not take out the mirror. But, even though she did not look at the mirror, she felt that even now it was not too late: for she remembered Sergyei Ivanovitch, who was especially amiable to her, and Stiva's friend, the good Turovtsuin, who had helped her take care of the children during the time of the scarlatina, and had been in love with her. And then there was still another, a very young man, who, as her husband used jestingly to remark, found her prettier than all her sisters. And all sorts of passionate and impossible romances rose before her imagination.

"Anna has done perfectly right, and I shall never think of reproaching her. She is happy, she makes some one else happy, and she is not worn out as I am, but keeps all her freshness and her mind open to all sorts of interests," said Darya Aleksandrovna, and a roguish smile played over her lips because, as she passed Anna's romantic story in review, she imagined herself simultaneously having almost the same experiences with a sort of collective representation of all the men who had ever been in love with her. She, just like Anna, confessed everything to her husband. And the amazement and perplexity which she imagined Stepan Arkadyevitch displayed at this confession caused her to smile.

With such day-dreams she reached the side road that led from the highway to Vozdvizhenskoye.

CHAPTER XVII

THE coachman reined in his four horses, and looked off to the right toward a field of rye where some muzhiks were sitting beside their cart. The bookkeeper at first started to jump down, but afterward reconsidered, and shouted, imperatively summoning a muzhik to the carriage. The breeze which had blown while they were in motion died down, when they stopped; the horse-flies persisted in sticking to the sweaty horses, which kept angrily shaking them off. The metallic sound of whet-

ting scythes, borne by the breeze across from the telyega, ceased. One of the peasants got up and came over to the calash. "Say, hurry up," cried the bookkeeper, angrily, to the muzhik, who, in his bare feet, came leisurely along the ruts of the dry and little-traveled road, "come here."

The old man, whose curly hair was bound round with a piece of bast, and whose bent back was black with perspiration, quickened his step, and came up to the calash, and took hold of the rim with his sunburnt hand.

"Vozdvizhenskoye? the manor-house?¹ to the count's?" he repeated; "why, all you have to do 's to drive on up the hill. First turn to the left. Then straight along the preshpekt and that'll bring you there. Who do you want? The count himself?"

"Do you know whether they are at home, galubchik?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, not mentioning names, for she did not know how to ask for Anna even of a muzhik.

"Must be at home," said the muzhik, shuffling along in his bare feet and leaving in the dust the tracks of his soles with their five toes. "They must be at home," he repeated, evidently liking to talk. "This afternoon some new guests came. Guests, such quantities of them! What do you want," he cried, addressing his comrade, who shouted something from the cart. "They've all been out on horseback. We saw them go by. They must be back by this time. But whose folks are you?"

"We have come from a long way," said the coachman, climbing upon the box. "So then, it is not far."

"I tell you, you are almost there. If you drive on" said he, shifting his hand on the rim of the calash.

His young comrade, healthy-looking and thick-set, also came up to the carriage.

"Do you need any help in getting in the harvest?" he asked.

"I don't know, galubchik."

¹ *Barshy dvor*, a *dvor*, or house and grounds, belonging to a barin or noble.

"Well, you understand, you turn to the left and then you'll get there," said the muzhik, evidently reluctant to part with the strangers and anxious to talk.

The coachman touched up his horses, but they had hardly started ere the muzhik cried:—

"Wait! hé! hold on!" cried two voices together. The coachman reined in again. "There they come. There they are," cried the muzhik. "See what a lot of them," and he pointed to four persons on horseback and two in a *char à bancs* who were coming along the road.

They were Vronsky and his jockey, Veslovsky and Anna, on horseback, and the princess Varvara with Sviazhsky in the *char à bancs*. They had been out to ride and to look at the operation of some newly imported reaping-machines.

When the carriage stopped the riders were all walking their horses. In front Anna rode with Veslovsky. Anna rode at an easy gait on a little stout English cob with a cropped mane and docked tail. Her pretty head, with her dark ringlets escaping from under a tall hat, her full shoulders, her slender waist in a tightly fitting amazonka, and her whole easy, graceful horsemanship surprised Dolly. At first it seemed to her unbecoming for Anna to be riding horseback. Darya Aleksandrovna connected the idea of horseback riding for ladies with the idea of light, youthful coquetry, which seemed to her did not accord well with Anna's position; but as she examined her more closely she immediately became reconciled to her going on horseback. Notwithstanding all her elegance, everything about her was so simple, easy, and appropriate in her pose and in her habit and in her motions, that nothing could have been more natural.

Next to Anna, on a gray, fiery cavalry horse, rode Vasenka Veslovsky, thrusting his fat legs forward, and evidently very well satisfied with himself. He still wore his Scotch cap with its floating ribbons, and Darya Aleksandrovna could hardly restrain a smile of amusement when she saw him.

Behind them rode Vronsky on a dark chestnut horse of purest blood, which was evidently spoiling for a gallop. He was sawing on the reins to hold him back. Behind them came a little man in a jockey's livery. Sviazhsky and the princess in a new *char à bancs*, drawn by a plump raven-black trotter, brought up the rear.

Anna's face, as she recognized Dolly in the little person curled up in a corner of the old carriage, suddenly grew bright with a happy smile, and, uttering a cry of joy, she put her cob to a gallop. Riding up to the calash, she leaped off the horse without any one's aid, and, gathering up her skirts, ran to meet her.

"I thought so, and did not dare to think so! What pleasure! you can't imagine my joy," she said, pressing her face to Dolly's, kissing her, and then holding her off at arm's length and looking at her with an affectionate smile. "What a pleasure, Aleksei," she said, glancing at Vronsky, who had also dismounted, and was coming toward them, "what a piece of good fortune!"

Vronsky came up, raising his tall gray hat. "You can't imagine what delight your visit gives us," said he, in a tone which conveyed a peculiar satisfaction, and with a smile which displayed his strong white teeth.

Vasenska, without dismounting from his horse, took off his beribboned cap, and waved it gayly round his head, in honor of the guest.

"This is the Princess Varvara," began Anna, in reply to a questioning look of Dolly as the *char à bancs* came up.

"Ah!" replied Darya Aleksandrovna, and her face showed involuntary annoyance.

The Princess Varvara was her husband's aunt, and she knew her of old, and did not esteem her. She knew that she had lived all her life long in a humiliating dependence on rich relatives; and the fact that she was living at Vronsky's, at the house of a stranger to her, insulted her through her husband's family. Anna noticed the expression of Dolly's face, and was confused; she blushed, and, dropping the train of her amazonka, she tripped over it.

Darya Aleksandrovna went over to the *char à bancs* when it had stopped and coolly greeted the Princess Varvara. Sviashsky was also an acquaintance. He asked after his friend Levin and his young wife; then, casting a fleeting glance at the oddly matched horses and the patched side of the old carriage, he proposed that the ladies should get into the *char à bancs*.

"I will take this vehicle to go home in; the horse is quiet and the princess is an excellent driver."

"Oh, no," interrupted Anna, coming up; "remain as you are. I will go home with Dolly in the calash."

Darya Aleksandrovna's eyes were dazzled by the unexampled elegance of the carriage, and the beauty of the horses, and the refined brilliancy of the company around her, but more than all was she struck by the change that had taken place in her old friend, her dearly beloved Anna.

Any other woman, less observant, and unacquainted with Anna in days gone by, and especially any one who had not been under the sway of such thoughts as had occupied Darya Aleksandrovna on the way, would not have noticed anything peculiar about Anna. But now Darya Aleksandrovna was struck by the transient beauty characteristic of women when they are under the influence of love, and which she detected now in Anna's face. Everything about her face was extraordinarily fascinating: the well-defined dimples in her cheeks and chin, the curve of her lips, the smile, which, as it were, flitted over her features, the gleam in her eyes, the gracefulness and quickness of her movements, the richness in the tones of her voice, even the manner with which she, with a sort of sternly affectionate manner, replied to Veslovsky, who had asked permission to ride her cob so as to teach it to gallop by a pressure of the leg. It seemed as if she herself was aware of this, and rejoiced in it.

When the two ladies were seated together in the calash, they both suddenly felt a sense of constraint. Anna was confused at the scrutinizingly questioning look which Dolly fixed on her, and Dolly because she could

not help feeling ashamed of the dirty old calash in which Anna had taken her seat with her.

The coachman, Filipp, and the bookkeeper experienced the same feeling. The bookkeeper, in order to hide his confusion, fidgeted about in helping the ladies to be comfortably seated; but Filipp, the coachman, frowned and was loath to acknowledge any such superficial superiority. He put on an ironical smile as he scrutinized the raven-black trotter harnessed to the *char à bancs*, and decided in his own mind that the black trotter might do very well for a prominazhe, but that he could not show forty versts at a heat.

The muzhiks had left their telyega, and gayly and curiously were watching the meeting of the friends, and making their observations.

"They seem tolerably glad; hain't seen each other for some time," remarked the curly-haired old man.

"There, Uncle Gerasim, that black gelding would haul in the sheaves lively!"

"Glian'-ka, look! Is that a woman in trousers?" asked another, pointing at Veslovsky, sitting on the side-saddle.

"Nye, muzhik! see how easy he rides."

"Say, then, my children, we shan't get another nap, shall we?"

"No more sleep now," said the old man, squinting his eyes and glancing at the sun; "past noon! Look! Now get your hooks and to work."

CHAPTER XVIII

ANNA looked at Dolly's tired, worn face, with the wrinkles powdered with dust, and was on the point of saying that she looked thin; but, realizing that she herself had grown more beautiful than ever, and that Dolly's eyes told her so, she sighed, and began to talk about herself.

"You are studying me," she said. "You are wondering if I can be happy in my position! Well, what

can I say? It is shameful to confess it! but I.... I am unpardonably happy. What has happened is like a piece of enchantment; like a dream where everything was terrible, agonizing, and suddenly you wake up and realize that it was only a nightmare. I had been asleep, I had suffered awful agonies, and now that is all long, long past. And how especially happy I am now that we are together!" and she looked at Dolly with a timid, questioning smile.

"How glad I am!" Darya Aleksandrovna answered, more coldly than she wished. "I am glad for you;.... but why have you not written me?"

"Why?.... Because I did not dare to.... You knew my position."

"Not dare? *to me!* If you knew how I...."

Dolly was about to tell her about the reflections she had had on the journey, but somehow it did not seem to her to be the fitting place. "We will have our talk by and by," she added. "What is that group of buildings, or little village rather?" she asked, wishing to change the conversation, and pointing to some green and red roofs which appeared through the acacias and lilac trees.

But Anna did not reply to her question.

"No, no! how do you feel about my position? What do you think of it? tell me!" Anna went on.

"I think...." began Darya Aleksandrovna; but at this instant Vasenka Veslovsky, in his short jacket, spurring the cob into a trot with his right leg and creaking terribly on the leather side-saddle, went dashing by them.

"It goes, Anna Arkadyevna," he shouted.

Anna did not even look at him, but again it seemed to Darya Aleksandrovna that it was impossible to begin on this long conversation in the carriage, and so she said less than she thought.

"I do not think about it at all," said she. "I love you and always have loved you. And when we love people so, we love them for what they are, not for what we wish they were."

Anna turned her eyes away from her friend's face, half

closing them in order better to take in the meaning of the words. This was a new habit, which Dolly had never seen in her before. Apparently she interpreted her friend's answer as she wanted, and she looked at Dolly.

"If you have any sins, they will all be blotted out by this visit and by your kind words," she said, and Dolly saw that her eyes were dimmed with tears. She silently took her hand.

"What are those buildings? What a lot of them!" said Dolly again, after a moment of silence.

"Those are the roofs of our buildings, — our barns and stables," replied Anna. "Here our park begins. It was all neglected, but Aleksei has made it new again. He is very fond of this kind of occupation, and to my great surprise he has developed a passion for farming.¹ Ah, his is a rich nature! Whatever he undertakes he excels in. He not only does not get bored, but he is passionately interested in it. I do not know how, but he is making a capital farmer, so economical, almost stingy — but only in farm ways. For things of other sorts he will spend ten thousand rubles and never give it a thought."

She said this with that joyously crafty characteristic smile of women when they speak of the men they love, and the secret peculiarities which they alone know about.

"Do you see that large building? That is a new hospital. I think it will cost him more than a hundred thousand. It is his hobby just now. Do you know what made him build it? The peasants asked him to reduce the rent of some meadows, but he declined to do so, and I told him he was stingy. Of course, it was n't altogether that, but everything taken together, so he began to build the hospital to prove my charge unjust; *c'est une petitesse*, perhaps, but I love him the better for it. Now in a moment you'll see the house. It was built by his grandfather, and the outside has n't been changed at all."

"How beautiful!" cried Dolly, with involuntary sur-

¹ *Khovaistvo*.

prise at the sight of a stately house ornamented with columns, and surrounded by a park filled with ancient trees of various shades of green.

"Isn't it beautiful? And the view from the second story is magnificent."

They came into the *dvor*, or court, paved with small stones and ornamented with flower-beds; two workmen were at this moment surrounding a bed filled with loam with roughly trimmed stones. They stopped under a covered entrance.

"Oh, they have already arrived," said Anna, as she saw the saddle-horses being led away. "Isn't that horse a pretty creature? that cob; he's my favorite. Bring him here and give him some sugar! Where is the count?" she asked of the two servants in livery who came hurrying out to receive them. "Ah, here he is!" added she, perceiving Vronsky with Veslovsky coming to meet them.

"Where shall we put the princess?" asked Vronsky of Anna, in French, and, without waiting for an answer, once more greeted Darya Aleksandrovna, and this time he kissed her hand, — "in the large balcony chamber, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, that is too far off. Better put her in the corner chamber. We shall see more of each other. Come, come," said she, giving her favorite horse some sugar which the lackey had brought.

"*Et vous oubliez votre devoir*," she added, turning to Veslovsky, who was already in the porch.

"*Pardon, j'en ai tout plein les poches*," he replied, smiling, and thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat pocket.

"*Mais vous venez trop tard*," she replied, wiping her hand, which the horse had mouthed in taking the sugar.

Anna turned to Dolly, —

"You'll stay with us a long time," said she. "Only one day? That is impossible."

"That is what I promised, — and the children," answered the latter, ashamed at the wretched appearance

of her poor little traveling-bag and at the dust with which she felt herself covered.

"No, Dolly, dushenka. However, we'll talk of that by and by. Come up to your room." And Anna conducted Dolly up-stairs.

The room was not the chamber of honor which Vronsky offered her, but one where she could be nearer Anna; but even this room, though they felt it needful to apologize for it, was furnished with a luxury such as she was not accustomed to, and which recalled the most sumptuous hotels that she had seen abroad.

"Well, dushenka! how glad I am!" said Anna, seating herself for a moment in her riding-habit. Tell me about your family. I saw Stiva just an instant, but he could not tell me anything about the children. How is my darling Tania? She must be a great girl!"

"Yes, very large," answered Dolly, laconically, astonished that she answered so coolly about her children. "We are all living charmingly with the Levins," she added.

"There! If I had known," said Anna, "that you would n't look down on me, you all would have come here. Stiva is an old and good friend of Aleksei's," said Anna, blushing.

"Yes! but we are so well" began Dolly in confusion.

"Well! I am so happy, I talk nonsense; only, dushenka, I am so glad to see you," said Anna, kissing her again. "But you would not tell me what you think about me; I want to know all. But I am so glad that you see me just as I am. My only idea, you see, is to avoid making people think that I am making any display. I don't want to make any display; I want simply to live and not do any harm to any one but myself. Am I not right about it? However, we'll talk of all this at our leisure. Now I'm going to change my dress; I will send you a waiting-maid."

CHAPTER XIX

DARYA ALEKSANDROVNA, when left alone, examined her chamber with the eyes of a genuine housekeeper. All that she saw as she went through the house, and all that she saw in the room, impressed her by its richness and elegance; and this new European luxury, which she had read about in English novels, she had never seen before in Russia, — certainly not in the country. All was new, from the French tapestries to the carpet which covered the whole room, the bed with its hair mattress, the marble toilet-table, the bronzes on the mantel, the rugs, the curtains, — all was costly and new.

The smart waiting-maid who came to offer her services was dressed with much more style than Dolly, and was as costly and new as the whole room. Darya Aleksandrovna liked her good breeding, her dexterity, and her helpfulness; but she felt confused at taking out before her her poor toilet articles from her bag, especially a mended night-dress, which she had happened to put in by mistake from among her oldest ones. She was ashamed of the very patches and mended places which gave her a sense of pride at home. It was clear that for six nightgowns, it would take twenty-four arshins of nainsook at sixty-five kopeks, amounting to more than fifteen rubles, besides the cost of the trimmings; and these fifteen rubles were saved; but in the presence of this brilliant attendant she felt not so much ashamed as awkward.

Darya Aleksandrovna felt great relief when her old-time acquaintance, Annushka, came into her room to take the place of the dashing chambermaid, who was needed by her mistress.

Annushka was evidently very glad at the arrival of her mistress's friend, and talked incessantly. Dolly noticed that she was eager to express her opinion about her mistress's position, and about the love and devotion which the count showed to Anna Arkadyevna; but she peremptorily stopped her as soon as she began to talk on this topic.

"I grew up with Anna Arkadyevna, and love her more than the whole world. It's not for us to judge her, and she seems to love...."

"Please have these washed, if it is possible," said Darya Aleksandrovna, interrupting her.

"I will do so. We have two women especially for the laundry, but the washing is done all by machinery. The count looks out for everything. He is such a husband...."

Dolly was glad when Anna came in and put an end to the babbling Annushka's confidences.

Anna had put on a very simple batiste gown. Dolly noticed particularly this simple gown. She knew what this simplicity meant, and how much money it represented.

"An old acquaintance," said Anna to Annushka.

Anna now was no longer confused. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Dolly saw that now she was entirely free from the impression which her coming had at first produced, and had assumed that superficial tone of indifference which, as it were, closed the door to the expression of real thought and feelings.

"Well, and how is your little daughter?" asked Dolly.

"Ani?"—for so she called her daughter Anna—"very well. Her health is much better. Should you like to see her? Come, and I'll show her to you. We have had great trouble with her," she went on to relate. "We had an Italian for her nurse; good, but so stupid; we wanted to send her back, but the little thing is so much attached to her, we still keep her."

"But how have you done about...." began Dolly, wishing to ask about the child's name; but, as she saw Anna's countenance grow suddenly dark, she changed the ending of the question. "Have you weaned her?"

Anna understood.

"That is not what you were going to ask. You were thinking of the child's name, were n't you? This torments Aleksei; she has no name; that is, she is a Karenin," and she closed her eyes so that only the lashes

were visible. "However," she added, her face suddenly lighting up again, "we will talk again about all that; come, and I'll show her to you. *Elle est très gentille*; she is already beginning to creep."

In the nursery there was the same sumptuousness as had struck Darya Aleksandrovna throughout the rest of the house, only to an even higher degree. There were baby-coaches imported from England, and instruments for teaching children to walk, and a peculiarly arranged divan like a billiard table for creeping, bath-tubs, swings. All were new, beautiful, solid, of English make, and evidently very costly. The room was large, very high-studded, and light.

When they entered the little girl with only her shirt on was seated in an arm-chair by the table, and was eating her broth and spilling it all over her bosom. A Russian maid-servant who assisted in the nursery was helping her, and at the same time was apparently herself eating. Neither the Italian nurse nor the nurse-maid was present; they were in the next room, and could be heard talking together in a strange French jargon which was the only means they had of communicating their ideas to each other.

The English maid, a tall, sprucely dressed woman with a disagreeable face and an untrustworthy expression, came into the doorway shaking her light brown curls as soon as she heard Anna's voice, and immediately began to offer her excuses, although Anna had not chidden her. At every word Anna spoke the English maid would several times repeat the phrase, "Yes, my lady."

The dark-browed, dark-haired, rosy little girl, with her strong, pretty little form, very much pleased Darya Aleksandrovna in spite of the unfriendly look with which she gazed at the stranger; her healthy appearance also pleased her, and her way of creeping. Not one of her own children had learned so early to creep. This little girl, when she was put down on the carpet and her dress was tucked up behind, was wonderfully beautiful. With her brilliant black eyes she gazed up at her elders like

a pretty little animal, evidently delighting in the fact that they admired her, and she smiled; and, putting out her legs sidewise, she energetically crept about, now going swiftly backward, and again darting forward, and clutching things with her little fingers.

But the whole atmosphere of the nursery, and especially the English maid, struck Darya Aleksandrovna very unpleasantly. Only by the supposition that no respectable person would consent to serve in a household as irregular as Anna's, could she understand how Anna, with her knowledge of people, could be willing to put up with such an unsympathetic, vulgar maid.

Darya Aleksandrovna, after a few words, observed that Anna, the nurse, the maid, and the child were not much wonted to each other, and that the mother was almost a stranger in this part of the house. She wanted to find a plaything for the little girl and did not know where it was kept. Strangest of all, in answering the question how many teeth the child had, she made a mistake, and did not know anything about the last two.

"It is always a grief to me that I am so useless here," said Anna, as they went out, holding up the train of her dress so that it should not catch on any of the toys by the door. "It was not so with my oldest."

"I thought, on the contrary" began Dolly, timidly.

"Oh, no! You know that I have seen Serozha again," said she, half shutting her eyes and looking fixedly before her, as if she sought for something far away. "However, we'll talk about that by and by. You can't believe — but I am like a person dying of starvation, who finds a banquet before her, and does not know what to begin with. You and the talk I am going to have with you are this banquet for me. With whom could I speak openly if not with you? I don't know what topic to take up first. *Mais je ne vous ferai grâce de rien.*¹ I must tell you all.

"Well, I want to give you a sketch now of the people you will meet here," she began. "First, the Princess Varvara. You know her, and I know your opinion and

¹ I shall not spare you anything.

Stiva's in regard to her. Stiva says her whole aim of life consists in proving her preëminence over Aunt Katerina Pavlovna. That is all true of her; but she is good, I assure you, and I am so grateful to her. At Petersburg there was a time when *un chaperon* was indispensable. Then she came along just in time. It is really true; she is good. She made my position much easier. I see you don't know how difficult my position was there in Petersburg!" she added. "Here I am very comfortable and happy. But about this afterward. But I must tell you about our guests. Then there's Sviazhsky; he is the marshal of the district,¹ and a very clever man, and he needed Aleksei for something. You see, with his fortune, now, as we live in the country, Aleksei can wield a wide influence. Then Tushkievitch; you have met him; he was at Betsy's; but they sent him off, and he came to visit us. As Aleksei says, he is one of those very agreeable men, if one takes him just as he wishes to appear, *et puis il est comme il faut*, as the Princess Varvara says. And then Veslovsky you know him. A very good young fellow," she said, and a mischievous smile curled her lips. "How about that absurd story he told of Levin? Veslovsky told Aleksei, and we don't believe it. *Il est très gentil et naïf*," she added, with the same smile. "I have to entertain all these people, because men need amusement, and Aleksei needs society; and we have to make it lively and gay, so that Aleksei won't want something new. We also have with us the superintendent. He is a German, a very good man, who understands his business; Aleksei has great esteem for him. Then there's the doctor, a young man who is not exactly a Nihilist, but, you know, he eats with his knife, but a very good doctor. Then the architect, — *une petite cour*."

¹ *Prezdovityel*, marshal of the nobility.

CHAPTER XX

"WELL, princess, here we have Dolly, whom you wished so much to see," said Anna, as she and Darya Aleksandrovna came out on the great stone terrace where the Princess Varvara was sitting in the shade, with her embroidery frame in front of her, making a chair cover for Count Alekser Kirillovitch. "She says that she does not want anything before dinner, but supposing you order luncheon brought in, while I go and find the gentlemen."

The Princess Varvara gave Dolly a gracious and somewhat condescending reception, and immediately began to explain that she had come to live with Anna because she loved her more than her sister, Katerina Pavlovna, — that was the aunt that had superintended Anna's education, — and because, now when all were abandoning Anna, she considered it her duty to help her at this trying period of transition.

"Her husband is going to grant her a divorce, and then I shall go back to my solitude ; but, however painful it may be, I shall stay here for the present, and not imitate the example of others. And how kind you are ; how good of you to make this visit ! They live exactly like the very best married people. Let God judge them ; it is not for us. It was just so with Biriuzovsky and Madame Avenyef, and then Vasiliyef and Madame Mamonov, and Liza Neptunova. You see no one says anything about them, and in the end they will be received. And then *c'est un intérieur si joli, si comme il faut. Tout-à-fait à l'anglaise. On se réunit le matin au breakfast et puis on se sépare.*¹ Every one does just as he pleases till dinner-time. They dine at seven. Stiva did very wisely to send you ; he would better keep on good terms with them. You know the count has great influence through his mother and his brother.

¹ They have a perfect establishment, and the inside of their house is so charming, so stylish. It is altogether English. The family meets at breakfast and then separates.

And then they do so much good. Has he told you about his hospital? *Ça sera admirable!* Everything from Paris."

This conversation was interrupted by Anna, who returned to the terrace, followed by the gentlemen, whom she had found in the billiard-room.

Considerable time still remained before dinner, the weather was beautiful, and so various propositions were made for their amusement during the two hours before them.

There was every facility for diversion there at Vozdvizhenskoye and many of them were very different from what they had at Pokrovskoye.

"*Une partie de lawn tennis,*" proposed Veslovsky, with his gay, contagious smile. "I'll take one side with you again, Anna Arkadyevna."

"No, it is hot; suppose we go into the park, and take Darya Aleksandrovna out in the boat to show her the landscape," said Vronsky.

"I am agreeable to anything," said Sviazhsky.

"I think Dolly would like to do that better than anything else," said Anna. "So then the boat-ride it is."

That having been decided, Veslovsky and Tushkievitch went to the landing, agreeing to get the boat ready, and the two couples took the path to the park; Anna walked with Sviazhsky, and Dolly with Vronsky.

Dolly was somewhat confused and embarrassed by this absolutely novel environment in which she found herself. Abstractly, theoretically, she not only justified, but even approved, of Anna's conduct. Like the majority of irreproachably virtuous women, wearying often of the monotony of a virtuous life, Dolly from a distance excused illicit love, and even envied it a little. Moreover, she loved Anna with all her heart.

But in reality, finding her among these strangers, with their fashionable ways, which were quite novel to her, she was thoroughly ill at ease. Especially odious to her was it to see the Princess Varvara forgiving everything, because she could thereby share in her niece's luxury.

Abstractly and on general principles Dolly excused

Anna's conduct, but the sight of the man for whom she had taken this step was unpleasant to her. Moreover, Vronsky was not congenial to her at any time; she thought him very haughty, and could see no reason except his wealth to justify his haughtiness. But in spite of all her will-power, there in his own establishment he more than ever impressed her with a sense of his importance and she could not feel at ease with him; she felt just as she had felt when the maid took the nightgown from her valise. Just as before the maid she had felt, not exactly ashamed, but awkward, on account of the patches, so now with Vronsky she felt all the time, not exactly ashamed, but uncomfortable.

Dolly felt confused and cast about in her mind for something to talk about.

Although she felt sure that he with his pride might be displeased if she praised his house and park, nevertheless, finding no other topic of conversation, she remarked that she liked his house very much.

"Yes, it is a very handsome building, and in good old style," replied the count.

"I liked the court in front of the steps; was it always so?"

"Oh, no!" said he, and his face shone with satisfaction. "If you had only seen it in the spring!"

And at first coldly, but warming as he went on, he pointed out to Dolly the many improvements he had made in the house and park. It was evident that Vronsky, having consecrated much labor to the improvement and beautification of his establishment, really felt the need of appreciation from some new person, and that he was not a little gratified at Darya Aleksandrovna's praise.

"If you would like to look into the hospital and are not tired, we might go that way. It is not far. Come, let us go! Shall we, Anna?"

"Yes—shall we not?" she said, turning to Svi-azhsky; "*mais il ne faut pas laisser le pauvre Veslovsky et Tushkiévitch se morfondre là dans le bateau!*"¹ We

¹ But we must not leave these gentlemen to wait in vain for us in the boat.

must send word to them. Yes. This is a monument which he will leave here," said she to Dolly, with the same shrewd knowing smile on her face as when she first spoke of the hospital.

"Oh, capital work!" said Sviazhsky; and then, not to seem assenting from mere politeness, he added:—

"I am surprised, count, that you, who are doing so much for the peasants' sanitary advantage, are so indifferent to schools."

"*C'est devenu tellement commun, les écoles,*" replied Vronsky. "You must know I do this to amuse myself. This is the way to the hospital," said he, addressing Darya Aleksandrovna, pointing to a side-path which led from the avenue. The ladies put up their sunshades and walked along the side-path.

After making a few turns and passing through a wicket-gate, Darya Aleksandrovna saw before her on rising ground a large red building of complicated architecture not completely finished. The iron roof, not as yet painted, glittered in the sun. Near the hospital itself there was another building going up, in the midst of the woods, and workmen in aprons stood on scaffolds laying the bricks, taking mortar from buckets and smoothing it with trowels.

"How rapidly the work is going on," remarked Sviazhsky. "The last time I was here the roof was not in position."

"It will be ready by autumn, for the inside is already nearly finished," said Anna.

"And what is this other new building?"

"A house for the doctor, and a pharmacy," replied Vronsky; and, seeing the architect, in a short overcoat, approaching, he excused himself to the ladies, and went to meet him.

Going round the mortar-pit, from which the workmen were getting lime, he joined the architect and began to talk angrily with him.

"The pediment will be much too low," he replied to Anna, who asked him what the discussion was about.

"I said that the foundation ought to be raised," said Anna.

"Yes! Of course, it would have been better, Anna Arkadyevna," said the architect; "yes, it was a mistake."

"Yes, indeed! I am very much interested in this," said Anna, in reply to Sviazhsky, who expressed his surprise that the architect spoke to her as he did. "The new building must correspond with the hospital. But this was thought of afterward, and begun without any plan."

Having concluded his talk with the architect, Vronsky joined the ladies and conducted them into the hospital. Though on the outside they were already placing the cornices and were painting the lower part of the building, on the upper floors almost everything was done. They went up by a broad cast-iron staircase to the second story, and entered the first great room. The walls were stuccoed for marble, the great glass windows were already in place; only the parquetry floor was as yet to be finished, and the carpenters, engaged in planing the squares, left off their work, and, removing the tapes which bound their hair, greeted the visitors.

"This is the reception-room," said Vronsky. "In this there will be not much besides the desk, a table, and a cupboard."

"Here, come this way. Don't go near the window," said Anna, touching the paint to see if it was dry. "Aleksei, the paint is beginning to dry."

From the reception-room they went into the corridor. Here Vronsky explained the new system of ventilation; then he showed them the marble bath-rooms and the beds with extra spring mattresses. Then he showed them one after the other the wards, the laundry, then the heating apparatus, then the noiseless barrows for wheeling articles along the corridors, and many other contrivances. Dolly was simply amazed at the sight of so many novelties, and, wishing to understand it thoroughly, she asked a great many questions, which Vronsky answered with the greatest alacrity.

"Yes, I think this hospital will be the only one of the kind in Russia," remarked Sviazhsky.

"Shall you not have a lying-in department?" asked Dolly. "That is so necessary in this country. I have often thought"

In spite of his politeness, Vronsky interrupted her.

"This is not an obstetrical institution, but a hospital, and is meant for all except infectious diseases," said he. "And now look at this," and he showed Darya Aleksandrovna a newly imported chair designed for convalescents. "Will you look at it, please?" He sat down in the chair and began to move it along. "He can't walk or he is still weak, or he has a lame leg, but still he must have the air, and so he goes out and enjoys himself!"

Darya Aleksandrovna was interested in everything; everything pleased her very much, but, more than all, Vronsky himself pleased her with his natural naïve enthusiasm.

"Yes, he is certainly a good, lovable man," she thought, not listening to what he said, but looking at him and trying to penetrate his expression, and then momentarily looking at Anna. He pleased her so much with his animation that she understood how it was that Anna came to love him.

CHAPTER XXI

"No; the princess must be tired, and the horses will not interest her," said Vronsky to Anna, who had proposed to show Dolly the stable, where there was a new stallion that Sviazhsky wished to see. "You go there, and I will escort the princess back to the house. And, if you please," added he to Dolly, "we will talk a little on the way, if that will be agreeable."

"I know nothing about horses, so I shall very willingly go with you," said Darya Aleksandrovna.

She saw by Vronsky's face that he wanted something of her, nor was she mistaken. As soon as they had

passed through the wicket-gate again into the park, he looked in the direction where Anna was gone, and, having convinced himself that they were out of her sight and hearing, he began : —

“You have guessed that I wanted to have a talk with you,” said he, looking at her with his smiling eyes. “I am not mistaken in believing that you are Anna’s friend, am I?”

He took off his hat, and, taking out his handkerchief wiped his head, which was growing bald.

Darya Aleksandrovna made no reply, and only gazed at him in alarm. Now that she was entirely alone with him, she suddenly felt terror-stricken; his smiling eyes and the stern expression of his face frightened her.

The most diverse suppositions as to what he might be wanting to talk with her about chased one another through her mind.

“Can it be that he is going to ask me to come with my children and make them a visit, and I shall be obliged to decline? or is it that he wants me to find society for Anna when she comes to Moscow? Or is he going to speak of Vasenka Veslovsky and his relations to Anna? Or can it be about Kitty, and that he wants to confess that he was to blame toward her?”

She thought over everything that might be disagreeable, but never suspected what he really wanted to talk with her about.

“You have such an influence over Anna, she is so fond of you,” said he, “help me.”

Darya Aleksandrovna looked timidly and questioningly into Vronsky’s energetic face, which, as they passed under the linden trees, was now lighted up by the flecking sunbeams and then again darkened by the shadows, and she waited for him to proceed; but he, catching his cane in the paving-stones, walked in silence by her side.

“Of all Anna’s friends, you are the only one who has come to see her — I do not count the Princess Varvara — I know very well it is not because you approve of our position; it is because you love Anna, and, knowing

the cruelty of her position, want to help her. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Darya Aleksandrovna, shutting up her sunshade, "but"

"No," he interrupted, and he involuntarily stopped and obliged her to stop also, though he had no intention of putting his companion into an awkward situation. "No one feels more strongly and completely the cruelty of Anna's position than I do. And you will realize this if you will do me the honor to believe that I am not heartless. I am the cause of her being in this position, and therefore I feel it."

"I understand," said Darya Aleksandrovna, involuntarily admiring him for the honest and straightforward way in which he said this. "But for the very reason that you feel yourself the cause I fear you are inclined to exaggerate," said she. "Her position in society is difficult, I admit."

"In society it is hell!" said he, frowning gloomily; "you can't conceive moral tortures worse than those which Anna endured at Petersburg during the fortnight we were there; and I beg you to believe"

"Yes, but here? And so far neither she nor you feel the need of a society life."

"Society! why should I need it?" exclaimed Vronsky, scornfully.

"Up to the present time, and perhaps it will be so always, you are calm and happy. I see in Anna that she is happy, perfectly happy, and she has already told me that she is," said Darya Aleksandrovna, smiling.

And while she spoke the doubt arose in her mind: "Is Anna really happy?"

But Vronsky, it seemed, had no doubt on that score:—

"Yes, yes, I know that she has revived after all her sufferings. She is happy she is happy now. But I?" said Vronsky. "I am afraid of what the future has in store for us excuse me, do you want to go?"

"No, it is immaterial."

"Well, then, let us sit down here."

Darya Aleksandrovna sat down on a garden bench

in a nook of the walk. He was standing in front of her.

"I see that she seems happy," he repeated; and the doubt whether Anna was happy again rose in Darya Aleksandrovna's mind more strongly than ever. "But will it last? Whether we did right or wrong is a hard question; but the die is cast," he said, changing from Russian to French, "and we are joined for life; we are joined by the ties of love. We have one child, and we may have others. But the law and all the conditions of our state are such that there are a thousand complications, which Anna, now that she is resting after her afflictions and sufferings, does not see and will not see. It is natural; but I cannot help seeing. My daughter, according to the law, is not my daughter, but Karenin's, and I do not like this falsehood," said he, with an energetic gesture of repulsion, and looking at Darya Aleksandrovna with a gloomy, questioning face.

She did not reply, but simply looked at him. He continued:—

"To-morrow a son may be born—my son—and by law he would be a Karenin, and could inherit neither my name nor my property, and, however happy we were here at home, and however many children we had, there would be no legal connection between me and them. They would be Karenins. You understand the cruelty, the horror, of this state of things? I try to explain this to Anna. It irritates her—she will not understand me, and I cannot tell *her* all. Now look at the other side. I am happy in her love, but I must have occupation. I have taken up my present enterprise, and I am proud of it, and consider it far more beneficial than the occupations of my former comrades at the court and in the service. And certainly I would not change my occupation for theirs. I work here, on my own place, and I am happy and contented, and we need nothing more for our happiness. I love my activity, *cela n'est pas un pis aller*; far from it."

Darya Aleksandrovna noticed that at this point of his explanation he became entangled, and she did not under-

stand very well his sudden pause, but she felt that, having fairly begun to speak of his intimate affairs concerning which he could not talk with Anna, he would now make a full breast of it, and that the question of his activities in the country belonged to the same category as his relations to Anna.

"And so I keep on," said he, growing more cheerful again. "The chief thing is that when one works one must have the persuasion that what one has done will not die with him, that he will have heirs but I have none. Conceive the feelings of a man who knows that his children and those of the wife he worships do not belong to him; that they belong to a man who hates them, and would never recognize them. Is n't it horrible?"

He was silent and deeply moved.

"Yes, of course," said Darya Aleksandrovna; "I understand this. But what can Anna do?"

"Well, that brings me to the purpose of this talk," said the count, controlling himself with effort. "Anna can get a divorce. It depends on her. If we are to petition the emperor to legitimize the children, a divorce is essential. But that depends on Anna. Her husband consented to that, and your husband had it all arranged some time ago, and I know that he now would not refuse; all it requires is for Anna to write to him. He said up and down that he would consent, if Anna would apply for it. Of course," he added, frowning, "this condition is one of those Pharisaic cruelties of which only heartless people are capable. He knows what torture all remembrance of him has for her, and so he exacts this letter from her. I understand that it is painful to her. But the reasons are so imperative that she must *passer pardessus toutes ces finesses de sentiment. Il va du bonheur et de l'existence d'Anna et de ces enfants.*¹ I don't speak about myself, though it is painful, very painful, to me," said he, with a wrathful expression against whoever was responsible for this state of things.

¹ She ought to be above these excessive sensibilities; her happiness is involved, as well as her children's.

"And this is why I make bold to apply to you, princess, as to a very anchor of salvation. Help me to persuade Anna of the need of getting a divorce."

"Why, of course I will," said Darya Aleksandrovna, gravely, for she vividly recalled her last meeting with Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. "Of course I will," she repeated resolutely, as she thought of Anna.

"Exert your influence on her and induce her to write the letter. I do not wish, and indeed I find it almost impossible, to talk with her about this."

"Very well, I will speak to her. But why does she not think of it herself?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, suddenly remembering Anna's strange new trick of half-closing her eyes. And then it occurred to her that Anna did this especially when any reference was made to the more intimate side of her life.

"She seems to try to shut her eyes to her whole life, as if to put it out of her mind," said Darya Aleksandrovna to herself. "Yes, I will speak to her, certainly; both for your sake and for hers," repeated Dolly, in response to Vronsky's grateful look.

And they got up and went to the house.

CHAPTER XXII

FINDING Dolly already returned, Anna looked scrutinizingly into her eyes, as if she would read there a reply to her wonder what she and Vronsky had been talking about, but she asked no questions.

"Dinner is nearly ready, and we have hardly seen each other. I count on this evening; but now I must go and change my gown. I suppose you'd like to do the same. One gets so soiled after such a walk."

Dolly went to her room, and felt ridiculous. She had no change to make, since she had worn her best gown; but, in order to make some change in her toilette, in honor of dinner, she asked the maid to brush the dust off, she changed her cuffs and put on a fresh ribbon, and put some lace in her hair.

"It is all I could do," she said laughingly, to Anna, who came to her, dressed in a third but very simple costume.

"Well! we are very formal here," said Anna, in apology for her elegant attire. "Alekser is so glad that you came. I believe he has fallen in love with you," she added. "I hope you are not tired."

Before dinner there was no time for any talk. When they entered the drawing-room, they found the Princess Varvara and the gentlemen all in evening dress. The architect was the only one that wore a frock-coat. Vronsky presented the doctor and the superintendent to his guest. She had already met the architect at the hospital.

A portly butler, wearing a stiffly starched white cravat, and with his smooth round face shining, came and announced that dinner was served, and the ladies stood up. Vronsky asked Sviazhsky to escort Anna Arkadyevna into the dining-room, and he himself offered his arm to Darya Aleksandrovna. Veslovsky was quicker than Tushkievitch in handing in the Princess Varvara, so that Tushkievitch went with the doctor and the superintendent.

The dinner, the service, the plate, the wine, and the dishes served, not only corresponded to the general tone of new luxury appertaining to the household, but seemed even more luxuricus and elegant. Darya Aleksandrovna took note of this splendor, which was quite new to her, and, as the mistress of an establishment of her own, she could not help making a mental inventory of the details, and wondering how and by whom it was all done; and yet she had no dream of introducing anything like it into her own home, which was conducted on a scale of far greater simplicity.

Vasenska Veslovsky, her own husband, and even Sviazhsky and many more men whom she knew, had never carried out anything like this, and every one of them believed in the dictum that the master of a well-regulated household always desires to make his guests imagine that the elegance and comfort surrounding

them are not any trouble to him, but come about spontaneously.

Darya Aleksandrovna knew that even such a simple matter as providing kasha for her children's breakfast does not go of itself, and that all the more in such an elegant and complicated establishment there had to be some one in full and complete charge. And by the glances with which Aleksei Kirillovitch took in the details of the table, and by the nods which he gave toward the butler and by the way in which he offered Darya Aleksandrovna the choice between botvinya and soup, she understood that everything was done under the direct superintendence of the master of the house. Anna had nothing more to do with it than Veslovsky had. She and Sviazhsky, the princess and Veslovsky, were only guests, gayly and thoughtlessly taking advantage of what was done for them.

Anna was *khozyaika*, or mistress of the household, only in the management of the conversation; and this conversation was very difficult at a small table among guests belonging to such different spheres of life as the superintendent and the architect, who were trying not to be dazzled by such unwonted splendor, and who were unused to taking part in a general conversation; but Anna went through with her task with her usual tact and simplicity, and even with pleasure, as Darya Aleksandrovna noticed.

The conversation turned first on the way in which Tushkievitch and Veslovsky had gone down alone to the boat, and Tushkievitch began to speak of the recent yacht-race under the auspices of the Petersburg yacht-club. But Anna, taking advantage of the first pause, quickly turned to the architect, in order to bring him out of his silence.

"Nikolai Ivanitch was surprised," said she, referring to Sviazhsky, "to see how the new building had grown since he was here last. But I myself am here every day, and every day I am surprised myself to see how fast it progresses.

"It is good to work with his excellency," said the

architect, smiling. He had a sense of the dignity of his calling, and was a very worthy and self-possessed gentleman. "You don't do such work under government patronage. When they would write reams of paper, I simply lay the plan before the count, we talk it over, and three words decide it."

"American ways," suggested Sviazhsky, smiling.

"Yes! buildings there are raised rationally."

The conversation then went off on the abuse of power in the United States; but Anna immediately started him on a third theme, in order to bring out the superintendent from his silence.

"Have you ever seen the steam reaping-machines?" she asked of Darya Aleksandrovna. "We had just been to see ours when we met you. I never saw one before."

"How do they work?" asked Dolly.

"Just like scissors. A plank and a quantity of little knives. Like this!"

Anna took a knife and fork into her beautiful white hands covered with rings, and tried to show her. She apparently saw that she did not make herself very clear, but, knowing that she spoke pleasantly and that her hands were beautiful, she continued her explanations.

"Better say pen-knives!" said Veslovsky, with an attempt at a pun,¹ and not taking his eyes from her.

Anna smiled almost imperceptibly, but made no reply to his remark.

"Am I not right, Karl, that they are like scissors?" she said, appealing to the director.

"Oh, ja," replied the German. "*Es ist ein ganz einfaches Ding;*"² and he began to explain the construction of the machine.

"It is too bad that it does not bind the sheaves. I saw one at the Vienna Exposition; it bound them with wire," said Sviazhsky. "That kind would be much more convenient."

"*Es kommt drauf an. Der Preis von Draht muss*

¹ *Nozhnitsui*, scissors; *nozhitchki*, little knives.

² It is a very simple thing.

ausgerechnet werden." And the German, aroused from his silence, turned for confirmation to Vronsky — "*Das lässt sich ausrechnen, Erlaucht.*"

The German put his hand into his pocket, where he kept a pencil and notebook, in which he had an exact statement, but, suddenly remembering that he was at the dinner-table, and noticing Vronsky's cold eyes fastened on him, he controlled himself.

"*Zu complicirt, macht zu viel Klopots,*"¹ he said in conclusion.

"*Wünscht man Dochots, so hat man auch Klopots,*"² said Vasenka Veslovsky, making sport of the German. "*J'adore l'allemand,*" he said, with a peculiar smile, turning to Anna.

"*Cessez!*" said she, with affected sternness.

"We expected to find you on the field," said she to the doctor, who was somewhat infirm. "Were you there?"

"I was there, but I evaporated," replied the doctor, with a melancholy attempt at a jest.

"It must have been a beautiful motion."

"Magnificent."

"Well, and how did you find your old woman? I hope it is n't the typhus."

"Whether it is typhus or not I can't tell yet, but...."

"How sorry I am," said Anna; and, having thus shown her politeness to the dependents, she turned again to her friends.

"At any rate, it would be pretty hard to reconstruct a machine by following your description, Anna Arkadyevna," said Sviazhsky.

"No, why so?" said Anna, with a smile which intimated that she knew there was something charming in her description of the construction of the reaping-machines, and that even Sviazhsky had noticed it. This new trait of youthful coquetry struck Dolly unpleasantly.

"Still, in architecture Anna Arkadyevna's knowledge is very remarkable," said Tushkievitch.

¹ Too complicated, makes too much bother.

² If one wants money, he must have bother.

"Well, yesterday evening I heard Anna Arkadyevna making some wise remark about plinths," said Veslovsky. "Would you find me doing that?"

"There is nothing remarkable in that, when one keeps one's eyes and ears open," said Anna. "But don't you know what houses are built of?"

Darya Aleksandrovna perceived that Anna was not pleased with this tone of badinage which she and Veslovsky kept up, but that she fell into it involuntarily.

In this respect Vronsky behaved exactly the opposite to Levin. He evidently attributed not the least importance to Veslovsky's nonsense, but, on the contrary, encouraged this jesting.

"Well, tell us, Veslovsky, what they use to fasten stones together."

"Cement, of course."

"Bravo! And what is cement made of?"

"Well, it is something like gruel.... No, a sort of mastic," said Veslovsky, amid general laughter.

The conversation among the guests, with the exception of the doctor, the superintendent, and the architect, who generally kept silence, went on without cessation, now growing light, now dragging a little, and now touching to the quick.

Once Darya Aleksandrovna was touched to the quick, and felt so provoked that she grew red in the face, and afterward she wondered if she made any improper or unpleasant remark. Sviazhsky spoke of Levin and told of some of his strange opinions in regard to machines being injurious to Russian agriculture.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing this Mr. Levin; probably he has never seen the machines he criticizes. But if he has seen and tried, they must have been Russian ones, and not the foreign make. What can be his views?"

"*Turkish* views," said Veslovsky, smiling at Anna.

"I cannot defend his opinions," said Dolly, reddening; "but Levin is a thoroughly intelligent man, and if he were here he would know what answer to make you, but I can't."

"Oh, I am very fond of him, and we are excellent friends," said Sviazhsky, smiling good-naturedly; "*mais pardon, il est un petit peu toqué*. For example, he considers the *zemstvo* and the justices of the peace — everything — entirely useless — will have nothing to do with them."

"It's our Russian indifference!" exclaimed Vronsky, filling his goblet with ice-water from a *carafe*. "Not to feel the obligations which our privileges impose on us and so ignore them."

"I don't know any one who is more strict in the fulfilment of his duties," said Dolly, irritated by Vronsky's superior tone.

"I, on the contrary," continued Vronsky, evidently somewhat piqued by this conversation, — "I, on the contrary, am very grateful, as you see, for the honor which has been done me, thanks to Nikolai Ivanovitch" — he referred to Sviazhsky — "in my appointment as honorary justice of the peace. I consider that for me the duty of going to the sessions of the court, of judging the affairs of a muzhik, are as important as anything that I could do. And I shall consider it an honor if you elect me a member of the town-council.¹ This is the only way that I can repay society for the privileges I enjoy as a landed proprietor. Unfortunately the influence which the large landed proprietors ought to wield is not fully appreciated."

Vronsky's calm assurance that he was in the right seemed very strange to Darya Aleksandrovna. She knew that Levin, whose opinions were diametrically opposite, was equally firm on his side; but she loved Levin, and so she was on his side.

"So we can depend on you at the next election, can we?" said Sviazhsky. "But we ought to leave earlier, so as to get there by the 8th. Will you do me the honor to go with me, count?"

"I pretty much agree with your *beau frère*," said Anna, "though for different reasons," she added, with a smile. "I am afraid that nowadays we are getting

¹ The Russian name for this official is *glasnyi*.

to have too many of these public duties, just as in old times there were so many chinovniks that there was a chinovnik for everything; so now every one is becoming a public functionary. Aleksei has been here six months, and is already a member of five or six different public commissions — wardenship,¹ judge, town councilman, juryman — I don't know what else. *Du train que cela va* all his time will be spent on it. And I am afraid if these things are multiplied so, that it will be only a matter of form. You have ever so many offices, Nikolai Ivanuitch, have you not? at least twenty, have n't you?" she asked, turning toward Sviazhsky.

Anna spoke jestingly, but in her tone there was a shade of irritation. Darya Aleksandrovna, who was watching Anna and Vronsky attentively, immediately noticed it. She saw also that the count's face assumed a resolute and obstinate expression, and that the Princess Varvara made haste to talk about some Petersburg acquaintances, so as to change the subject; and, remembering what Vronsky had told her in the garden about his pleasure in activity, she felt certain that this conversation about public activities had something to do with a secret quarrel between Vronsky and Anna.

The dinner, the wines, the service, were luxurious, but everything seemed to Darya Aleksandrovna formal and impersonal, like the state dinners and balls that she had seen, and on an ordinary day and in a small circle it made a disagreeable impression on her.

After dinner they sat down on the terrace. Then they began to play lawn-tennis. The players, dividing into two sides, took their places on the carefully rolled and smoothly shaven croquet-ground, on which the net was stretched between gilded posts. Darya Aleksandrovna was invited to play, but it took a long time before she learned how, and when she got an idea of the game she felt so tired that she went and sat down by the Princess Varvara and only watched the players. Her partner, Tushkievitch, also ceased playing, but the others continued the game a long time. Sviazhsky and

¹ *Popechitelstvo.*

Vronsky both played very well and earnestly. They followed the tennis-ball with quick eyes as it was sent from one side to the other, not wasting their energies, and not getting confused, skilfully running to meet it, waiting till it should bound, and with good aim and perfect accuracy catching it on the racket and sending it over the net.

Veslovsky played worse than the others. He got too much excited, but nevertheless by his gayety he kept up the spirits of the other players. His jests and shouts never ceased. Like the other men, by the advice of the ladies he took off his coat and played, and his tall, well-shaped figure in his shirt-sleeves, and his ruddy, warm face, and his violent motions made a pleasant picture to remember.

When Darya Aleksandrovna that night lay down in her bed, as soon as she closed her eyes she saw Vasenka Veslovsky dancing about on the croquet-ground.

But while they were playing, Darya Aleksandrovna did not feel happy. She was displeased with the frivolity which Vasenka Veslovsky and Anna still kept up while they were playing; nor did such a childish game played by grown men and women by themselves, without children, seem natural or sensible. But lest she should destroy the pleasure of the others and so as to pass away the time, she rested a little while and then took part in another game and made believe that she was gay. All that day it seemed to her as if she were acting in a comedy with better actors than herself, and that her bad acting spoiled the whole piece. She had come intending to stay for two days if they urged her. But in the evening, during the game of tennis, she made up her mind to go home the next day. Those very same maternal cares which she had so hated as she thought them over during her journey, now, after two days' absence, presented themselves in another light and began to attract her. When, after tea and after a moonlight row in the boat, she went alone to her room, took off her gown, and began to put up her thin hair for the night, she felt a great sense of relief.

It was even unpleasant to think that Anna would soon be in to see her. She would have preferred to be alone with her thoughts.

CHAPTER XXIII

DOLLY was just feeling ready to go to bed when Anna came in, in her night costume.

All that day Anna had more than once been on the point of speaking intimately, but each time, after saying a few words, she had put it off, saying, "By and by; when we are alone, we will talk. I must tell you everything."

Now they were alone and Anna did not know what to talk about. She sat by the window looking at Dolly, and casting over in her mind that inexhaustible store of topics which she wished to talk about, and yet she could not find one to begin with. It seemed to her as if she had already told all that was in her heart to tell.

"Well, what about Kitty?" asked Anna, sighing deeply, and looking guiltily at Dolly. "Tell me the truth, Dolly; is she angry with me?"

"Angry? No," answered Dolly, smiling.

"Does n't she hate does n't she despise me?"

"Oh, no; but you know this is one of the things people don't forgive."

"Yes, yes," said Anna, turning away and looking out of the open window. "But I was not to blame! And who is to blame? and what is there blameworthy about it? Could it have been otherwise? Now tell me? How do you think? Could you have helped being Stiva's wife?"

"Truly, I don't know; but you must tell me"

"Yes, yes! But finish telling me about Kitty. Is she happy? They say her husband is an excellent man."

"That's too little to say, that he's excellent; I don't know a better man."

"Oh, how glad I am! I am very glad. 'Little to say, that he's an excellent man,'" she repeated.

Dolly smiled.

"But now tell me about yourself," said Dolly. "I want a long talk with you. I have talked with...."

She did not know what to call Vronsky — it was awkward to call him either count or Aleksei Kirillovitch.

"With Aleksei," said Anna. "Yes; I know that you talked with him. But I wanted to ask you frankly what you think of me.... of my life."

"How can I tell you at such short notice? I don't know what to say."

"No; you must tell me.... You see my life. But you must not forget that you see us in summer with people, and we are not alone.... but we came in the early spring, we lived entirely alone, and we shall live alone again. I ask for nothing better than living alone with him. But when I imagine that I may live alone without him, absolutely alone, and this would be.... I don't see why this may not be frequently repeated, that he may spend half of his time away from home," she said, and, getting up, she sat down close by Dolly. "Oh, of course," she said quickly, interrupting Dolly, who was about to speak, "of course, I cannot keep him by force.... I don't keep him. To-day there's a race; his horses race; he goes. I am very glad! But you think of me; imagine my situation.... what is to be said about it?" She smiled. "But what did he talk with you about?"

"He spoke about a matter which I myself wanted to talk over with you; and it is easy for me to be an advocate of it,—about this: whether it is not possible or essential to"—Darya Aleksandrovna hesitated—"to improve, make your position legal.... you know how I look at.... but anyhow, if possible, a marriage must take place."

"You mean divorce?" said Anna. "Do you know, the only woman who came to see me in Petersburg was Betsy Tverskaya! Perhaps you know her. *Au fond c'est la femme la plus dépravée qui existe.* She had a

liaison with this Tushkievitch, deceiving her husband in the most outrageous way but she told me that she did not wish to know me, because my position was illegal! Don't think that I compare I know you, dear heart.¹ But I could not help remembering it. Well, what did he say to you?"

"He said that he suffered both for you and for himself; maybe you will say that it is egoism, but what an honorable and noble egoism! He wishes to make his daughter legitimate, and to be your husband and with a husband's rights."

"What wife, what slave, could be more of a slave than I, in my position?" she interrupted angrily.

"The main reason that he wishes it is that you may not suffer."

"This is impossible. Well?"

"Well, to make your children legitimate, to give them a name."

"What children?" said Anna, not looking at Dolly, but half-closing her eyes.

"Ani, and those that may come to you."

"Oh, he can be easy; I shall not have any more."....

"How can you say that you won't have any more?"....

"Because I will not have any more;" and, in spite of her emotion, Anna smiled at the naive expression of astonishment, of curiosity, and horror depicted on Dolly's face. "After my illness the doctor told me"

* * * * *

"It is impossible," exclaimed Dolly, looking at Anna with wide-opened eyes. For her this was one of those discoveries, the consequences and deductions of which are so monstrous that at the first instant it touches only the feeling, that it is impossible to grasp it, but that it rouses momentous trains of thought.

This discovery, which explained for her how happened all these hitherto inexplicable families of one or at most two children, stirred up so many thoughts, considerations, and contradictory feelings that she could

¹ *Dushenka moyá.*

not say a word, and only gazed with wide-open eyes of amazement at Anna. It was the very thing of which she had dreamed, but now that she knew it was possible she was horror-struck. She felt that it was a quite too simple solution of a too complicated question.

"*N'est ce pas immoral?*" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Why? Remember that I must choose between two things: either being pregnant, that is to say, sick, or being the friend, the companion, of my husband; for so I consider him. If that is a doubtful fact to you, it is not so to me," said Anna, in an intentionally superficial and frivolous tone.

"Yes, yes, but" exclaimed Darya Aleksandrovna, hearing the very same arguments which she had brought up to herself, and no longer finding in them their former weight.

"For you, for other women," proceeded Anna, apparently divining her thoughts, "there may be some doubt about this; but for me. Just think! I am not his wife; he will love me just as long as he loves me; and how, by what means, am I to keep his love? It is by this."

And she put out her white arms in front of her beautiful body.

With extraordinary rapidity, as always happens in moments of emotion, all sorts of thoughts and ideas went rushing through Darya Aleksandrovna's mind.

"I have not tried," she reasoned, "to attract Stiva to myself; he deserted me for some one else, and the first woman for whom he sacrificed me did not retain him by being always pretty and gay. He threw her over and took another. And will Anna be able to fascinate and retain Count Vronsky? If that is what attracts him, then he will be able to find women who dress even better and are more fascinating and merry-hearted. And however white, however beautiful, her bare arms, however beautiful her rounded form, and her animated face framed in her black hair, he will be able to find still

better, more attractive women, just as my abominable, wretched, and beloved husband has done."

Dolly made no reply, and only sighed. Anna remarked this sigh, which signified dissent, and she proceeded. She had in reserve still more arguments, still stronger, and impossible to answer.

"You say that this is immoral. But this requires to be reasoned out," she went on saying. "You forget my position. How can I desire children? I don't say anything about the suffering, I am not afraid of that. But think what my children will be! Unfortunate beings, who will have to bear a name which is not theirs,—by their very birth compelled to blush for their father and mother."

"Well, this is the very reason why a divorce is necessary."

But Anna did not hear her. She wanted to produce the same arguments by which she had so many times persuaded herself.

"Why was the gift of reason bestowed on me, if I cannot employ it in preventing the birth of more unhappy beings?"

She looked at Dolly, but without waiting for any answer she went on:—

"I should always feel my guilt toward these unhappy children. If they do not exist, they will not know misery; but if they exist and suffer, then I am to blame."

These were the same arguments as Darya Aleksandrovna had used to herself, but now she listened and did not understand them. She said to herself:—

"How can one be culpable with regard to non-existent existences?" And suddenly the thought came, "Could it have been possibly any better if my darling Grisha had never existed?" and it struck so unpleasantly, so strangely, that she shook her head to chase away the cloud of maddening thoughts that came into her mind.

"No, I do not know; I believe it wrong," she said, with an expression of disgust.

"But you must not forget that you and I.... and moreover," added Anna, notwithstanding the wealth of her

own arguments and the poverty of poor Dolly's, seeming somehow to recognize that this thing was immoral after all, — "you must not forget the main thing, that I am not now in the same position as you are. For you the question is, Do you wish to have more children? but for me, Do I desire them? This is the principal difference. You must know that I cannot desire them in my position."

Darya Aleksandrovna was silent. She suddenly became aware that such an abyss separated her from Anna that between them certain questions existed on which they could never agree, and which had best not be discussed.

CHAPTER XXIV

"THAT shows all the more necessity for legalizing your position, if possible."

"Yes, *if possible*," answered Anna, in an entirely different tone, calm and sweet.

"Is a divorce entirely impossible? They tell me your husband has consented."

"Dolly, I do not wish to talk about this."

"Well, we will not," Darya Aleksandrovna hastened to say, noticing the expression of suffering on Anna's face. "Only it seems to me that you look too much on the dark side."

"I? Not at all; I am very happy and contented. You saw, *Je fais des passions* with Veslovsky "

"Yes! To tell the truth, Veslovsky's manner displeases me very much," said Darya Aleksandrovna, willing enough to change the conversation.

"Oh! there's nothing! It tickles Aleksei, and that's all there is of it. But he is a mere boy and entirely in my hands. You understand, I do as I please with him; just as you do with your Grisha. Dolly!" — she suddenly changed the subject — "you say that I look on the dark side. You can't understand. This is too terrible; I try not to look at all!"

"You are wrong; you ought to do what is necessary."

"But what is necessary? You say I must marry Alekser, and that I don't think about that. I not think about that!" she exclaimed, and the color flew over her face. She got up, straightened herself, and began walking up and down the room with her graceful gait, stopping now and then. "Not think about that! There is not a day or an hour when I do not think of it, and blame myself for thinking of it;—because the thought of it will make me mad—will make me mad," she repeated. "When I think of it, I cannot go to sleep without morphine. But very good! let us speak calmly. You talk about divorce, but in the first place *he* would not consent; *he* is now under the Countess Lidya's influence."

Darya Aleksandrovna, reclining in her easy-chair with a sympathetic and sorrowful face, watched Anna as she walked up and down. She shook her head.

"We must try," said she.

"Suppose I should try. What does it mean?" she asked, evidently expressing a thought which she had gone over in her own mind a thousand times and had learned by heart. "It means that I, who hate him, and who have nevertheless confessed my guilt to him—I believe in his magnanimity—that I humiliate myself to write him.... Well! suppose I make the effort; suppose I do it. I shall receive either an insulting answer or his consent. Good, I get his consent...." Anna at this time was in the farthest end of the room and stopped there to arrange a window-curtain. "I get his consent.... but my s-son? You see he will not give him to me! No, he will grow up despising me, living with his father, whom I have left. Just think, I love these two almost equally, both more than myself; these two, Serozha and Alekser."

She advanced to the middle of the room and stood in front of Dolly, pressing her hands to her breast. In her white *peignoir* she seemed wonderfully tall and large. She bent her head, and, looking out of her moist, shining eyes on the little, homely, lean Dolly, sitting there in her darned nightgown and nightcap, all a-tremble with emotion, went on:—

"These two only I love, and the one excludes the other. I cannot bring them together, and yet this is the one thing I want. If this were not so, it would be all the same,—all, all the same. It will end in some way; but I cannot, I will not, talk about this. So do not despise me, do not judge me. You in your purity could never imagine what I suffer!"

She sat down beside Dolly and, with a guilty expression in her eyes, took her hand.

"What do you think? What do you think of me? Do not despise me! I do not deserve that; I am miserably unhappy. If there is any one unhappy, it is I...." said she, and, turning away, she began to weep.

After Anna left her, Dolly said her prayers and went to bed. She pitied Anna with all her soul while she was talking with her; but now she could not bring herself to think of her. Memories of home and her children arose in her imagination with new and wonderful joy. So dear and precious seemed this little world to her that she decided that nothing would tempt her to stay longer away from them, and that she would leave the next day.

Anna, meantime, returning to her dressing-room, took a glass, and poured into it several drops of a mixture containing chiefly morphine, and, having swallowed it, she sat a little while motionless, then went with a calm and joyous heart to her bedroom.

When she went into her sleeping-room, Vronsky looked scrutinizingly into her face. He was trying to discover some trace of the talk which he knew by the length of her stay in Dolly's room she must have had with her. But in her expression, which betrayed a certain repressed excitement, as if she were trying to conceal something, he found nothing except the beauty to which he was so accustomed, and which always intoxicated him, and the consciousness of it and the desire that it might still have its usual effect on him.

He did not like to ask her what they had been talking about, but hoped that she herself would tell him. But she only said:—

"I am glad you like Dolly; you do, don't you?"

"Yes! I've known her for a long time. She's a very good woman, *mais excessivement terre à terre*. But still I am well pleased at her visit."

He gave Anna another questioning look, and took her hand; but she understood his look in another way, and smiled.

The next morning, in spite of repeated urging from her hosts, Darya Aleksandrovna prepared to go away. Levin's coachman, in his old kaftan and a sort of postilion's cap, put the unmatched horses into the old carriage with its shabby harness, and, looking stern and resolute, drove up the sanded driveway to the covered portico.

Darya Aleksandrovna took a cold farewell of the Princess Varvara and the gentlemen. The day that they had passed together made them all see clearly that they had no interests in common, and that they were better apart. Anna only was sad. She knew that no one would waken again in her the feelings which Dolly had aroused in her soul. To have these feelings aroused was painful to her, but still she knew that they represented all the better side of her nature, and that soon all vestige of such feelings would be stifled by the life that she was leading.

As soon as she got fairly away from the house, Darya Aleksandrovna experienced a pleasant feeling of relief, and she was about to ask her men how they liked the Vronskys, when suddenly the coachman, Filipp himself, spoke out:—

"They're rich, rich enough, but they give only three measures of oats. The horses cleaned it all up before cockcrow. What are three measures? Only a bite. Nowadays oats cost only forty-five kopeks. With us, we give our visitors' horses as much as they will eat."

"A stingy barin," said the bookkeeper.

"Well, but you liked their horses, did n't you?" asked Dolly.

"The horses, yes, they were all right. And the food was good. But still somehow I felt kind of homesick,

Darya Aleksandrovna; I don't know how it was with you," said he, turning to her his good, handsome face.

"Yes, and so did I. But do you think we shall get home this evening?"

"We must get home."

On reaching home and finding every one perfectly happy and glad to see her, Darya Aleksandrovna, with great liveliness, told the story of her trip and how warmly she had been received, about the luxury and good taste of the Vronskys' establishment and about their amusements; and she would not allow any one to say a word against them.

"You must know Anna and Vronsky, — and I know him better than I did, — to appreciate how kind and affectionate they are," said she, with perfect sincerity, forgetting the vague feeling of discomfort that she had felt when she was there.

CHAPTER XXV

VRONSKY and Anna passed the rest of the summer and part of the autumn in the country under the same conditions, and took no steps toward getting a divorce. It was agreed between them that they should not make any visits; but they both felt that the longer they lived alone, particularly in the autumn, and without guests, the more unendurable became their life, and that they must have some change.

Nothing which constitutes happiness was apparently wanting to them. They were rich, young, well; they had one child, and they had pleasant occupations. Though they had no guests, Anna continued to take the greatest care of her person and her dress. She read much, both in the way of novels and of serious literature, and sent abroad for valuable books which she saw praised in the foreign magazines and journals. And she read carefully, as one can do only when in the solitude of the country. Moreover, all subjects which interested Vronsky, she studied up in books and scien-

tific journals, so that often he went directly to her with questions relating to agronomics and to architecture, even with those on the breeding of horses, and the best methods of hunting. He was amazed at her knowledge and her memory; and when he felt any doubt about the beginning of an enterprise and wanted moral support, he would consult her, and she would find in books whatever he asked about and then show it to him.

The arrangement of the hospital also occupied her. She not only assisted in it, but, moreover, invented many original ideas and carried them out. But, after all, her chief preoccupation was herself herself and how she might retain Vronsky's affections, how she might supply for him all that he needed.

Vronsky appreciated this, and saw that the only aim of her life was to please him and to obey his wishes in every particular; but at the same time he was oppressed by the chains of tenderness which she tried to forge around him. As time went on, he found himself more and more embarrassed by these chains, and more desirous of, if not exactly escaping from them, at least of keeping them from interfering with his independence. If it had not been for his ever increasing desire for freedom, if it had not been for the fact that every time he had to go to the city, to the races, there was a scene with Anna, Vronsky would have been perfectly contented with his existence.

The *role* of rich landed proprietor, which he had chosen for himself as constituting the true work of the Russian aristocracy, and which he had been engaged in now for half a year, gave him ever increasing pleasure. His work, which absorbed him more and more, was prospering admirably. Notwithstanding his enormous expenses for the building of the hospital, for machinery, and cattle imported from Switzerland, and many other things, he felt sure that he was not wasting, but increasing, his property. As far as it concerned the matter of income, the sale of wood, of wheat, of wool, the leasing of land, Vronsky was as firm as a rock, and succeeded in holding to his price. In matters concerning his whole

management, both on this and on his other estates, he kept to the simplest and least risky processes, and was to the highest degree economical and prudent in all details. Notwithstanding all the cleverness and shrewdness of his German superintendent, who tried to involve him in purchases and who so managed every calculation that a large outlay was needed at first, but where, by waiting a little, the same thing could be done much cheaper and with greater profit, Vronsky used his own judgment. He would listen to his superintendent, would ask him all sorts of questions, and consent to his proposed plans only when the thing to be imported or constructed was something perfectly new, unheard of as yet in Russia, and calculated to cause surprise. Moreover, he would decide to embark in large enterprises only when he had plenty of money on hand, and in entering on any such outlay he attended to all the details, and insisted that he should have the very best results. Thus it was evident that in carrying out his undertakings he was not dissipating, but was increasing, his estate.

In the month of October the government of Kashin, in which were situated the estates of Vronsky, Sviazhsky, Koznuishef, and a part of Levin's, was to hold its nobiliary elections.¹ These elections, for many reasons, and because of the persons who took part in them, attracted general attention. Much was said about them and great preparations were made for them. People from Moscow, Petersburg, and even from abroad, who had never witnessed an election, came to look on.

Vronsky had some time before promised Sviazhsky to go with him.

Just before the elections, Sviazhsky, who had often visited Vozdvizhenskoye, came after Vronsky. On the evening before this event Vronsky and Anna almost had a quarrel about his proposed trip. It was getting autumnal in the country, a melancholy, gloomy time, and therefore Vronsky, already ready for a contest, announced with a cold, stern expression, such as he rarely allowed himself toward Anna, that he was going away on

¹ *Dvorianskiye vyibornii.*

this expedition. But to his surprise Anna received the news with entire calmness, and only asked him when he should be back. He looked at her scrutinizingly, not understanding her calmness. She smiled as he looked at her. He knew her power of retiring into herself, and he knew that it was manifested only when she was planning something about herself and did not wish him to know her plans. He was afraid of this now, but he was so desirous of avoiding a scene that he almost forced himself into believing that her manner was sincere.

"I hope you will not be lonely."

"I hope so too," said Anna. "I received a box of books from Gautier yesterday; no, I shall not be lonely."

"She is adopting a new tone, and so much the better," thought he; "but it is all the same thing."

And so, without entering into any frank explanation with her, he started off for the elections. This was the first time since the beginning of their *liaison* that he had left her without full and complete explanation. In one way this disquieted him; in another, he felt that it was better so.

"At first there will be something as there is now, not altogether clear and above board, but after a while she will get used to it. At all events," he thought, "I can give up to her everything except my independence as a man."

CHAPTER XXVI

IN September Levin returned to Moscow for Kitty's confinement.

He had already been there a whole month without anything to do, when Sergyei Ivanovitch, who had an estate in the government of Kashin, and who took a great interest in the approaching elections, was getting ready to make the journey. He took with him his brother, who had a parcel of land in the Seleznevsky district, and who, moreover, had some very important business to transact in regard to a trusteeship and the

receipt of certain money in Kashin in behalf of his sister, who lived abroad.

Levin was even at the last moment in a state of uncertainty, but Kitty, seeing that he was bored in Moscow, not only urged him to go, but without his knowledge bought him a noble's uniform at an expense of eighty rubles. And these eighty rubles paid out for the uniform constituted the chief reason which induced Levin to go. He therefore went to Kashin.

He had been at Kashin six days, present at every session of the electors, and employing himself in his sister's affairs, which did not progress at all satisfactorily. All the marshals of nobility were absorbed in the elections, and it was impossible to accomplish the very simple business which depended on his guardianship. The other matter—the receipt of some money—in the same way caused him great delay. After long parleyings concerning the removal of an interdict, the money was ready to be paid over; but the notary, a most obliging man, could not deliver the paper, because the signature of the president was necessary, and the president, neglecting his duties, was at the sessions of the nobles. All these annoyances, this wandering from place to place, these talks with very pleasant good men, who thoroughly appreciated the disagreeable position of the petitioner but could not help him, all this endeavor which brought no result, produced on Levin's mind a most painful impression, analogous to that tormenting impotence which one sometimes experiences in a nightmare when one wants to employ physical force and is unable to do so. He frequently experienced this when talking with that most obliging of men, the solicitor. This solicitor, it seemed, was doing everything in his power and was exerting all his mental energies to get Levin out of his difficulties.

“Try this way or that way,” he would say, “or go to this place or to that place;” and the solicitor would lay out a whole plan for avoiding the fatal obstacle that stood in the way. But immediately he would add, “Still there's a delay; however, try it.” And Levin

would go flying off in this direction or that, and doing whatever he was told to do. All were good and kind, but it seemed as if the obstacles, even after he had passed them, kept growing up again and cutting off his path.

Especially annoying was it to him that he could never know with whom he was really contending, for whose profit it was that he could never bring his business to a conclusion. And no one seemed to know this either. Not even the solicitor knew this. If Levin could have understood, as he understood why it was impossible to get at the office of a railway otherwise than by standing in line, it would not have been humiliating and vexatious, but, as regarded the obstacles that stood in his way, not one could tell him why they existed.

But Levin had greatly changed since his marriage. He had learned patience, and if he could not comprehend why all this was arranged as it was, then he told himself, since he did not know all about it, he was not in a position to judge, that apparently it was unavoidable; and he strove not to lose his temper.

Now that he was present at the elections, he endeavored not to be severe in his criticisms, nor to enter into controversies, but as far as he could to understand the matters which excellent and honorable men whom he thoroughly respected found so serious and so absorbing. Since his marriage Levin had opened his eyes to so many new and serious sides of life which had hitherto seemed to him, in his superficial view of them, of no great importance, that now in the matter of the elections he looked for a serious significance and found one.

Sergyer Ivanovitch explained to him the idea and significance of the change which was proposed to the electors. The governmental *predvodityel*, or marshal of nobility, had charge of very many matters of public importance, — as, for example, guardianships, such as the one which Levin himself was now trying to bring into a satisfactory shape, — and large sums of money and the direction of the *gymnasia*, or schools for women, and for the peasantry and the military and the training of the

people for their new duties, and finally of the *zemstvo*, or popular assembly. Now the present marshal, Snetkof, was a man of the old aristocratic stamp, who had squandered an enormous property, was a very worthy and honorable man in his way, but wholly incapable of comprehending the new needs of the present time. He always on every occasion took the side of the nobles; he always cast the whole weight of his influence against the extension of popular education and he gave the *zemstvo*, which was coming to have such an enormous significance, a partisan character.

It was considered necessary to put in his place a new and active man, imbued with the most enlightened modern ideas, and to manage the business so as to extract from all the rights given to the noblesse,¹ not as the noblesse, but simply as a constituent part of the *zemstvo*, such advantages of self-government as were possible.

In the rich government of Kashin, which always took the lead in every advance, such forces were now concentrated that the business now before the assembled nobles would be likely to set an example for all the other departments, indeed for all Russia. And therefore the business had a great importance.

It was proposed to elect as marshal instead of Snetkof, either Sviazhsky, or, still better, Nevyedovsky, a man of eminent understanding, formerly a professor, who was an intimate friend of Sergyer Ivanovitch's.

The *sobranie*, or provincial assembly, was opened by a speech from the governor, who urged the nobility to elect the necessary functionaries, not from partisan reasons, but for merit and for the public weal; and he hoped that the nobility of the department of Kashin would do their duty, as they had always done, and thus deserve their monarch's confidence.

Having finished his speech, the governor left the hall, and the noblemen, tumultuously and eagerly, and some of them even enthusiastically, followed him, and surrounded him while he was putting on his shuba, and talking in a friendly way with the government marshal.

¹ *Dvorianstvo*.

Levin, anxious to see everybody and miss nothing, was in the midst of the throng, and he heard the governor say, "Please tell Marya Ivanovna that my wife is very sorry, but she had to go to the asylum."

Then all the nobles gayly took their shubas, and went in a body to the cathedral.

In the cathedral Levin, together with the rest, raised his hand and repeated, after the protopope, the solemn oaths by which they swore to fulfil their duties. The church service always impressed Levin, and when he joined with this throng of men, old and young, in repeating the words, "I kiss the cross," he felt stirred.

On the second and third day the assembly was occupied with the moneys meant for the educational establishments for the nobility and for women, which Sergyer Ivanovitch declared had no especial importance, and Levin, who had his own business to attend to, was not present.

On the fourth day the verifying of the government accounts came up, and here, for the first time, the new party came into direct collision with the old. The commission, whose duty it was to verify these accounts, announced to the assembly that the money was all accounted for. The government marshal arose, and with tears in his eyes thanked the nobility for their confidence in him. The nobles loudly congratulated him, and shook hands with him.

But at this time one noble belonging to Sergyer Ivanovitch's party declared that he had heard that the commission, for fear of affronting the government marshal, had not properly performed the verification of the accounts. One of the members of the commission unguardedly admitted this. Then a very small and very young-looking, but very sarcastic, gentleman began to say that it would probably be agreeable for the government marshal to give an account of his expenditures, and that the excessive delicacy of the members of the commission had deprived him of that moral satisfaction. Thereupon the members of the commission withdrew their report, and Sergyer Ivanovitch began logically to

prove that it was necessary to acknowledge that the expenditures had been verified or that they had not been verified, and he went into a long exposition of the dilemma.

A chatterer from the opposite party replied to Sergyer Ivanovitch. Then Sviazhsky spoke, and was followed by the sarcastic gentleman. The proceedings were tedious, and no end was reached. Levin was surprised that they discussed this so long, and all the more because, when he asked Sergyer Ivanovitch whether Snetkof were suspected of peculation, he replied:—

“Oh, he’s an honest man. But we must shake this old-fashioned patriarchal way of managing business.”

On the fifth day occurred the election of the district marshals. The session was a stormy one for many of the districts. In the *uyezd* or district of Seleznevskoye, Sviazhsky was unanimously elected by acclamation, and he gave a grand dinner the same evening.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE principal election, that of marshal of the government, did not take place until the sixth day.

The great halls and the little halls were crowded with nobles in their various uniforms. Many came for this day only. Acquaintances who had not met for years were there, some from the Krimea, some from Petersburg, some from abroad. The debates were carried on at the governor’s table, under the emperor’s portrait.

The nobles both in the larger and in the smaller hall were grouped in opposing camps, and, judging by the hostile and mistrustful looks exchanged, by the conversations which ceased at the approach of strangers, by the fact that some walked up and down the distant corridor whispering together, it was evident that each side had secrets from the other. Even by a superficial glance it could be seen that the nobles were divided into two sharply contrasting types: the old and the new. The old school wore for the most part either old court uni-

forms, tightly buttoned up, with swords, and ancient hats, or else their ordinary marine, cavalry, or infantry uniforms of very ancient date. The uniforms of the old nobles were made in the ancient style, with epaulets on the shoulders, and with short waists and tight armholes, as if their possessors had grown out of them; but the younger men wore court uniforms with broad shoulders, long waists, and white waistcoats unbuttoned, or else uniforms with black collars and embroidered laurel leaves — the distinguishing badge of the ministry of justice. Court uniforms were to be seen here and there, also among the young men, adding to the brilliancy of the throng.

But the division into "old" and "young" did not coincide with the party lines. Some of the younger men, to Levin's surprise, belonged to the old party, and, on the contrary, some of the very oldest nobles were on confidential terms with Sviazhsky and were evidently warm partizans of the new school.

In the smaller hall, where men were smoking and lunching, Levin was standing near a group of his friends and listening to what was said, and vainly exerting all his intellectual powers to comprehend what was said. Sergyei Ivanovitch was the center around whom many men had gathered. He was now listening to Sviazhsky and Khliustof, the marshal of another district, who belonged to their party. Khliustof would not agree to go with his district and beg Snetkof to stand as candidate; but Sviazhsky advised him to do this, and Sergyei Ivanovitch approved of this plan. Levin could not understand why a party opposed to this marshal and wanting to defeat him should nevertheless put him up as a candidate.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had just been lunching and drinking, joined them in his chamberlain's uniform, wiping his mouth with a perfumed and embroidered cambric handkerchief.

"We hold the situation," said he, arranging both his side-whiskers, "Sergyei Ivanovitch;" and after he heard Sviazhsky's plan he agreed with him.

"One district is enough, but let Sviazhsky pretend to

be in opposition ;” and all except Levin understood the meaning of his words.

“Well, how is Kostia ?” he said, turning to Levin and taking him by the arm. “So you came, it seems, in style.”

Levin would not have been sorry to be in style, but he could not comprehend what was taking place, and, going a few steps from the rest, he expressed to him his astonishment at seeing the hostile districts asking the old marshal to stand as candidate.

“*O sancta simplicitas !*” replied Oblonsky ; and in a few clear words he explained to Levin what the state of the case was.

“If, as at the last elections, all the districts should unite on the government marshal, he would be elected. This is not what is wanted. Now eight of the districts have agreed to ask him to stand. But if two should refuse to accept him for their candidate, then Snetkof might decline to stand. And then the old party might take for their candidate some one else in their party, so that the whole scheme would be defeated. But if Sviazhsky’s district is the only one refusing to adopt him as their candidate, Snetkof will accept the nomination. So he is selected and proposed as a candidate so as to throw dust in the eyes of the opposite party, and when we set up our candidate they will go over to him.”

Levin began to get some idea of the plan, but it was not entirely clear to him, and he was about to ask a few more questions, when suddenly there was heard in the next room a great shouting and uproar and confusion :—

“What is it? What? Who?.... Confidence in whom? What?.... It is disproved. Lack of confidence. They won’t admit Flerof prosecution. They refuse to admit a man? Shame! The law.” Such were the words that Levin heard shouted from all sides, and he, together with all the rest, hurrying from all directions and shouting at the tops of their voices, rushed into the great hall, and, pressing along with all the nobles, he made his way up to the governor’s table, about which the government marshal, Sviazhsky, and other leaders were hotly discussing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LEVIN stood at quite a distance. A noble breathing stertorously near him and another with thick squeaking soles prevented him from hearing distinctly. All he could distinguish was the marshal's gentle voice, then the sharp voice of the sarcastic gentleman, and then the voice of Sviazhsky. He could only distinguish that they were disputing about the meaning of a clause of the law, and the meaning of the words, "*nakhodivshayosa pod slyedstviem.*"

The crowd parted to let Sergyer Ivanovitch get to the table. Sergyer Ivanovitch, after waiting till the sarcastic gentleman was done speaking, said that it seemed to him it would be a better way to consult the law itself, and he asked the secretary to find for him the text of the law. The law said that in case of divergence of opinion a vote must be taken.

Sergyer Ivanovitch read the clause, and was just beginning to explain its meaning when he was interrupted by a tall, stout, round-shouldered proprietor, with dyed whiskers, and wearing a tight uniform with a high collar which seemed to prop up the back of his head. This man came up to the table, and, striking it with his fist, shouted at the top of his voice:—

"Put it to the ballot. Vote on it! No discussing! The ballot!"

Then suddenly a number of voices broke out at once, and the tall noble, still pounding with his fist, grew angrier and angrier, and shouted louder and louder. But it was impossible to make out what he was talking about.

He said the same thing as Sergyer Ivanovitch had proposed; but evidently he hated Koznuishef and his whole party, and this feeling of hatred communicated itself to the whole party, and called forth the opposition of similar, though more decorous, hatred from the other side.

Voices were raised and for a moment everything was

in confusion, so that the government marshal was obliged to call for order :—

“Put it to vote, put it to vote. That man knows what he is talking about! There'll be bloodshed. The emperor's confidence. Don't count the marshal, he's not our prikashchik. That's not the point! Please, put it to vote. It's odious!” were the exclamations heard on every side in angry, violent tones. Eyes and faces became still angrier and more violent, with words of irreconcilable hatred. Levin did not understand at all what the trouble was, and was amazed at the passion with which they discussed the question whether they should vote or not vote on the opinion concerning Flerof. He forgot, as Sergyer Ivanovitch afterward explained to him, the syllogism that for the common weal it was necessary to elect a new government marshal; to defeat the present marshal a majority of the votes was needed; to get a majority of the votes it was necessary to give Flerof the right of voting; to pronounce Flerof qualified it was necessary to have it decided how the clause of the law was to be understood.

“One voice may decide the whole matter, and we must be serious and logical if we wish to act for the public good,” said Sergyer Ivanovitch, in conclusion.

But Levin forgot this, and it was trying for him to see these excellent men, for whom he had such respect, in such a disagreeable and angry frame of mind. In order to avoid this feeling he, without waiting for the end of the election, went into the smaller hall, where there was no one except the servants connected with the buffet.

Seeing the servants busily engaged in polishing the service and putting away the plates and glasses, seeing their contented lively faces, Levin felt an unexpected feeling of relief, just as if he had come out from an ill-smelling room into pure air. He began to walk back and forth, watching the servants. It pleased him greatly to watch one of the servants, an old man with gray side-whiskers, expressing his scorn for the younger ones, who stood in awe of him, teaching them the best way of folding napkins. Levin was just about to engage the old ser-

vant in conversation, when the Secretary of the Assembly, a little old man, who made a speciality of knowing all the nobles of the province by their full names, came to call him.

"Excuse me, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he; "your brother is asking for you. The opinion is to be voted on."

Levin went into the hall, took a little white ball, and, following close behind Sergyei Ivanovitch, he went to the table where Sviazhsky was standing with an important and ironical air, running his beard through his hand and occasionally putting it to his nose. Sergyei Ivanovitch put his ball into the ballot-box, and made room for Levin; but Levin, having entirely forgotten what the voting was for, was disconcerted, and asked his brother:—

"Where shall I put it?"

He spoke in a low tone, and as there was talking near him, he hoped that his question would not be overheard; but the speakers stopped, and his unfortunate question was heard. Sergyei Ivanovitch frowned, and replied sternly:—

"This is a matter entirely of conviction."

A number of the bystanders smiled. Much embarrassed, Levin quickly cast his vote, and as he happened to hold it in his right hand, he threw it into the right-hand receptacle. Only after he had deposited it did he remember that he ought to have put it in his left hand, and he did so, but it was already too late; and growing still more confused, he hastily made his way to the very rear rank.

"One hundred and twenty-six in the affirmative; ninety-eight in the negative," announced the secretary, who could not pronounce the letter *r*. Then a laugh went round; a button and two nuts were found in the ballot-box. The questionable noble was admitted and the new party was victorious.

But the old party did not even yet acknowledge itself defeated. Levin heard them request Snetkof to stand as their candidate, and he saw a throng of nobles surrounding the government marshal, who was making an address. Levin went nearer. In reply to the nobles,

Snetkof was speaking of the confidence which the nobility had reposed in him, of their love for him which he did not deserve, because all his service had consisted in his devotion to the nobility, whom he had served for twenty years. Several times he repeated the words, "I have served to the best of my ability, I appreciate your confidence and thank you for it," and then, suddenly pausing because of the tears which choked him, he hurried from the room. His tears arose either from the injustice that had been done him, or from his love for the nobles, or possibly from the unpleasant position in which he was placed, finding himself surrounded by enemies; but his grief was contagious; the majority of the nobles were touched, and Levin felt sorry for him.

At the door the government marshal stumbled against Levin.

"Excuse me, — I beg your pardon," he said, as to a stranger; then, recognizing him, he smiled a melancholy smile. It seemed to Levin that he wanted to say something but was prevented by his emotion. The expression of his face and his whole figure in his uniform, with his crosses, and white pantaloons ornamented with galloon, as he hastened out, reminded Levin of some hunted animal which sees that it has little chance to escape. This expression in the government marshal's face went to Levin's heart, for only the day before he had been to see him about the guardianship affair, and had seen in the whole establishment the dignity of a good-hearted domestic gentleman: the house large, with ancestral furniture; unstylish, dirty, but dignified, old servants who had evidently been former serfs and had not changed their master; the wife, a tall, benevolent lady in her lace cap and Turkish shawl, caressing her lovely granddaughter; the youngest son, a boy in the sixth class of the gymnasium, who had come in to wish his father good morning and to kiss his big hand; the imposing but affectionate greetings and gestures of the master of the house: all this had awakened in Levin involuntary respect and sympathy even then, and now he felt touched and sorry for the old man, and wanted to say something pleasant to him.

"Perhaps you will be our marshal again."

"I doubt it," said Snetkof, with his scared look. "I am tired, getting old. There are younger and better men than I. Must let them take my place." And he disappeared by a side door.

Now the most solemn moment had arrived. It was necessary to proceed immediately to the election itself. The leaders of both parties were counting on their fingers the white and black balls. The controversy regarding Flerof gave the new party not only one more vote, but also gained time, so that they could send for three nobles, whom the trickery of the old party was going to deprive of the possibility of taking part in the election. Two nobles who had a weakness for wine had been made drunk by Snetkof's henchmen, and a third had been seduced by the promise of a uniform.

Having learned about this, the new party had made haste during the contest concerning Flerof to send an izvoshchik for the noble and to provide him with a uniform, and to bring one of the two drunken nobles to the hall.

"I brought one of them, I had to douse him with water," said the proprietor who had gone in search of him, addressing Sviazhsky. "He'll do."

"He's not very drunk, is he; can't he stand?" asked Sviazhsky, shaking his head. "Yes, he's a young man. Only don't let them get him to drinking here. I told the caterer not to give him any wine under any consideration."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE narrow hall where men smoked and had luncheon was crowded with nobles. The excitement kept increasing, and all faces showed signs of anxiety. Especially agitated were the leaders, who knew all the details and had followed the voting very closely. These men had charge of the approaching engagement. The others, like the soldiers in the ranks before the battle, although ready for the conflict, in the meantime sought

diversion. Some ate luncheon, standing or sitting at the buffet; others walked up and down the long room smoking cigarettes, and talked with friends whom they had not seen for long.

Levin did not feel hungry, he did not smoke, and he did not care to join his friends, that is, Sergyei Ivanovitch, Stepan Arkadyevitch, Sviazhsky, and the others, for the reason that Vronsky in his equerry's uniform stood in lively conversation with them. The evening before he had seen Vronsky at the election, and had carefully avoided him, not wishing to come into contact with him. He went to a window and sat down, watching the groups and listening to what was said around him. He felt depressed, especially because all the others, as he could see, were animated, active, and occupied, and he alone was inert and indifferent; the only other exception was an old man in a naval uniform, who had no teeth and who spoke in a mumbling voice.

"What a rogue. I told him it was not so! He can't make it up in three years," a round-shouldered, short proprietor was saying energetically; this man, whose long unpomaded hair was spread out over the embroidered collar of his uniform coat, walked along, noisily putting down the heels of his new boots which evidently had been made for the elections; but as he caught sight of Levin he cast a hostile glance at him, and turned about abruptly.

"Yes, it is a nasty thing to say so," repeated the little proprietor, in a piping voice.

Immediately behind these two came a whole throng of proprietors, crowding around a tall general, and quickly approaching where Levin was. They were evidently trying to find some place where they would not be overheard. "How does he dare to say that I ordered his trousers to be stolen. He drank them up, I reckon. I don't care a straw if he is a prince. Don't let him dare to say such a thing; it's swinish!"

"Hold on, excuse me. They insist on the letter of the law," they were saying in another group; "his wife must be inscribed among the nobility."

"The devil take the letter of the law! I insist on its spirit. According to that they are genuine nobles, believe me."

"Your excellency, let us come, fine champagne!"

Another group immediately pressed behind a noble who was shouting something at the top of his voice; this was one of the three drunken nobles.

"I always advised Marya Semyonovna to let it on a lease because she gets no profit out of it," a proprietor was saying in a pleasant voice. This man had gray whiskers and wore the uniform of a colonel on the old general's staff. It was the same proprietor whom he had once met at Sviazhsky's house. Levin immediately recognized him. The proprietor also glanced at Levin, and they greeted each other.

"This is very pleasant. How are you? I remember you very well. We met last year at Nikolai Ivanovitch's, at the marshal's."

"Well, how goes your farming?"¹ asked Levin.

"Everything is going to rack and ruin," said the proprietor, halting near Levin, and looking at him with a submissive smile, but with an expression of calmness and confidence that this was the natural order of things.

"But how does it happen that you are in our part of the world?" he asked. "Did you come to take part in our *coup d'état*?" he went on, pronouncing the French words with confidence, but with a bad accent.

"All Russia is assembled here, — chamberlains, if not ministers."

He pointed to Stepan Arkadyevitch's imposing figure, as in white trousers and chamberlain's uniform he strode along next the general.

"I must confess to you," said Levin, "I don't understand the significance of these noblemen's elections."

The old gentleman looked at him.

"Well! what is there to understand? what significance can they have? It's a decaying institution which prolongs itself by the force of inertia. Look at all these uniforms; they tell you this is an assemblage of justices

¹ *Крестьянство*, everything connected with his estate.

of the peace, perpetual councilors, and so on, but no noblemen."

"Why, then, do you come?"

"From habit, to keep up relations; from a sort of moral obligation. And then, if I must tell the truth, I came on a question of personal interest. My son-in-law wants to be elected as a perpetual councilor; he's not rich; I must try to help him. But why do such people as that come?" and he pointed out the orator whose sharp voice had struck Levin during the debates at the governor's table.

"It is a new generation of nobles."¹

"Certainly new, but not nobles. They are landholders, but we are the proprietors. But they are trying to get the power as if they were nobles."

"Yes, but you say it is a decaying institution?"

"Decaying or not decaying, it must be treated more respectfully. Even though Snetkof.... We may not be worth much, but, nevertheless, we have lasted a thousand years. Suppose you lay out a new garden before your house and there happens to be a century-old tree which has grown up on your land.... Though the tree is old and gnarled, you don't have it cut down, but you lay out your walks and your flower-beds in such a way as to preserve intact the old oak. You can't grow such a tree in one year," said he, cautiously, and immediately changed the conversation. "Well, how do matters go with you?"

"Not very brilliantly; five per cent!"

"Yes, but you don't reckon your own time and labor. Now, I will tell you about myself. Up to the time when I began to take care of my own estate, and while I was still in the service, I used to receive three thousand a year. Now I work harder than when I was in the service, and I also get about five per cent, and am lucky if I get that. And all my time and trouble are thrown in."

"But why do you do so if the results are so unprofitable?"

¹ *Dворянство, noblesse.*

"Yes, why do I? What shall I say? Habit, and because I know it has got to be done. I will tell you something besides," continued the proprietor, leaning his elbow on the window-seat and falling into a tone of monologue, "my son has no taste for farming.¹ He is evidently going to be a scholar. So there'll be no one to carry it on after me. And yet one goes ahead. Here I've just planted a garden."

"Yes, yes," said Levin. "You are quite right. I always am conscious that there's no real economy in my farming, but still I go on with it But one feels that one owes a certain duty to the land."

"Now I will tell you another thing;" continued the proprietor. "A neighbor, a merchant, came to see me. We went over the farm, and then the garden. 'Well, Stepan Vasilyevitch, your place is in order,' said he, 'but your garden has too much shade.' But he found it in order, mind you. 'My advice would be, cut down those lindens. Just for the bark. Here are a thousand lindens. Each one will make two excellent basts, and basts sell well. If I were you, I should cut some of that linden trash down and sell it.'"

"Yes, and with the money he would buy cattle, or perhaps a bit of ground cheap, and he would lease it to the peasants," said Levin, with a smile, for evidently he had more than once come in contact with similar cases. "And so he makes a fortune. But you and I thank God if we keep our land, and are able to leave it to our children."

"You are married, I have heard?"

"Yes," replied Levin, with proud satisfaction. "It is wonderful! We live without making any profit, obliged, like ancient vestals, to watch some holy fire."

The old gentleman smiled under his white mustache.

"Some people, like our friend Sviazhsky and Count Vronsky, pretend to make something by agriculture; but so far they have only succeeded in eating into their capital."

"Why should n't we imitate the merchants, and cut

¹ *Khozyaistvo.*

down the trees in our parks and make money?" asked Levin, reverting to the idea which had struck him.

"Just this! because we guard the sacred fire, as you say. Besides, that is not the business of the nobles. And our work as nobles does not lie here, at these elections, but at home, each in his own place. It is a caste instinct that tells us what is necessary or not necessary. The muzhiks have theirs; a good muzhik will persist in hiring as much land as he can. No matter how bad it is, he will work it just the same,—even without profit."

"We are all alike," said Levin. "I am very glad to have met you!" he added, seeing Sviazhsky approaching.

"Here we have met for the first time since we were together at your house," said the proprietor to Sviazhsky. "Yes, and we have been having a talk."

"And doubtless have been slandering the new order of things?" said Sviazhsky, smiling.

"Something of the sort."

"One must free one's mind."

CHAPTER XXX

SVIAZHSKY took Levin's arm, and together they approached their friends.

It was now impossible to avoid Vronsky. He was standing with Stepan Arkadyevitch and Sergyei Ivanovitch, and was looking straight at Levin as he came along.

"I am delighted!" said he, offering his hand to Levin. "I think we met at the Princess Shcherbatsky's."

"Yes, I remember our meeting perfectly," answered Levin, growing purple; and he immediately turned away and entered into conversation with his brother.

Vronsky, smiling slightly, began conversing with Sviazhsky, apparently having no desire to continue his talk with Levin. But Levin, while he was speaking

with his brother, kept looking at Vronsky, trying to think of something that he might say to him so as to atone for his rudeness.

"On whom does the business depend now?" he asked, turning to Sviazhsky and Vronsky.

"On Snetkof. He must either decline or consent," replied Sviazhsky.

"What will he do, consent or not?"

"That is where the trouble lies — neither one thing nor the other," said Vronsky.

"But who will be nominated if he declines?" asked Levin, looking at Vronsky.

"Any one may," answered Sviazhsky.

"You, perhaps," suggested Levin.

"Certainly not," replied Sviazhsky, scowling, and directing an agitated look at the sarcastic gentleman who was standing near Sergyei Ivanovitch.

"Who then? Nevyedovsky?" continued Levin, feeling that he was treading on dangerous ground.

But this was still worse; Nevyedovsky and Sviazhsky were two of the candidates.

"Not I in any case," replied the sarcastic gentleman.

It was Nevyedovsky himself. Sviazhsky introduced him to Levin.

"This takes hold of you, does n't it?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, winking at Vronsky. "It's just like a race. One might put up stakes."

"Yes, indeed it takes hold," said Vronsky. "And having once begun with it, one must carry it through. It's a battle," said he, contracting his brows and compressing his powerful jaws.

"What a worker Sviazhsky is! He sees everything so clearly and plans in advance!"

"Oh, yes," said Vronsky, heedlessly.

A silence followed, during which Vronsky, since it was necessary to look at something, looked at Levin, at his legs, at his uniform, and then at his face; and noticing his downcast expression said, for the sake of saying something: —

"How is it that you who live in the country are not a

justice of the peace? Your uniform is not that of a justice, I see."

"Because I think that justices of the peace are an absurd institution," answered Levin, gloomily, but all the time hoping for an opportunity to atone for his former rudeness.

"I do not think so; on the contrary" said Vronsky, surprised.

"It is all child's play," interrupted Levin; "justices of the peace are unnecessary for us. In eight years I never have had any business with one. And the one case I had was decided exactly contrary to the evidence. There's a justice of the peace forty versts from me. I had a small matter amounting to two rubles; I had to send for a lawyer, and that cost fifteen"

And Levin went on to tell how a muzhik had stolen some flour from a miller, and when the miller charged him with it, the muzhik made a calumnious complaint.

All this was not to the point, and awkwardly put, and Levin himself, while speaking, felt it.

"Oh, this is such an *original!*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his oily smile. "Come on; it seems they are balloting."

And they separated.

"I don't understand," said Sergyer Ivanovitch, who had noticed his brother's awkward sally, "I don't understand how it is possible to be so absolutely devoid of political tact. It is just what we Russians lack. The government marshal is our opponent, and you are *ami cochon*, you are on intimate terms with him. But why on earth make an enemy of Count Vronsky? not that I make a friend of him, for I have just refused his invitation to dinner; but he is ours. Then you asked Nevyedovsky if he was going to be a candidate. It is n't the right way to act."

"Oh! I don't understand anything about it; it all seems to me unimportant," said Levin, gloomily.

"You say that it is unimportant; but when you mix up in it, you spoil it."

Levin was silent, and they entered the large hall.

The old marshal had decided to be a candidate, although he felt that there was something up, some trick in preparation; and though he knew that not all the districts had nominated him, still he decided to stand.

Silence reigned in the hall; the secretary in a loud voice explained that votes would now be cast for Mikharl Stepanovitch Snetkof, captain of the guard,¹ as government marshal.

The district marshals went from their desks to the government table with plates in which were the ballots, and the election began. "Deposit it at the right," whispered Stepan Arkadyevitch to Levin, as he and his brother approached the table behind the district marshal. But Levin now forgot the count which they had explained to him, and was afraid that Stepan Arkadyevitch had made a mistake in saying "At the right." Now Snetkof was the opposition candidate. Going up to the box, Levin held the ballot in his right hand, but thinking that he was wrong, he transferred the ballot to his left hand just in front of the box itself, and consequently deposited it in the wrong place. The tally-keeper who stood by the box, knowing by the mere motion of the elbow how each one voted, involuntarily frowned. There was no reason for him to practise his cleverness.

Deep silence reigned and the click of the ballots was heard. Then a single voice was heard announcing the affirmative and negative votes.

The marshal was chosen by a decided majority. A great tumult arose, and all rushed toward the door. Snetkof came in, and the nobles surrounded him, offering him their congratulations.

"Well! is it over?" asked Levin of Sergyet Ivanovitch.

"On the contrary, it is just begun," replied Sviazhsky, taking the words out of his brother's mouth, and smiling. "The opposition candidate may have more votes."

Levin had forgotten all about this, and only now realized that this was only finessing. But it was a bore to him to recall what the plan had been. He felt a sort of humiliation, and a desire to escape from the throng. As

¹ *Rotmistr guardi.*

no one paid any heed to him, and he thought he was of no use to any one, he slipped out into the smaller hall, where, as before, he found consolation in watching the servants. The old servant asked him if he would have something to eat, and Levin consented. After he had eaten a cutlet with beans, and had talked with the servants about their former masters, Levin, not caring to go back to the crowd which was so unpleasant to him, walked about the galleries.

The galleries were full of well-dressed ladies, who were leaning over the balustrades endeavoring not to lose a word that was said in the hall below, and around them was standing and sitting a throng of elegantly dressed lawyers, professors of the gymnasia with spectacles on, and officers. Everywhere they were talking about the elections and the proposed change in the marshal, and saying how interesting the voting was. As Levin stood near one group, he heard a lady saying to a lawyer:—

“How glad I am that I heard Koznuishef. It pays to go hungry for it. It was charming. How distinctly I could hear all he said. There is not one who equals him in the court, only Maidel, and even he is not nearly so eloquent.”

Finding a comfortable place near the railing, Levin leaned over and tried to look and to listen. All the nobles were sitting behind screens in the parts of the hall devoted to their various districts. In the center of the hall stood a gentleman in uniform, and in a light but clear voice he was saying:—

“You will now cast your votes for Staff-Captain Yevgeni Ivanovitch Apukhtin as candidate for the position of marshal of the nobility of the government.”

A deathlike silence ensued, and again a weak, senile voice was heard:—

“He declined.”

Again the same thing began, and again, “He declined.” So it went on for about an hour.

Levin, leaning on the balustrade, looked and listened. At first he was filled with amazement, and was anxious

to know what it all meant ; then, becoming persuaded that it was beyond his power to comprehend it, it began to bore him. Then, as he thought of the excitement and the angry passions expressed in all faces, he felt melancholy ; he made up his mind to depart, and he started down-stairs. As he was passing through the entry of the gallery, he encountered a sad-looking gymnasium scholar walking back and forth with streaming eyes. On the staircase he met a couple, a lady swiftly hurrying along on her heels, and the gentle colleague of the prokuror.

"I told you not to be late," the prokuror was saying, just as Levin stood to one side to give the lady room to pass. Levin was on the lowest stair, and was just getting the cloak-check out of his waistcoat pocket, when the secretary found him.

"Excuse me, Konstantin Dmitriyevitch, they are balloting."

And the candidate who was now receiving votes was this very Nevyedovsky whose refusal had seemed to him so explicit !

Levin started to go into the hall. The door was locked ; the secretary knocked ; the door opened, and as he entered he met two very red-faced proprietors.

"I cannot endure it," said one of the red-faced proprietors.

Immediately behind the proprietor appeared the old government marshal. His face was terrible in its expression of fright and weakness.

"I told you not to let any one go out !" he shouted to the guard.

"I let some one in, your excellency."¹

"O Lord !" and, sighing painfully, the old marshal, slinking along in his white pantaloons, with bowed head, went through the hall to the great table.

The vote was counted, and Nevyedovsky, as had been planned, was government marshal. Many were happy ; many were satisfied, gay ; many were enthusiastic ; many were dissatisfied and unhappy. The old gov-

¹ *Vashe prevoskhodityelstvo.*

ernment marshal was in despair, and could not disguise it. When Nevyedovsky went out of the hall, the throng surrounded him and expressed their enthusiasm toward him as they had done toward the governor when he opened the election, and as they had done toward Snetkof when he was elected.

CHAPTER XXXI

ON this day the newly elected marshal of the government and many of the new party which triumphed with him dined with Vronsky.

The count came to the elections because it was tiresome in the country and it was necessary for him to assert his independence before Anna, and also because he wished to render a service to Sviazhsky in return for similar favors shown him at the zemstvo elections, and last and principally because he intended strictly to fulfil the duties which he imposed upon himself as a noble and a landowner.

But he had never anticipated the intense interest which he would take in the elections or the success with which he would play his part. He was a perfectly "new man" among the nobles, but he was evidently successful, and he was not mistaken in supposing that he already inspired confidence. This sudden influence was due to his wealth and distinction, to the fine house which he occupied in town, — a house which an old friend of his, Shirkof, a financier and the director of a flourishing bank at Kashin, had given up to him, — and partly to an excellent cook whom he brought with him, and to his friendship with the governor, who was his ally and a protecting ally; but above all to his simple and impartial treatment of every one, so that the majority of the nobles quickly changed their minds in regard to the reputation he had acquired of being proud. He himself felt that, with the exception of this silly gentleman who had married Kitty Shcherbatsky, and who *à propos de bottes* had been disposed foolishly to quarrel with him

and say all manner of foolish things, everybody whom he met was disposed to side with him. He clearly saw, and others recognized the fact, that he had very largely contributed to Nevyedovsky's success. And now, as he sat at the head of his own table celebrating Nevyedovsky's election, he experienced a pleasant feeling of triumphant pride in his choice. He was so much interested in the election that he determined that, if he should be married at the end of the next three years, he would run as a candidate, just as once when, after having won a prize by means of his jockey, he had decided to run a race himself.

Now he was celebrating the triumph of his jockey. Vronsky sat at the head of the table, but he placed the young governor at his right. Vronsky saw that all looked upon him as the khozyain of the government, who had triumphantly opened the elections, who had gained by his speech great consideration and even worship; but for Vronsky he was nothing more than Katka Maslof, — such was his nickname at the Corps of Pages, — who used to be confused in his presence, and whom he tried to put at his ease.

At his left he placed Nevyedovsky, a young man with a sarcastic and impenetrable face. Toward him Vronsky showed respectful consideration.

Sviazhsky accepted his own failure gayly; indeed, as he said, lifting his glass to Nevyedovsky, he could not call it a failure; it would be impossible to find a better representative of the new tendencies which the nobility was to follow. And therefore, as he said, everything that was honorable stood on the side of the success just won, and triumphed with it.

Stepan Arkadyevitch also was gay, because he was having such a good time and because every one else was so happy.

During the admirable dinner they reviewed the various episodes of the elections. Sviazhsky gave a comical travesty of the former marshal's tearful discourse, and, turning to Nevyedovsky, he advised his excellency to choose a more complicated manner of verifying his ac-

counts than by tears. Another noble with a turn for humor related how lackeys in short clothes had been ordered for the former marshal's ball, and how now these lackeys would have to be discharged unless the new marshal of the government should give balls with lackeys in short clothes.

During all the time of the dinner, whenever they addressed Nevyedovsky they called him "your excellency,"¹ and all spoke of him as "our government marshal."² This was spoken with the same sort of satisfaction as people feel when they address a newly married woman as madame and add her husband's name.

Nevyedovsky pretended that he was not only indifferent, but even scorned this new title, but it was evident that he was happy and was exercising self-control not to betray his enthusiasm, since to do so would not be becoming to the new liberal environment in which they all found themselves.

After dinner a number of telegrams were sent off to people who were interested in the result of the elections. And Stepan Arkadyevitch, who felt very gay, sent Darya Aleksandrovna a despatch thus worded:—

Nevyedovsky elected by twenty majority. I am well. Regards to all.

He dictated it aloud, and added, "I want to make them feel happy." But when Darya Aleksandrovna received the despatch, she only sighed for the ruble which it cost, and she knew well that it was sent during a dinner. She knew that Stiva had a weakness at the end of dinners *faire jouer le télégraphe*.

The dinner was excellent, and the wines came from no Russian dealer, but were directly imported from abroad; and everything was noble, simple, and joyous. The guests, twenty in number, were selected by Sviazhsky from among the new liberal workers, and they were united in sentiments, keen-witted, and thoroughly well-bred. They drank many toasts, accompanied by witty

¹ *Vashe prevoskhoditelstvo.*

² *Nash gubernsky predvoditel.*

speeches, in honor of the new marshal, and of the governor, and of the director of the bank, and of "our beloved host."

Vronsky was contented. He had never expected to find in the provinces such distinguished society.

Toward the end of dinner the gayety redoubled, and the governor asked Vronsky to attend a concert arranged for the benefit of *our brothers* by his wife, who wanted to make his acquaintance.

"There will be a ball afterward, and you shall see our beauty. In fact, she is remarkable."

"*Not in my line,*" answered Vronsky in English; he liked the phrase, but he smiled and promised to go.

Just before they left the table, and while they were lighting their cigars, Vronsky's valet approached him, bringing a note on a tray.

"From Vozdvizhenskoye, by a special messenger," said the man, with a significant expression.

"It is remarkable how much he looks like the colleague of the prokurator Sventitsky," said one of the guests in French, referring to the valet, while Vronsky, with a frown on his brow, was reading the note.

The note was from Anna, and Vronsky knew, before he read it through, what was in it. He had promised, as the elections were to last five days, to return on Friday; but it was now Saturday, and he knew that the letter would be full of reproaches because he had not fulfilled his promise. The one he had sent off the afternoon before had evidently not been received.

The tenor of the note was what he expected; but its form was a great surprise, and extremely unpleasant to him.

Ani is very sick, and the doctor says it may be pneumonia.

I shall go wild, here all alone. The Princess Varvara is only a hindrance instead of a help. I expected you day before yesterday, and now I send a messenger to know where you are and what you are doing. I wanted to come myself, but hesitated, knowing that it would be disagreeable to you. Send some answer, that I may know what to do.

The child was ill, and she had wished to come herself.
A sick daughter, and this hostile tone!

Vronsky was impressed by the antithesis between the jolly, careless company, and the moody, exacting love to which he was obliged to return. But he was obliged to go, and he left by the first train that would take him home that night.

CHAPTER XXXII

BEFORE Vronsky's departure for the election, Anna, coming to the conclusion that the scenes which had always taken place every time he left her for a journey might serve to cool his love rather than attach him more firmly to her, resolved to control herself to the best of her ability, so as to endure calmly the separation from him. But the cold, stern look which he had given her when he came to tell her about his journey had wounded her, and he was hardly out of her sight before her resolution was shaken.

In her solitude, as she began to think over his cold look, which seemed to hint at a desire for liberty, she came back, as she always did, to one thing—to the consciousness of her humiliation.

"He has the right to go when and where he pleases. Not only to go, but to abandon me. He has all the rights, and I have none! But as he knows this, he ought not to have done this. And yet what has he done?.... He looked at me with a hard, stern look. Of course, that is vague, intangible. Still, he did not formerly look at me so, and it signifies much," she thought; "that look proves that he is growing cold toward me."

And, although she was persuaded that he had begun to grow cold toward her, still there was nothing she could do, there was no change she could bring about in her relations toward him. Just as before, she could retain his affections only by her love, by her fascination. And, just as before, the only way she could keep herself from thinking what would happen if he should abandon

her, she busied herself incessantly all day; at night she took morphine.

To be sure, there was one means left — not to keep him with her — for this she wished nothing else but his love — but to bind him to her, to be in such a relation to him that he would not abandon her. This means was divorce and marriage; and she began to desire it, and resolved that she would agree to it the first time he or Stiva spoke about it again. With such thoughts she spent five days without him, the five days he expected to be away.

Drives and walks, conversations with the Princess Varvara, visits to the hospital, and, above all, reading, the reading of one book after another, occupied her time. But on the sixth day, when the coachman returned without bringing Vronsky, she felt that she no longer had strength enough left to smother the thought about him and what he was doing at Kashin. Just at this very time her little girl was taken ill. Anna attended to her, but it did not divert her mind, the more as the little one was not dangerously ill. Do the best she could, she did not love this child, and she could not pretend to feelings which had no existence.

On the evening of the sixth day, while she was entirely alone, she felt such apprehension about him that she almost made up her mind to start for the city herself, but after a long deliberation, she wrote the prevaricating note and sent it by a special messenger.

When, the next morning, she received his letter, she regretted hers. With horror she anticipated the repetition of that severe look which he would give her on his return — especially when he learned that his daughter had not been dangerously ill. But still she was glad she had written him. Now Anna acknowledged to herself that he might be annoyed by her, that he might miss his liberty, but yet she was glad that he was coming; suppose he was annoyed by her, still he would be there with her so that she should see him, so that she should be aware of his every motion.

She was sitting in the parlor, by the lamp, reading a

new book of Taine's, listening to the sound of the wind outside, and watching every moment for the arrival of the carriage. Several times she thought that she heard the rumble of wheels, but she was deceived. At last she distinctly heard not only the wheels, but the coachman's voice, and the carriage rolling under the covered porch.

The Princess Varvara, who was laying out a game of patience, heard it too. Anna's face flushed; she rose, but, instead of going down, as she had twice done already, she stopped. She was suddenly ashamed at her deception, and still more alarmed by the doubt as to how he would receive her. All her irritation had vanished. All she feared was Vronsky's displeasure. She remembered that her daughter for two days now had been perfectly well. She was annoyed that the child should recover just as she sent off the letter.

And then she realized that he was there, himself, with his eyes, his hands. She heard his voice, joy filled her heart, and, forgetting everything, she ran to meet him.

"How is Ani?" he asked anxiously, from the bottom of the stairs, as she ran swiftly down.

He was seated in a chair, and his lackey was pulling off his furred boots.

"All right; much better."

"And you?" he asked, shaking himself.

She seized his two hands, and drew him toward her, looking into his eyes.

"Well, I am very glad," he said, coldly surveying her, her head-dress, her whole toilet, which, as he knew, had been put on expressly for him.

All this pleased him, but how many times had the same thing pleased him! and that stony, severe expression, which Anna so much dreaded, remained on his face.

"Well! I am very glad; and how are you?" he asked, kissing her hand, after he had wiped his damp mustache.

"It is all the same to me," thought Anna, "if only

he is here; and when he is here he cannot help loving me; he does not dare not to love me."

The evening passed pleasantly and merrily in the presence of the Princess Varvara, who complained to him that when he was away Anna took morphine.

"What can I do? I cannot sleep,—my thoughts are distracting; when he is here, I never take it,—almost never."

Vronsky told about the elections, and Anna, by her questions, cleverly led him to talk about what especially pleased him, his own success. Then she told him all the interesting things that had happened since he went away, and took care to speak of nothing unpleasant.

But late in the evening, when they were alone, Anna, seeing that she had him at her feet again, wished to efface the unpleasant effect of her letter; she said:—

"Confess that you were displeased to receive my letter, and that you did not believe me."

As soon as she spoke she saw that, though he was affectionately disposed toward her, he did not forgive this.

"Yes," answered he, "your letter was strange. Ani was sick, and yet you yourself wanted to come."

"Both were true."

"Well, I do not doubt it."

"Yes, you do doubt. I see that you are angry."

"Not for one minute; but what vexes me is that you will not admit that there are duties"

"What duties? Going to concerts?"

"We won't talk about it."

"Why not talk about it?"

"I only mean that imperious duties may meet us. Now, for instance, I shall have to go to Moscow on business. Akh! Anna, why are you so irritable? Don't you know that I cannot live without you?"

"If this is the way," said Anna, changing her tone suddenly, "then you are tired of this kind of life. Yes, you come home one day and go away the next"

"Anna, this is cruel; I am ready to give up my whole life"

But she would not listen to him.

"If you are going to Moscow, I shall go with you; I will not stay here alone. We must either live together or separate."

"But you know I ask nothing more than to live with you, but for that"

"The divorce is necessary. I will write him. I see that I cannot continue to live in this way. But I am going with you to Moscow."

"You really threaten me; but all I ask in the world is not to be separated from you," said Vronsky, smiling.

As the count spoke these affectionate words, the look in his eyes was not only icy, but wrathful, like that of a man persecuted and exasperated.

She saw his look and accurately read its meaning.

"If this is so, then it is misfortune!" said this look. The expression was only momentary, but she never forgot it.

Anna wrote to her husband, begging him to grant the divorce, and toward the end of November, after separating from the Princess Varvara, who had to go to Petersburg, she went to Moscow with Vronsky. Expecting every day to get Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's reply, and immediately afterward to secure the divorce, they set up their establishment as if they were married.

PART SEVENTH

CHAPTER I

THE Levins had been in Moscow for two months, and the time fixed by competent authorities for Kitty's deliverance was already passed.

But she was still waiting, and there was no sign that the time was any nearer than it had been two months before. The doctor and the midwife and Dolly and her mother, and especially Levin, who could not without terror think of the approaching event, now began to feel impatient and anxious. Kitty alone kept perfectly calm and happy. She now clearly recognized in her heart the birth of a new feeling of love for the child which already partly existed for her, and she entertained this feeling with joy. The child was no longer only a part of her; even now it already lived its own independent life at times. This caused her suffering; but at the same time she felt like laughing, with a strange, unknown joy.

All whom she loved were with her, and all were so good to her, took such care of her, and tried so to make everything pleasant for her, that, if she had not known and felt that the end must soon come, this would have been the happiest and best part of her life. Only one thing clouded her perfect happiness, and this was that her husband was different from the Levin she loved or the Levin that lived in the country.

She had loved his calm, gentle, and hospitable ways in the country. In the city he seemed all the time restless and on his guard, as if he feared that some one was going to insult him or her. There in the country he was usefully occupied, and seemed to know that he was

in his place. Here in the city he was constantly on the go, as if he were afraid of forgetting something; but he had nothing really to do. And she felt sorry for him.

But she knew that to his friends he was not an object of commiseration; and when in society she looked at him as one studies those who are beloved, endeavoring to look on him as a stranger, and see what effect he produced on others, she saw with anxiety the danger that she herself might become jealous of him for the reason that he was not at all pitiable, but was rather an exceedingly attractive man by reason of his dignified, rather old-fashioned, shy politeness to ladies, his strong physique, and his very expressive face. But she read his inner nature. She saw that he was not himself, otherwise she could not define his actions. But sometimes in her heart she reproached him because he could not adapt himself to city life. Sometimes even she confessed that it was really difficult for him to conduct his life so as to please her.

But, indeed, what could he find to do? He was not fond of cards. He did not go to the clubs. She now knew what it meant to frequent the company of high livers, like Oblonsky. It meant to drink and to go to places — she could not think without horror of where these men were in the habit of going. Should he go into society? She knew that to enjoy that it would be necessary to find pleasure in the company of young ladies, and she could not desire that. Then, should he sit at home with her, with her mother, and her sister? But however pleasant these conversations might be to her, she knew that they must be wearisome to him. What, then, remained for him to do? Was he to go on with his book? He intended to do this, and began to make researches in the public library; but, as he confessed to Kitty, the more he had nothing to do, the less time he had. Moreover, he complained to her that too much was said about his book, and that therefore his ideas were thrown into confusion and that his interest in his work was flagging.

One result of their life in Moscow was that there were no more quarrels between them, either because city conditions were different, or because both were beginning

to be more guarded and prudent; the fact remained that, since they left the country, the scenes of jealousy which they feared might again arise were not repeated.

In these circumstances one very important affair for them both took place: Kitty had a meeting with Vronsky.

Kitty's godmother, the old Princess Marya Borisovna, was always very fond of her, and wanted to see her. Kitty, though owing to her condition she was not going out now, went with her father to see the stately old princess; and there she met Vronsky. At this meeting Kitty could reproach herself only for the fact that for the moment when she first saw the features, once so familiar, she felt her heart beat fast, and her face redden; but her emotion lasted only a few seconds. The old prince hastened to begin an animated conversation with Vronsky; and by the time he had finished Kitty was ready to look at Vronsky, or to talk with him if need be, just as she was talking with the princess, and, what was more, without a smile or an intonation which would have been disagreeable to her husband, whose invisible presence, as it were, she felt near her at the moment.

She exchanged some words with Vronsky, smiled serenely when he jestingly called the assembly at Kashin "our parliament,"—she had to smile so as to show that she understood the jest. Then she addressed herself to the old princess, and did not turn her head until Vronsky rose to take leave. Then she looked at him, but evidently it was only because it is impolite not to look at a man when he bows.

She was grateful to her father because he said nothing about this meeting with Vronsky; but Kitty understood from his especial tenderness after their visit, during their usual walk, that he was satisfied with her. She felt satisfied with herself. She had never anticipated that she should have the strength of mind to remember all the details of her former feelings toward Vronsky, and yet to seem and to feel perfectly indifferent and calm in his presence.

Levin turned far more crimson than she did, when she told him about her meeting with Vronsky at the house of the Princess Marya Borisovna. It was very hard for her to tell him about it, and still harder to go on relating the details of the meeting, for the reason that he did not ask her a question, but only gazed at her and frowned.

"It was such a pity that you were n't there," she said to her husband,—"not in the room, for before you I should not have been so self-possessed. I'm blushing now ever and ever so much more than I did then," said she, blushing till the tears came,— "but if you could have looked through the keyhole."

Her sincere eyes told Levin that she was satisfied with her behavior, and, though she blushed, he immediately became calm; he asked her some questions, just as she wished him to do. When he had heard the whole story, even to the detail that she could not help blushing for the first second, and afterward was perfectly at her ease as if she had never met him before, Levin grew extraordinarily gay, and declared that he was very glad of it, and that in future he should not behave so foolishly as he had done at the elections, but that when he met Vronsky again he should be as friendly as possible.

"It is so painful to look on him almost as an enemy, whom it is hard to meet. I am very, very glad."

CHAPTER II

"PLEASE don't forget to call at the Bohls'," said Kitty, as her husband came to her room, about eleven o'clock in the morning, before going out. "I know that you are going to dine at the club, because papa wrote you. But what are you going to do this morning?"

"I'm only going to Katavasof's."

"Why are you going so early?"

"He promised to introduce me to Metrof. He's a

famous scholar from Petersburg. I want to talk over my book with him."

"Oh, yes; was n't it his article you were praising? Well, and after that?"

"Possibly to the tribunal, about that affair of my sister's."

"Are n't you going to the concert?" she asked.

"No; why should I go all alone?"

"Do go. They're going to give those new pieces.... it will interest you. I should certainly go."

"Well, at all events, I shall come home before dinner," said he, looking at his watch.

"Put on your best coat, so as to go to the Countess Bohl's."

"Why, is that really necessary?"

"Akh! certainly. The count himself came here. Now, what does it cost you? You go, you sit down, you talk five minutes about the weather, then you get up and go."

"Well, you don't realize that I am so out of practice, that I feel abashed. How absurd it is for a strange man to come to a house, to sit down, to stay a little while without any business, to find himself in the way, feel awkward, and then go."

Kitty laughed.

"Yes; but did n't you use to make calls before you were married?"

"Yes, but I was always bashful," said he; "and now I am so out of the way of it, that, by Heavens,¹ I would rather not have any dinner for two days than make this call. I am so bashful. It seems to me as if they must take offense, and say, 'Why do you come without business?'"

"No, they don't take offense. I will answer that for you," said Kitty, looking brightly into his face. She took his hand. "Now, prashchar! — please go!"

He kissed his wife's hand, and was about to go, when she stopped him.

"Kostia, do you know I have only fifty rubles left?"

¹ *Ya! Bogu.*

"Well, I will go and get some from the bank. How much do you want?" said he, with his well-known expression of vexation.

"No, wait!" She detained him by the arm. "Let us talk about this a moment; this troubles me. I try not to buy anything unnecessary; still, the money runs away. We must retrench somehow or other."

"Not at all," said Levin, with a little cough, and looking askance upon her.

She knew this cough. It was a sign of strong vexation, not with her, but with himself. He was actually discontented, not because much money was spent, but because he was reminded of what he wanted to forget.

"I have ordered Sokolof to sell the corn, and to get the rent of the mill in advance. We shall have money enough."

"No; but I fear that, as a general thing"

"Not at all, not at all," he repeated. "Well, good-by, darling."¹

"Sometimes I wish I had n't listened to mamma. How happy we were in the country! I tire you all, waiting for me; and the money we spend"

"Not at all, not at all! Not one single time since we were married till now have I thought that things would have been better than they are."

"Truly?" said she, looking into his face.

He said that, thinking only to comfort her. But when he saw her gentle, honest eyes turned to him with an inquiring look, he repeated what he had said with his whole heart; and he remembered what was coming to them so soon.

"How do you feel this morning? Do you think it will be soon?" he asked, taking both her hands in his.

"I sometimes think that I don't think and don't know anything."

"And don't you feel afraid?"

She smiled disdainfully:—

"Not the least bit. No, nothing will happen to-day; don't worry."

¹ *Nu prashchāi, dushenka*; literally, Now, farewell, adieu, little soul.

"If that is so, then I am going to Katavasof's."

"I am going with papa to take a little walk on the boulevard. We are going to see Dolly. I shall expect you back before dinner. Oh, there! Do you know, Dolly's position is getting to be entirely unendurable? She is in debt on every side, and has n't any money at all. We talked about it yesterday with mamma and Arseny," — this was her sister Natali Lvova's husband, — "and they decided that you should scold Stiva. It is truly unendurable. It is impossible for papa to speak about it; but if you and he...."

"Well, what can we do?" asked Levin.

"You had better go to Arseny's, and talk with him; he will tell you what we decided about it."

"All right! I will follow Arseny's advice. Then, I will go directly to his house. By the way, if he is at the concert, then I will go with Natali. So good-by."

On the staircase, the old bachelor servant, Kuzma, who acted in the city as steward, stopped his master.

"Krasavtchika¹ has just been shod, and it lamed her," — this was Levin's left pole-horse, which he had brought from the country; — "what shall I do?" said he.

When Levin established himself in Moscow, he brought his horses from the country. He wished to set up as good a stable as possible, but not to have it cost too much. It seemed to him now that hired horses would have been less expensive; and even as it was, he was often obliged to hire of the *izvoshchik*.

"Take her to the veterinary; perhaps she is going to have a swimmer."

"Well, how shall you arrange for Katerina Aleksandrovna?" asked Kuzma.

Levin was now no longer troubled as he had been at first, when he first came to Moscow, that for the drive from Vozdvizhenko to Svintsef Vrazhek it was necessary to have a span of heavy horses harnessed into his heavy carriage and drive in it four versts through mealy snow, and keep them waiting four hours there, and have to pay

¹ Little Beauty.

five rubles for it. Now it seemed to him the natural thing to do.

"Get a pair of horses from the izvoshchik, and put them into our carriage."

"I will obey."

And having thus decided simply and quickly, thanks to his training in city ways, a labor which in the country would have cost him much trouble and attention, Levin went out on the porch, and, beckoning to an izvoshchik, took his seat in the cab, and rode off to the Nikitskaya Street.

On the way the question of money did not occupy him, but he thought over how he was about to make the acquaintance of the sociological savant from Petersburg, and what he should say to him in regard to his treatise.

It was only during the first part of his stay in Moscow that Levin, who had been used to the productive ways of the country, was amazed at the strange and unavoidable expenses which met him on every side. But now he was wonted to them. He had somewhat the same experience as he had been told drunken men went through: each successive glass made him more reckless.¹

When Levin took the first hundred-ruble note for the purchase of liveries for the lackey and Swiss, he could not avoid the consideration that these liveries were wholly useless to any one; and yet they seemed to be unavoidable and indispensable, judging from the amazement of Kitty and her mother, when he made the remark that they might go without them — and he put it to himself that these liveries represented the wages of two laborers for a year, that is to say, about three hundred working days from early in the morning till late at night; so that the first hundred-ruble note corresponded to the first glass.²

But the second bill of twenty-eight rubles, expended for the purchase of provisions for a family dinner, cost

¹ An untranslatable Russian proverb: *Piervaya riunka — kolom; vtoraya sokolom, a posle tretye — mielkimi ptashetchkami.*

² The *kolom*, or stake, of the proverb.

him less trouble, though he still mentally computed that this money represented nine chetverts, or more than fifty bushels, of oats which these same workmen, at the cost of many groans, had mowed, bound into sheaves, threshed, winnowed, gathered up, and put into bags.

And now the money spent in this way had long ceased to evoke any such considerations, but they flew around him like little birds. He had long ceased to ask himself whether the pleasure purchased by his money was anywhere near commensurate with the labor spent in acquiring it. He also forgot the common principle of economics, that there is a certain price below which it is impossible to sell grain except at a loss. His rye, the price of which he had kept up so long, had to be sold at ten kopeks a bushel cheaper than he had sold it a month earlier. Even the calculation that if he kept on at his present rate of expenditure it would be impossible to get through the year without getting into debt, did not cause him any anxiety.

Only one thing troubled him: the keeping up his bank account, without asking how, so that there might be always enough for the daily needs of the household. And up to the present time he had succeeded in doing this. But now his deposit at the bank had run low, and he did not know exactly how to restore it. And this problem was causing him some anxiety just at the time when Kitty asked him for some more money. But he did not want to bother about that just now. So he drove away, thinking of Katavasof and his approaching acquaintance with Metrof.

CHAPTER III

DURING his present stay in Moscow Levin had once more come into intimate relationship with his old university friend, Professor Katavasof, whom he had not seen since the time of his marriage. Katavasof was agreeable to him because of the clearness and simplicity of his philosophy. Levin thought that the clearness of

his philosophy arose from the poverty of his nature, while Katavasof thought that the incoherence of Levin's ideas arose from a lack of mental discipline. But Katavasof's lucidity was agreeable to Levin, and Levin's fecundity of undisciplined ideas was agreeable to Katavasof, and they both liked to meet and discuss together.

Levin had read several passages from his treatise to Katavasof, who had liked them. The evening before Katavasof, happening to meet Levin at a public lecture, told him that the celebrated scholar, Professor Metrof, whose article had pleased Levin, was in Moscow, and was greatly interested in what he had heard of Levin's work. He was to be at Katavasof's house the next day at eleven o'clock, and would be delighted to make Levin's acquaintance.

"Delighted to see you, batyushka," said Katavasof, receiving Levin in his reception-room. "I heard the bell, and wondered if it could be time. And now what do you think of the Montenegrins? It looks to me like war."

"What makes you think so?" asked Levin.

Katavasof in a few words told him the latest news, and then, taking him into his library, introduced him to a short, thick-set, and very pleasant-looking man: it was Metrof. The conversation for a short time turned on politics, and on the views held by the high authorities in Petersburg in regard to the recent elections. Metrof, in regard to this, quoted some significant words spoken by the emperor and one of the ministers, which he had heard from a reliable source. Katavasof had heard from an equally reliable source that the emperor had said something quite different. Levin tried to imagine to himself the conditions in which the words in either case might have been said, and the conversation on this theme came to an end.

"Well! here is the gentleman who is writing a book on the natural condition of the laborer in relation to the soil," said Katavasof. "I am not a specialist, but it pleases me as a naturalist that he does not consider the human race outside of zoölogical laws, but recognizes

man's dependence on his environment, and seeks to find in this dependence the laws of his development."

"That's very interesting," said Metrof.

"I began simply to write a book on rural economy,"¹ said Levin, reddening; "but in studying the principal instrument, the laborer, I arrived at a decidedly unexpected conclusion, in spite of myself."

And Levin expatiated on his ideas, trying the ground carefully as he did so, for he knew that Metrof had written an article against the current views on political economy; and how far he could hope for sympathy in his new views, he did not know, and could not tell from the scholar's calm, intellectual face.

"How, in your opinion, does the Russian laborer differ from that of other peoples?" asked Metrof. "Is it from the point of view which you call zoological? or from that of the material conditions in which he finds himself?"

This way of putting the question proved to Levin how widely their opinions diverged; nevertheless, he continued to set forth his theory, which was based on the idea that the Russian people could not have the same relation to the soil as the other European nations; and to prove this position, he hastened to add that, in his opinion, the Russian people feels instinctively predestined to populate the immense uncultivated tracts stretching toward the East.

"It is easy to be mistaken about the general destiny of a people, by forming premature conclusions," said Metrof, interrupting Levin; "and the situation of the laborer will always depend on his relation to land and capital."

And, without giving Levin time to reply, he began to explain the peculiarity of his own views. Levin did not understand, because he did not try to understand, in what consisted the peculiarity of his views; he saw that Metrof, like all the rest, notwithstanding his article, in which he refuted the teachings of the economists, looked on the condition of the Russian people from the

¹ *Selskoye khozyaistvo.*

standpoint of capital, wages, and rent, though he was obliged to confess that for the eastern and by far the greater part of Russia, there was no such thing as rent; that for nine-tenths of Russia's eighty millions, wages consisted in a bare subsistence, and the capital did not yet exist, except as it was represented by the most primitive tools. Although Metrof differed from other political economists, in many ways he regarded the laborer from this point of view, and he had a new theory as to wages, which he demonstrated at length.

Levin listened with some disgust, and tried to reply. He wanted to interrupt Metrof, in order to express his own opinions, which he felt deserved to be heard at far greater length. But, finally recognizing that they looked on the subject from such a radically opposite standpoint that they could never understand each other, he no longer tried to refute him, he let Metrof talk, and only listened. Though he was not at all interested in what he said, nevertheless he experienced a certain pleasure in listening to him. He was flattered that such a learned man would condescend to give him the benefit of his thoughts, sometimes by a hint pointing to a complete phase of the subject, and showing him so much deference as to one thoroughly versed in the subject. He ascribed this to his own merits; he did not know that Metrof, having talked this over with all his own intimates on this subject, was glad to have a new auditor; and, moreover, that he liked to talk with any one on the subjects that occupied him, so as to elucidate certain points for his own benefit.

"We shall be late," remarked Katavasof, consulting his watch as soon as Metrof had concluded his argument. "Yes! there is a special session to-day of the 'Society of Friends'¹ in honor of the semi-centennial of Svintitch," he added, in reply to Levin's question. "We meet at the house of Piotr Ivanitch; I promised to speak on his work in zoölogy. Come with us; it will be interesting."

"Yes, it is high time," said Metrof. "Come with us,

¹ *Obshchestvo Liubitelye.*

and then afterward, if you like, come home with me. I should greatly like to hear your work."

"It is only a sketch, not worth much; but I should like to go with you to the session."

"What is that, batyushka? Have you heard? He gave a special opinion," said Katavasof, who was putting on his dress-coat in the next room.

And the talk turned on the university question.

The university question was a very important topic this winter in Moscow. Three old professors in the council would not accept the opinion of the younger ones; the younger ones expressed a special opinion. This opinion, according to some, was dreadful, according to others was the simplest and most righteous of opinions, and the professors were divided into two parties.

The one to which Katavasof belonged saw in the opposition dastardly violation of faith, and deception; the other side charged their opponents with childishness and lack of confidence in the authorities.

Levin, although he was not connected with the university, had heard and talked much during his stay in Moscow regarding this affair, and had his own opinion regarding it. So he took part in the conversation, which was continued even after they had got out into the street, and until they had all three reached the buildings of the old university.

The session had already begun. Six men were sitting around a table covered with a cloth; and one of them, nearly doubled up over a manuscript, was reading something. Katavasof and Metrof took their places at the table. Levin sat down in an unoccupied chair near a student, and asked him in a low voice what they were reading. The student, looking angrily at Levin, replied: —
"The biography."

Levin did not care much for the savant's biography, still he could not help listening, and he learned various interesting particulars of the life of the celebrated man.

When the reader came to an end, the chairman congratulated him, and then read some verses which had

been sent to him in honor of the occasion by the poet Mient, of whose work he spoke eulogistically. Then Katavasof read in his loud, harsh voice a sketch of the work of Svintitch. When Katavasof had finished, Levin looked at his watch and found that it was already two o'clock; he realized that he should lose the concert if he should read his treatise to Metrof, and, moreover, he no longer cared to do it.

During the reading of the papers he had come to a conclusion regarding the conversation he had just had. It was clear to his own mind that, though Metrof's ideas very likely had some value, yet his own ideas also had value, and that ideas could be made clear and profitable only when every person should work separately in his chosen path, but that the communication of these ideas was perfectly profitless.

And, having decided to decline Metrof's invitation, Levin at the end of the session went up to him. Metrof introduced Levin to the chairman, with whom he was talking about the political news. Thereupon Metrof told the chairman what he had already told Levin, and Levin made the same remarks as he had made that morning, but for the sake of variety he also told his new theory which had just come into his mind. After this the conversation again turned on the university question. As Levin had already heard as much as he cared to about this, he made haste to tell Metrof that he regretted that he could not accept his invitation, bade him good-by, and hastened to Lvof's.

CHAPTER IV

Lvof, who had married Natalie, Kitty's sister, had spent his life in the European capitals, where he had not only received his education, but had also pursued his diplomatic career.

The year before he had resigned his diplomatic appointment, not because it was distasteful to him, — for he never found anything distasteful to him, — and had

accepted a position in the department of the palace in Moscow, so that he might be able to give a better education to his two sons.

In spite of very different opinions and habits, and the fact that Lvof was considerably older than Levin, they had seen much of each other this autumn, and had become great friends.

Levin found his brother-in-law at home, and went in without ceremony.

Lvof, in a house-coat with a belt, and in chamois-skin slippers, was sitting in an arm-chair, and with blue glasses was reading a book which rested on a stand, while he held a half-burned cigar in his shapely hand. His handsome, delicate, and still youthful face, to which his shining, silvery hair gave an expression of aristocratic dignity, lighted up with a smile as he saw Levin.

"Good! I was just going to send to find out about you all. How is Kitty?" said he; and, rising, he pushed forward a rocking-chair. "Sit down here: you'll find this better. Have you read the last circular in the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*? I find it excellent," said he, with a slight French accent.

Levin informed him of what he had heard as to the reports in circulation at Petersburg; and, after having spoken of politics, he told about his acquaintance with Metrof and the session at the university. This greatly interested Lvof.

"There! I envy you your intimacy in that learned society," said he, and he went on speaking, not in Russian, but in French, which was far more familiar to him. "True, I could not meet them very well. My public duties, and my occupation with the children, would prevent it; and then, I do not feel ashamed to say that my own education is too faulty."

"I can't think that," said Levin, with a smile, and, as always, touched by his modest opinion of himself, expressed not for the sake of bringing out a flattering contradiction, but genuine and honest.

"Oh, dear! I now feel how little I know. Now that I am educating my sons, I am obliged to refresh my

memory. I learn my lessons over again. Just as in your estate, you have to have workmen and overseers, so here it needs some one to watch the teachers. But see what I am reading," — and he pointed to the grammar of Buslayef lying on the stand, — "Misha has to learn it, and it is so hard. Now explain this to me."

Levin wanted to explain to him that it was impossible to understand it, that it simply had to be learned. But Lvof did not agree with him.

"Yes, now you are making fun of it."

"On the contrary, you can't imagine how much I learn, when I look at you, about the way to teach children."

"Well! You could not learn much from me."

"I only know that I never saw children so well brought up as yours, and I should not want better children than yours."

Lvof evidently wanted to restrain himself so as not to betray his satisfaction, but his face lighted up with a smile.

"Only let them be better than I. That is all that I want. But you don't know the bother," he began, "with lads who, like mine, have been allowed to run wild abroad."

"You are regulating all that. They are such capable children. The main thing is — their moral training. And this is what I learn in looking at your children."

"You speak of the moral training. You can't imagine how hard it is. Just as soon as you have conquered one crop of weeds, others spring up, and there is always a fight. If you don't have a support in religion, — between ourselves, — no father on earth, relying on his own strength and without this help, could ever succeed in training them."

This conversation, which was extremely interesting to Levin, was interrupted by the pretty Natalie Aleksandrovna, dressed for going out.

"I did n't know you were here," said she to Levin, evidently not regretting, but even rejoicing, that she had interrupted his conversation, which was too long for her

pleasure. "Well! and how is Kitty? I am going to dine with you to-day. See here, Arseny," she said, turning to her husband, "you take the carriage."

And between husband and wife began a discussion of the question how they should spend the day. As the husband had to attend to his official business, and the wife was going to the concert and to a public session of the Committee of the Southeast, it was needful to discuss and think it all over. Levin, as a member of the family, was obliged to take part in these plans. It was decided that he should go with Natalie to the concert and to the public meeting, and then send the carriage to the office for Arseny, who would come and take her to Kitty's, or if he was not yet ready Levin would serve as her escort.

"This man is spoiling me," said Lvof to his wife; "he assures me that our children are lovely, when I know that they are full of faults."

"Arseny goes to extremes. I always say so," said his wife. "If you expect perfection, you will never be satisfied. And papa is right in saying that when we were children they went to one extreme: they kept us on the *entresol*, while the parents lived in the *bel-étage*; but now, on the contrary, the parents live in the lumber-room, and the children in the *bel-étage*. The parents are now of no account; everything must be for the children."

"Supposing this is more agreeable?" suggested Lvof, with his winning smile, as he offered her his arm. "Any one not knowing you would think that you were not a mother, but a step-mother."

"No, it is not good to go to extremes in anything," said Natalie, gently, laying his paper-cutter in its proper place on the table.

"Ah, here they are! Come in, ye perfect children," said Lvof to the handsome lads, who came in, and, after bowing to Levin, went to their father, evidently wishing to ask some favor of him.

Levin wanted to speak with them, and to hear what they said to their father, but Natalie was talking with

him ; and just then Lvof's colleague, Makhotin, in his court-uniform, came into the room, and began a lively conversation about Herzegovina, the Princess Korzinsky, and the premature death of Madame Apraksin.

Levin forgot all about Kitty's message. He remembered it just as they reached the vestibule.

"Oh! Kitty commissioned me to speak with you about Oblonsky," said he, as Lvof went with them to the head of the staircase.

"Yes, yes! *maman* wants us, *les beaux-frères*, to attack him," said Lvof, turning red. "But how can I?"

"Then I'll undertake it," said the smiling Madame Lvof, who, wrapped in her white dogskin *rotonda*, was waiting till they should finish talking.

CHAPTER V

Two very interesting pieces were to be given at the *matinée*. One was a fantasia or symphonic poem called "The King Lear of the Steppes," the other was a quartette dedicated to the memory of Bach. Both pieces were new and of the new school, and Levin desired to form his own opinion in regard to them. So, after he had conducted his sister-in-law to her place, he took his stand near a column, and determined to listen as attentively and conscientiously as possible. He tried not to allow his attention to be distracted and his impressions spoiled by letting his eyes follow the white-cravatted kapellmeister's waving arms, which are always so disturbing to the musical attention, or by looking at the ladies in their hats, who for concerts take especial pains to tie ribbons round their ears, or at all those faces either occupied with nothing, or occupied with the most heterogeneous interests, music being the last. He tried to avoid meeting the connoisseurs and the chatterers, but he stood alone by himself, looking down and listening.

But the more he listened to the "King Lear" fantasia, the more he felt the impossibility of forming a clear and

exact idea of it. The musical thought, at the moment of its development, was constantly interrupted by the introduction of new themes, or vanished, leaving only the impression of a complicated and laborious attempt at instrumentation. But these same new themes, beautiful as some of them were, gave an unpleasant impression, because they were not expected or prepared for. Gayety and sadness and despair and tenderness and triumph followed one another like the incoherent thoughts of a madman, to be themselves followed by others as wild.

During the whole performance, Levin experienced a feeling analogous to what a deaf man might have in looking at dancers. He was in a state of utter dubiety when the piece came to an end, and he felt a great weariness from the strain of intellectual intensity which was never rewarded.

On all sides were heard loud applause and clapping of hands. All got up and moved about, talking. Wishing to get some light on his doubts by the impressions of others, Levin began to walk about, seeking for the connoisseurs, and he was glad when at last he saw one of the best-known musical critics talking with his friend Pestsof.

"It's wonderful," said Pestsof, in his deep bass. "How are you, Konstantin Dmitritch? The passage that is the richest in color, the most statuesque, so to speak, is that where Cordelia appears, where woman, *das ewig Weibliche*, comes into conflict with fate. Don't you think so?"

"Why Cordelia?" asked Levin, with hesitation, for he had wholly forgotten that the symphonic poem had anything to do with King Lear.

"Cordelia appears here," said Pestsof, tapping with his finger on the satin program which he held in his hand. Then only did Levin notice the title of the symphonic poem, and he made haste to read the text of Shakespeare, translated into Russian and printed on the back of the program. "You can't follow it without that," said Pestsof, addressing Levin, now that his

friend, the critic, had gone, and there was nothing more to talk with him about.

Levin and Pestsof spent the intermission in discussing the merits and defects of the Wagnerian tendencies in music. Levin maintained that the mistake of Wagner and all his followers consisted in transferring music to the domain of an alien art, that poetry made the mistake when it tried to depict the features of the human face, which it was the province of painting to do, and as a concrete example of this kind of a mistake he adduced the sculptor who should try to express in marble the shades of poetic imagery rising round the figure of the poet on the pedestal.

"These shades are so far from being shades in the case of the sculptor, that they even rest on the steps," said Levin. This phrase pleased him, but he had a lurking suspicion that he had once used this same phrase before, and to Pestsof himself, and he felt confused.

Pestsof argued that art is one, and that it can reach its loftiest manifestations only by combining all its forms.

Levin could not listen to the second number on the program. Pestsof, who was standing near him, kept talking to him most of the time, criticizing it for its excessive, mawkish, affected simplicity, and comparing it to the simplicity of the Pre-Raphaelites in painting.

On his way out, he met various acquaintances, with whom he exchanged remarks on politics, music, and other topics; among others he saw Count Bohl, and the call which he should have made on him came to mind.

"Well, go quickly," said Natalie, to whom he confided this. "Perhaps the countess is not receiving. If so, you will come and join me at the meeting. You will have plenty of time."

CHAPTER VI

"PERHAPS they are not receiving?" asked Levin, as he entered the vestibule of Count Bohl's house.

"Oh, yes! permit me!" answered the Swiss, resolutely taking the visitor's shuba.

"What a nuisance!" thought Levin, drawing off one of his gloves with a sigh, and turning his hat in his hands. "Now, why did I come? Now, what am I going to say to them?"

Passing through the first drawing-room, he met the Countess Bohl at the door, who, with a perplexed and severe face, was giving orders to a servant. When she saw Levin, she smiled, and invited him to walk into a small parlor, where voices were heard. In this room were sitting her two daughters and a Muscovite colonel whom Levin knew. Levin joined them, passed the usual compliments, and sat down near a divan, holding his hat on his knee.

"How is your wife? Have you been to the concert? We were not able to go. Mamma had to attend the requiem," said one of the young ladies.

"Yes, I heard about it—what a sudden death!"—said Levin.

The countess came in, sat down on the divan, and asked also about his wife and the concert.

Levin replied, and asked some questions about the sudden death of Madame Apraksin.

"But then, she was always in delicate health."

"Were you at the opera yesterday?"

"Yes, I was."

"Lucca was very good."

"Yes, very good," he said; and he began, seeing that it was entirely immaterial to him what they thought about him, to repeat what he had heard a hundred times about the singer's extraordinary talent. The Countess Bohl pretended that she was listening. Then, when he had said all he had to say, and relapsed into silence, the colonel, who had hitherto held his peace, began also to

speak. The colonel also talked about the opera and about an illumination. Then, saying something about a supposititious *folle journée* at Turin, the colonel, laughing, got up, and took his departure. Levin also got up, but a look of surprise on the countess's face told him that it was not yet time for him to go. Two minutes more at least were necessary. He sat down.

But, as he thought what a foolish figure he was cutting, he was more and more incapable of finding a subject of conversation.

"Are you going to the public meeting?" asked the countess. "They say it will be very interesting."

"No, but I promised my *belle-sœur* that I would call for her there," replied Levin.

Silence again ensued; the mother exchanged a look with her daughter.

"Now it must be time to go," thought Levin; and he rose. The ladies shook hands with him, and charged him with *mille choses* for his wife.

The Swiss, as he put on his shuba for him, asked his address, and wrote it gravely in a large, handsomely bound book.

"Of course, it's all the same to me; but how useless and ridiculous it all is!" thought Levin, comforting himself with the thought that every one did the same thing, and he went to the public meeting of the committee, where he was to find his sister-in-law to bring her home with him.

At the public meeting of the committee there was a great throng of people, and society was well represented. Levin reached the place just in time to hear a sketch which all said was very interesting. When the reading of the sketch was finished, society came together, and Levin met Sviazhsky, who invited him to come that very evening to a meeting of the Society of Rural Economy,¹ at which a very important report was to be read. He also met Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had just returned from the races, and many other acquaintances, and Levin talked much and heard many opinions relating to

¹ *Obschestvo sielskava khomyaistva.*

the meeting and the new piece and the lawsuit. But apparently in consequence of his weariness and the strain which he began to feel, he made a blunder in speaking of a certain lawsuit, and this blunder he afterward remembered with annoyance. Speaking of the recent punishment of a foreigner who had been tried in Russia, and that it would have been irregular to punish him by exile, Levin repeated what he had heard the evening before in a conversation with a friend of his.

"I think that to send him abroad is just the same as to punish a fish by throwing it into the water," said Levin.

Too late he remembered that this comparison which he put forth to express his thought, though he had heard his friend use it, was really taken from a fable by Krui-*lof*, and that his friend had taken it from the *feuilleton* of a newspaper.

Returning home with his sister-in-law, and finding Kitty well and happy, Levin went to the club.

CHAPTER VII

LEVIN reached the club very punctually. A number of the guests and members arrived there at the same time as he did. Levin had not been at the club very recently, indeed, not since the time when, having finished his studies at the university, he passed a winter at Moscow, and went into society. He remembered the club in a general sort of way, but had entirely forgotten the impressions which, in former days, it had made upon him. But as soon as he entered the great semicircular *dvor*, or court, sent away his *izvoshchik*, and mounted the steps and saw the liveried Swiss noiselessly open the door for him, and bow as he ushered him in; as soon as he saw in the cloak-room the galoshes and shubas of the members, who felt that it was less work to take them off down-stairs, and leave them with the Swiss, than to wear them up-stairs; as soon as he heard the well-known mysterious sound of the bell, and as soon as he mounted the easy flight of carpeted stairs and saw the statue on

the landing, and on the upper floor recognized the third Swiss in his club livery, who, having grown older, displayed neither dilatoriness nor haste in opening the door for him, he once more felt the old-time impression of the club — the atmosphere of comfort, ease, and good-breeding.

“Your hat, if you please,” said the Swiss to Levin, who had forgotten the rule of the club to leave hats at the cloak-room.

“It’s a long time since you were here,” said the Swiss. “The prince wrote to you yesterday. Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch has not come yet.”

The Swiss knew not only Levin, but all his connections and family, and took pleasure in reminding him of his relationships.

Passing through the first connecting “hall” and the conversation-room at the right where the fruit-dealer sits, Levin, who walked faster than the old attendant, entered the dining-room, which was filled with a noisy throng. He made his way along by the tables, almost all of which were occupied. As he looked about him on all sides, he saw men of the most heterogeneous types, old and young, most of them acquaintances and many of them friends. It seemed as if all of them had left their cares and worries with their hats in the cloak-room, and had collected together to make the most of the material advantages of life. There were Sviazhsky and Shcherbatsky and Nevyedovsky and the old prince and Vronsky and Sergyei Ivanovitch.

“Ah, why are you late?” said the prince, with a smile, extending his hand to his son-in-law over his shoulder. “How is Kitty?” added he, putting a corner of his napkin into the button-hole of his waistcoat.

“She is well, and is dining with her sisters.”

“Ah! the old gossips! Well, there’s no room with us. Go to that table there and get a seat as quickly as you can” said the prince, taking with care a plate of *ukha*, or soup made of lotes.

“Here, Levin,” cried a jovial voice from a table a little farther away.

It was Turovtsuin. He was sitting with a young officer, and near him were two chairs tilted up. Levin, with joy, went to join him. He always liked the good-hearted, prodigal Turovtsuin; his reconciliation with Kitty was connected with him, and now, especially, after all his wearisome intellectual conversations, the sight of his jolly face was delightful.

"These places were for you and Oblonsky. He will be here directly," said Turovtsuin; and then he introduced Levin to the young officer, who held himself very straight and had bright, laughing eyes,—Gagin, from Petersburg.

"Oblonsky is always late."

"Ah! here he is."

"You have only just come, have n't you?" asked Oblonsky of Levin, hurrying up to him. "Your health. Will you take vodka? Come on, then."

Levin got up, and went with him to a large table, on which all kinds of liquors and a most select zakuska were set out. It would seem as if the two dozen different kinds of drinks might have offered a choice, but Stepan Arkadyevitch thought good to ask for a special concoction, which a servant in livery hastened to get for him. They drank it from small glasses, and then returned to their places.

At the very first, even while they were eating their ukha, Gagin had champagne served, and he ordered the four glasses filled. Levin did not refuse the wine when it was offered to him, and he in turn ordered a bottle.

He was hungry, and ate and drank with great satisfaction; and with still greater satisfaction took part in the gay and lively conversation of his neighbors. Gagin, lowering his voice, told a new Petersburg anecdote; and, though it was indecorous and ridiculous, it was so funny that Levin laughed uproariously, till those around him looked at him in surprise.

"That is in the same kind as 'Alas, I cannot endure it,'" quoted Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Do you remember? Akh! it was lovely! Bring us another bottle," said he to the lackey, and he began to tell an anecdote.

"Piotr Ilyitch Vinovsky sends these," interrupted a little old lackey, addressing Stepan Arkadyevitch, and bringing two diminutive glasses of bubbling champagne, and offering them to Oblonsky and Levin. Stepan Arkadyevitch took the glass, and, exchanging glances with a bald, ruddy, mustachioed man, at the other end of the table, nodded to him and smiled.

"Who is that?" asked Levin.

"You met him at my house once, don't you remember? He's a very good fellow."

Levin followed Oblonsky's example, and took his glass. Stepan Arkadyevitch's anecdote was also very diverting. Then Levin had his story to tell, and it likewise raised a laugh. Then the conversation turned on horses, and the races that had taken place that day, and they told how brilliantly Vronsky's trotter, Atlasnui, had won the first prize.

"Ah, here they are!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, toward the end of the dinner, turning round in his chair to extend his hand to Vronsky, who was walking with a tall colonel of the Guards. Vronsky's face was also radiant with the good-natured gayety that reigned in the club. He leaned his elbow on Oblonsky's shoulder, and whispered some words in his ear with an air of good-humor, and extended his hand with a friendly smile to Levin.

"I am very glad to meet you," said he. "I looked for you after the elections, but they told me you had gone."

"Yes! I went away the same day.... We have just been speaking of your trotter. It was a very fast race."

"Yes, it was. Have n't you race-horses, too?"

"I? No. My father had horses, and I know about them."

"Where did you dine?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"At the second table, behind the columns."

"He has been loaded down with congratulations. It's very pretty.... a second imperial prize. I wish I could only have the same luck at play as he does with horses.

Now! how they waste golden time! I am going to the Infernalnaya," said the tall colonel; and he left them.

"That's Yashvin," said Vronsky to Turovtsuin; and sat down in a vacant place near them. Having drained the glass of champagne which was filled for him, he also ordered a bottle. Either from the effect of the wine which he had drunk, or from the social atmosphere of the club, Levin talked cordially with him about the best breeds of cattle, and was happy to feel no more hatred against his former rival. He even told him, among other things, that he had heard from his wife of the meeting which had taken place at the house of the Princess Marya Borisovna.

"Akh! the Princess Marya Borisovna? She's a charmer!" exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch; and he told an anecdote of the old lady which made every one laugh. Especially Vronsky laughed so heartily that Levin felt perfectly reconciled to him.

"Well, gentlemen, have we finished?" said Oblonsky, getting up and smiling. "Then let us go."

CHAPTER VIII

ON leaving the table Levin, in company with Gagin, walked through the lofty rooms to the billiard-room, and he felt that his walk was singularly straight, and that his hands moved easily. In the large "hall" he met his father-in-law.

"Well! How do you like our Temple of Indolence?" asked the old prince, taking his son-in-law by the arm. "Come, take a turn."

"I should like to look around. It is interesting."

"Yes, to you; but my interest in it is different from yours. When you see old men like that," said he, indicating a member of the club who, with stooping shoulders and falling lip, was slowly shuffling along in soft boots across the hall, "you would think that they were born shliupiks."

"Why do you call them 'little sloops'?"

"Here you are, and don't know what that means! That is our club term. You know how eggs roll. Well, when any one goes with a gait like that, he becomes a shliupik. And so when any one of us goes stumbling through the club, he becomes a shliupik. You laugh, do you? but one has to look out else he finds himself one. Do you know Prince Chechensky?" he asked; and Levin saw by his face that he was going to tell some ridiculous yarn.

"No, I don't know him."

"Well, no matter. Prince Chechensky is famous. Well, that is neither here nor there. He's always playing billiards. Three years ago he was n't among the shliupiks, but was a great galliard! He himself called other people shliupiks. Only he came one time but our Swiss—you know Vasili, our tall one?—he is a great *bonmotist*. Prince Chechensky asks him, 'Well, Vasili, is any one here yet? have any shliupiks come?' And Vasili answers, 'You are the third.' Now, brother! how is that?"

The two men walked on, chatting, and greeting their friends, and passed through all the rooms,—the main room, where men accustomed to one another as partners were playing cards for small stakes; the divan-room, where others were having games of chess, and Sergyef Ivanovitch was talking with some one; the billiard-room, where, in the bay of the room, around a divan, a gay party, among them Gagin, had gathered and were drinking champagne. They glanced in also at the Infernalnaya, where, at the gambling-table, Yashvin, surrounded by men betting, was already established. With hushed voices, they entered the reading-room, where, under a shaded lamp, a young man with a stern face was turning over the leaves of one journal after another, while near by was a bald-headed general absorbed in reading. They passed quietly into a room which the prince called the Hall of the Wits,¹ and there they found three gentlemen talking politics.

"Prince, we're all ready, if you please," said one

¹ *Umnaya Komnata*, the intellectual room.

of his partners, finding him there. And the prince joined them.

Levin sat down, and listened to the three gentlemen, but, as he recalled all the conversations of the same kind he had heard since morning, he felt excessively bored. He got up, and went off to find Turovtsuin and Oblonsky, who were sure to be gay.

Turovtsuin was with the champagne-drinkers on the high divan in the billiard-room, and Stepan Arkadyevitch and Vronsky were talking in a corner near the door.

"Not that she finds it tedious," Levin heard in passing; "but it's the uncertainty, the indefiniteness of her position."

He was about to pass on discreetly, but Stepan Arkadyevitch called him.

"Levin," said he; and Levin saw that there were in his eyes, not exactly tears, but moisture, as was always the case, either after he had been drinking, or when he was touched; and just now it was both. "Levin, don't go;" and he took him by the arm, and detained him. "He is my sincere, if not my best, friend," said he, addressing Vronsky. "You, too, are more like a kinsman and a friend to me. I want to bring you together, and see you friends. You ought to be good friends, because you are both good men."

"There's nothing left for us but to give the kiss of friendship," said Vronsky, gayly, offering his hand to Levin, who pressed it cordially.

"I am very, very glad," said Levin.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne!" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I am also very glad," said Vronsky.

But, in spite of Oblonsky's desires, and their mutual satisfaction, they had nothing to say, and both knew it.

"Do you know, he doesn't know Anna?" remarked Oblonsky; "and I want to introduce him to her. Come on, Levin."

"Is it possible?" said Vronsky. "She will be very much pleased. I should beg you to come at once, but

I am troubled about Yashvin, and I want to stay here till he has finished playing."

"Is he going to lose?"

"All he has. I am the only one who has any influence over him," said Vronsky.

"What do you say, Levin, shall we have a game of pool? First-rate," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Place the pyramid," said he, addressing the marker.

"It is all ready," replied the marker, who had some time before put the balls in the triangular frame, and had placed the red ball in readiness to break the pyramid.

"Well, then, go ahead."

After their game, Vronsky and Levin sat down at Gagin's table, and Levin, at Stepan Arkadyevitch's instance, began to bet on the aces. Vronsky sat down for a time at the same table, where his acquaintances kept coming up and joining him; then, after a time, he went to the Infernalnaya to find out how Yashvin was getting along. Levin felt a pleasant sense of exhilaration after the intellectual weariness of the morning. He was pleased to have his unfriendly feelings toward Vronsky ended, and the impression of restfulness, good-fellowship, and comfort still remained by him.

When the game was ended, Stepan Arkadyevitch took Levin's arm, saying:—

"Well! let us go to see Anna. We need n't wait for Vronsky. What say you? She is at home. I promised her to bring you a long time ago. Where were you going this evening?"

"Nowhere in particular. I only told Sviashsky I would go to the Society of Rural Economy. But I'll go with you, if you wish."

"Excellent! let us go, then. See if my carriage has come," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, addressing a lackey.

Levin went to the desk, paid the forty rubles which he had lost at cards, in some mysterious way gave his fee to the old lackey who was standing by the door, and went through the long rooms down to the entrance.

CHAPTER IX

"OBLONSKY'S carriage!" cried the Swiss, in a portentous voice.

The carriage came up, and the two friends got in. Only as long as the carriage was still in the courtyard did Levin continue to experience the feeling of clubbish comfort, of satisfaction, and of indubitable decorum, which had surrounded him. But as soon as the carriage rolled out on the street, the jolting over the uneven pavement, the cries of an angry *izvoshchik* whom they met, and the sight of the red sign of a low public house and some shops lighted up, caused this impression to fade away, and he began to think over what follies he had committed, and to ask himself if he were doing right in going to see Anna. What would Kitty say? Stepan Arkadyevitch, as if he had divined what was passing in the mind of his companion, cut short his meditations.

"How glad I am," said he, "that you are going to know her! You know Dolly has been wishing it for a long time. Lvof goes to her house, too. Though she is my sister," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, "I am bold enough to say that she is a remarkable woman. You will see it. Her position is very hard, especially just now."

"Why do you say 'especially now'?"

"We are negotiating with her husband for a divorce, and he is willing; but there are difficulties on account of the son; and this matter, which ought to have been settled long ago, is dragging on now these three months. As soon as the divorce is granted, she will marry Vronsky. — How stupid it is, this old habit of dizziness, 'Isaiah rejoice,' in which no one believes, and which destroys the happiness of people," exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, interrupting what he was saying. Then he went on, "and then her position will become as regular as yours or mine."

"Where does the difficulty lie?"

"Akh! it is a long and tiresome story; everything is

so undecided. But this is the point: she has been waiting three months for that divorce here in Moscow, where everybody knows her and him; and she does n't see a single woman but Dolly, because, don't you see, she does n't wish that any one should come to see her from pity. What do you think? That fool of a Princess Varvara left her because she considered it irregular. Any other woman than Anna would not have found resources in herself; but you shall see how she lives, how dignified and calm she is. — To the left, at the corner opposite the church," cried Oblonsky to the coachman, leaning out of the window. "Fu, how hot it is!" he added, throwing open his shuba in spite of twelve degrees of cold.

"Well, she has a daughter, has n't she, to take up her time and attention?"

"You seem to imagine every woman to be only a setting-hen, *une couveuse*," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Why, yes, of course, she gives her time and attention to her daughter; but she does n't make any fuss about it. She is occupied mainly with her writing. I see you smile ironically, but you are wrong. She has written a book for young people. She has n't spoken of it to any one, except to me; and I showed the manuscript to Vorkuyef, the publisher you know he is a writer himself, it seems. He is up in such matters, and he says that it is a remarkable thing. Do you think that she sets up for a blue-stocking? Not at all. Anna is, above all things, a woman with a heart, as you will see. She has in her house a little English girl and a whole family, and is looking after them."

"What? Some philanthropical scheme?"

"Here you are immediately trying to turn it into something absurd! It is not for philanthropy's sake, but because she loves to do it. They had—that is, Vronsky had—an English trainer, a master in his calling, but a drunkard. He did nothing but drink—*delirium tremens*—and abandoned his family. Anna saw them, helped them, got drawn in more and more, and now has the whole family on her hands. I don't mean

merely by giving them money. She herself teaches the boys Russian, so as to fit them for the gymnasium; and she has taken the little girl home with her. Well, you shall see her."

At this moment the carriage entered a courtyard. Stepan Arkadyevitch rang at the door before which they had stopped, and, without inquiring whether the mistress of the house was at home, went into the vestibule. Levin followed him, more and more uneasy as to the propriety of the step he was taking.

He saw, as he looked at himself in the glass, that he was very red in the face; but he knew that he was not tipsy. He went up the carpeted stairs after Oblonsky. On the second floor a servant received them with a bow; and Stepan Arkadyevitch, as if he were a connection, asked him, "Who is with Anna Arkadyevna?" and received the answer:—

"Mr. Vorkuyef."

"Where are they?"

"In the library."

They passed through a small, wainscoted dining-room, and walking along on the thick carpet they came to the library, dimly lighted by a single lamp with a huge shade. A reflector-lamp on the wall threw its rays on a full-length portrait of a woman, which instantly attracted Levin's attention. It was the portrait of Anna, painted by Mikhailof in Italy. While Stepan Arkadyevitch went on, and the man's voice, which had been heard, ceased speaking, Levin stood looking at the portrait which shone down from its frame, and he could not tear himself away. He forgot where he was; and, not hearing what was said, he kept his eyes fixed on the wonderful portrait. It was not a painting, but a living, beautiful woman, with her dark, curling hair, bare shoulders and arms, and a pensive half-smile on her lovely lips, and gazing at him triumphantly and yet tenderly from her entrancing eyes. Only because it was not alive did it seem more beautiful than life itself.

"*Ya otchen rada* — I am very glad," said a voice, suddenly, behind him, evidently addressed to him, — the

voice of the same woman whom he admired in the picture.

It was Anna, who had been concealed by a lattice-work of climbing plants, and who rose to receive her visitor. And in the dusk of the library Levin recognized the original of the portrait, in a simple dark blue gown, not in the same position, not with the same expression, but with the same lofty beauty which had been represented by the artist in the painting. She was less brilliant in the reality, but the living woman had a new attraction which the portrait lacked.

CHAPTER X

SHE advanced to meet him, and did not conceal the pleasure which his visit caused her. With the ease and simplicity which Levin recognized as characteristic of a woman of the best society, she extended to him a small, energetic hand, introduced him to Vorkuyef, and called his attention to a light-complexioned and pretty little girl—her pupil, she said—who was seated with her work near the table.

“I am very, very glad,” she repeated; and in these simple words, spoken by her, Levin found an extraordinary significance. “I have known you and liked you for ever so long, both because of your friendship with Stiva and because of your wife. I knew her a very short time, but she gave me the impression of a flower, a lovely flower. And to think! she will soon be a mother!”

She talked freely and without haste, occasionally looking from Levin to her brother, and Levin was conscious that the impression which he produced was excellent, and he immediately felt perfectly at his ease with her and on the simplest and most friendly terms, as if he had known her from childhood.

To Oblonsky, who asked if smoking was allowed, she replied:—

“That is why we have taken refuge in Alekser’s study;”

and, looking at Levin, instead of asking "Do you smoke?" she held over a tortoise-shell cigar-case to him, and took a cigarette herself.

"How are you to-day?" asked her brother.

"Pretty well; a little nervous, as usual."

"Isn't it extraordinarily good?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, noticing Levin's admiration of the portrait.

"I never saw a better portrait."

"An extraordinary likeness, is n't it?" added Vorkuyef.

Levin looked from the portrait to the original. Anna's face lighted up with a peculiar glow as she felt conscious of his eyes resting on her. He blushed, and, to conceal his confusion, was just going to ask her when she had seen Darya Aleksandrovna. But at that instant Anna said:—

"Ivan Petrovitch and I were talking just now of Vashchenkof's pictures. Do you know them?"

"Yes; I have seen them," answered Levin.

"But I beg your pardon you were just going to ask me something?"

Levin asked whether she had seen Dolly lately.

"She was here yesterday. She was indignant at what happened to Grisha at the gymnasium. It seems his Latin teacher was unfair to him."

"Yes; I saw the pictures. They pleased me very much," said Levin, returning to the topic which they had begun to talk about.

What Levin now said was entirely free from the technical formality with which he had talked in the morning. Every word of the conversation with her seemed to be significant. And pleasant as it was to talk with her, it was still pleasanter to listen to her. Anna talked not only naturally and intelligently, but, though intelligently, still without pretense, not arrogating any great importance to her own thoughts but attributing great importance to what her friends said.

The conversation turned on the new tendencies of art and on some new illustrations to the Bible which a French artist had recently made.

Vorkuyef severely criticized the realism which the

artist carried to brutality; Levin remarked that the French had carried conventionality in art to greater lengths than any other people, and that, therefore, they found especial merit in the reaction toward realism. They discovered poetry in the fact that they no longer lied.

Never had Levin said a clever thing which gave him anything like the pleasure that this did. Anna's face grew suddenly bright, as the full force of his remark dawned on her. She laughed.

"I am delighted," she said; "just as you are when you see a very lifelike portrait. What you just said is characteristic of all French art at the present time—painting and even literature: Zola, Daudet. But possibly this is always the way that men form their conceptions from imaginary, conventional figures, but afterward—all the *combinaisons* made, the imaginary figures weary, and people begin to invent more natural and truthful figures."

"That is perfectly true," said Vorkuyef.

"Have you been to the club?" asked Anna, turning to her brother.

"Yes, yes, here is a genuine woman," said Levin to himself, forgetting himself, and gazing steadily into her handsome, mobile face, which now suddenly changed its expression. Levin did not hear what she was talking about as she bent over toward her brother, but he was struck by the change in her expression. Beautiful as it had been before in repose, it now suddenly assumed a mixed expression of curiosity, wrath, and pride. But this lasted for only one minute. She half closed her eyes, as if she were trying to remember something.

"However, this is interesting to no one," said she, and she addressed the English girl in English. "*Please order the tea in the drawing-room.*"

The girl rose and went out.

"Well, has she passed the examination?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Perfectly. She is a very capable girl, and a lovely character."

"You will end by loving her better than your own daughter."

"That's just like a man. In love, there is no such a thing as more or less. I love my daughter in one way, and this girl in another."

"I tell Anna Arkadyevna," said Vorkuyef, "that if she would spend a hundredth part of the activity she devotes to this little English girl for the benefit of Russian children, what a service her energy would render. She would accomplish prodigies."

"Now there! What you want, I can't do! Count Aleksei Kirillovitch" — she glanced with an air of timid inquiry at Levin as she pronounced this name, and he involuntarily responded by a look which was encouraging, and full of admiration — "used to encourage me, when we were in the country, to visit the schools. I went a few times. They were very pleasant, but I could n't get interested in this occupation. You talk of energy; but the foundation of energy is love, and love does not come at will. So I love this little English girl, but I really don't know why."

She looked at Levin again; and her smile and her look all told him that she spoke only with the aim of gaining his approval, though sure in advance that they understood each other.

"I agree with you thoroughly," cried he. "You can't put your heart into schools and such things, and I think that from the same reason philanthropic institutions generally give such small results."

She was silent a moment, then she smiled. "Yes, yes," she replied, "I never could. *Je n'ai pas le cœur assez large* to love a whole asylum of wretched little girls, *cela ne m'a jamais réussi*. Women only do it to win for themselves *position sociale*. Even now, when I have so much need of occupation," added she with a sad, confiding expression, addressing Levin, though she was speaking to her brother, "even now I cannot." Then, suddenly frowning, — and Levin saw that she frowned because she had begun to speak of herself, — she changed the subject.

"I know about you," said she, smiling at Levin; "you have the reputation of being only an indifferent citizen, but I have always defended you as well as I could."

"How have you defended me?"

"That has depended on the attacks. But suppose we have some tea," said she. She rose and took a morocco-bound book which was lying on the table.

"Give it to me, Anna Arkadyevna," said Vorkuyef, pointing to the book, "it is well worth while."

"No; it's all so unfinished!"

"I have told him about it," remarked Stepan Arkadyevitch, indicating Levin.

"You were wrong. My writings are like those little baskets and carvings made by prisoners, which Liza Myertsalova used to sell.... She managed the prisons for our society," said she, turning to Levin. "Those unfortunates used to do perfect miracles of patience."

Levin was struck by still a new feature in this remarkable, fascinating woman. Besides wit, grace, beauty, she had sincerity. She did not wish to conceal the thorns of her situation. As she said that she sighed, and her face suddenly assumed a stern expression, as if it were changed to stone. With this expression on her face, she was even more beautiful than before. But that expression was new; it was entirely alien to that which a few moments before had seemed to irradiate happiness, and which the artist had managed to reproduce in the portrait. Levin looked once more at the portrait and at the original of it, while Anna took her brother's arm, and a feeling of tenderness and pity came over him, surprising even himself. She let the two gentlemen pass into the parlor, and remained behind to speak to Stiva.

"What is she talking with him about? — the divorce? Vronsky? what he was doing at the club? about me?" thought Levin; and he was so stirred that he heard nothing that Vorkuyef was saying to him about the merits of the story for children which Anna Arkadyevna had written.

During tea, a pleasant conversation full of ideas was

carried on. There seemed to be no lack of subjects at any moment; but it was felt that there was time to say all that any one wanted to say, and each was willing to listen when the other talked. And all that was said, not only by Anna herself, but by Vorkuyef and by Stepan Arkadyevitch, had a special significance, thanks to her interested attention and her pertinent remarks; so at least it seemed to Levin.

All the time they were talking Levin studied her, and admired her beauty and the cultivation of her mind, and not less her perfect simplicity and naturalness. He listened and talked, and all the time thought about her and her inner life, and tried to penetrate her feelings; and he, who had formerly criticized her so severely, now by some strange train of thought justified her and pitied her, and confessed to himself the fear that Vronsky did not wholly understand her.

It was more than eleven o'clock when Stepan Arkadyevitch rose to go. Vorkuyef had already left some time before. Levin rose, too, but with regret. He felt as if he had only just come.

"*Prashchaité*—farewell," said Anna to him, holding his hand in hers, and looking into his eyes with a fascinating look. "I am glad *que la glace est rompue*."

She let go his hand, and her eyes twinkled.

"Tell your wife that I love her as I have always done; and, if she cannot forgive me my position, tell her how I hope she may never pardon me; for to pardon, it is necessary to understand what I have suffered; and God preserve her from that!"

"Yes! I will surely tell her," answered Levin, and the color came into his face.

CHAPTER XI

"WHAT a wonderful, lovely, and pitiable woman!" thought Levin, as he went out with Stepan Arkadyevitch into the cold night air.

"There! what did I tell you?" demanded Oblon-

sky, as he saw that Levin was perfectly overcome. "Was n't I right?"

"Yes," answered Levin, thoughtfully, "an extraordinary woman! Not only intellectual, but she has a wonderfully warm heart. What a terrible pity it is about her!"

"Now, thank God, all will soon be arranged, I hope. Well, after this, don't form hasty judgments," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, opening his carriage-door. "*Proshchai*—farewell; we go different ways."

Levin went home, never ceasing to think about Anna, recalling the smallest incidents of the evening, bringing back all the charm of her face, and understanding her situation better and better, and, at the same time, feeling the deepest commiseration for her.

When he reached his house, Kuzma told Levin that Katerina Aleksandrovna was well, and that her sisters had but just left her. He handed him at the same time two letters. Levin, as he stood in the vestibule, ran through them at once so as not to be distracted afterward. One was from his superintendent, Sokolof. Sokolof wrote that he had not found a purchaser who would give more than five and a half rubles for the wheat, and that he could not raise the money elsewhere. The other letter was from his sister. She reproached him because her affairs were not yet regulated.

"Well, we'll sell for five rubles and a half if they won't give more," thought he, settling with extraordinary promptness the first question which had been troubling him.

"It is wonderful how the time here is occupied," he said to himself, thinking of the second letter. He felt that he was to blame toward his sister, because he had not yet accomplished what she had asked him to do for her. "To-day I did not get to the court either, but I did not have a moment's time." And, making up his mind that he would surely go the next day, he went to his wife's room. On his way, he cast a quick glance back at his day. There had been nothing except conversa-

tions, — conversations in which he had listened, and in which he had taken part. No one of the subjects touched on would have occupied him when in the country, but here they were very interesting. And all the conversations in which he had engaged were good: only in two places they were not absolutely good, — one was his remark about the fish at the club, the other was something intangibly wrong in his feeling of tender pity for Anna.

Levin found his wife sad and absent-minded. The dinner of the three sisters had been merry; but afterward they had waited and waited for him, and the evening had seemed long to them; and now Kitty was alone.

“Well, what have you been doing?” she asked him, looking at him, as she did so, with a suspicious light in her eyes; but she took good care to conceal her intentions, so as not to prevent him from telling her the whole story, and with an encouraging smile she listened as he told her how he had spent the evening.

“Well, I met Vronsky at the club, and I am very glad of it. I felt very much at my ease with him, and enjoyed it. Of course, I shall try to avoid him, but still henceforth I shan't feel that awkwardness in his society.” As he said these words, he remembered that in order not to “avoid him,” he had immediately gone to Anna's house, and his face grew red. “Here we say the peasantry drink; but I don't know which drink more, the peasantry, or men in society. The peasantry drink on festival days, but....”

Kitty was not interested in the question how much the peasantry drink. She saw her husband's face grow red, and she wanted to know the reason.

“Well, where else did you go?”

“Stiva insisted on my going with him to Anna Arkadyevna's,” answered he, blushing more and more, and his doubts as to the propriety of his visit to Anna were decided for him. He now knew that he ought not to have done so.

Kitty's eyes opened wide and flashed lightning at the

mention of Anna; but she restrained herself, and, concealing her emotion, she misled him.

She merely said, "Ah!"

"You are not going to be vexed because I went? Stiva begged me to go; and Dolly wanted me to."

"Oh, no!" said she; but in her eyes he saw a look which boded little good.

"She is a very charming woman, who is very much to be pitied, a good woman," continued Levin; and he described the life which Anna led, and gave her message of remembrance to Kitty.

"Yes, of course she is to be pitied," said Kitty, when he had finished. "Whom did you get a letter from?"

He told her, and, misled by her apparent calmness, went to undress.

When he came back, he found Kitty in the same arm-chair. When he approached, she looked at him, and burst into tears.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked, with some annoyance; for he understood the cause of her tears.

"You are in love with that horrid woman. She has bewitched you. I saw it in your eyes. Yes, yes! What will be the end of it? You were at the club; you drank too much; you gambled; and then you went—where! No! this shall not go on. We must leave. I am going home to-morrow!"

It was long before Levin could pacify his wife; and when at last he succeeded, it was only by acknowledging that his feeling of pity for Anna, together with the wine, had clouded his brain, and that he had fallen under her seductive influence, and by promising that he would avoid her. What he acknowledged with more sincerity was the ill effect produced on him by this idle life in Moscow, passed in eating, drinking, and gossiping. They talked till three o'clock in the morning. Only when it was three o'clock were they sufficiently reconciled to go to sleep.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER having said good-by to her visitors, without sitting down Anna began to walk up and down the full length of her apartments.

Of late she had got into the habit of unconsciously doing all she could to attract young men to her; and so this whole evening she had striven to awaken a feeling of love in Levin. But though she knew that she had succeeded in doing this as far as it was possible with a chaste married man, and though he pleased her very much, — and in spite of the sharply defined dissimilarity between Vronsky and Levin, she as a woman was able to detect the subtle likeness between them which had caused Kitty to be in love with them both, — yet as soon as he had left the room she ceased to think about him.

One thought and one only in various guises followed her: —

“Why, since I have so evidently an attraction for others, — for this married man, who is in love with his wife, — why is *he* so cold to me? ... Yet not exactly cold; he loves me, I know; but lately something new has come between us. Why has he spent the whole evening away? He told Stiva that he could not leave Yashvin, but had to watch him while he played. Is Yashvin a baby? It must be true; he never tells lies. But there's something else back of it. He is glad of the chance to show me that he has other duties. I know this. I don't object to it, but what need has he to assert it so? He wants to show that his love for me must not interfere with his independence! But the proof is not necessary. I must have his love. He ought to understand the wretchedness of the life I lead here in Moscow. Why am I living? I am not living, — only dragging out life, in hope of a turn in affairs, which never, never comes. And Stiva says that he can't go to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. And I can't write again. I cannot do anything, I can't begin anything,

or make any changes, but only control myself, wait, and invent amusements — this English family, my reading, my writing; but it is all only to deceive myself, like this morphine. He ought to be sorry for me," she said, feeling how the tears of pity at her own lot filled her eyes.

She heard the door-bell Vronsky rang violently; and instantly she wiped away her tears, not only wiped away the tears, but sat down near the lamp with a book, and pretended to be calm. She felt that she must show her dissatisfaction because he had not returned as he had promised, but not to let her grief be seen. She might pity herself, but Vronsky must not be allowed to pity her. She did not want a contest, she blamed him because he wanted to quarrel, but she herself involuntarily took the attitude of an opponent.

"Well! you weren't lonely, were you?" said he, briskly and cheerfully, as he came toward her. "What a terrible passion gambling is."

"No, I was not lonely. I long ago learned not to be lonely. Stiva and Levin have been here to see me."

"Yes, I knew that they intended to come. Well, and how do you like Levin?" he asked, as he sat down near her.

"Very much. They have only just gone. How about Yashvin?"

"He had won seventeen thousand rubles. I got him away, but he escaped from me, and went back again; and now he's losing."

"But why did you abandon him?" said Anna, suddenly raising her eyes to his. The expression of her face was cold and unpleasant. "You told Stiva that you were going to stay, to bring him away. Now you abandon him!"

"In the first place, I did not send any message to you; in the second place, I never tell lies; and chiefly, I wished to stay and I stayed," he answered angrily. "Anna, why, why do you do so?" added he, after a moment's silence, holding out his hand to her, in the hope that she would place hers in it.

She was glad of this appeal to her love, but some strange spirit of evil prevented her from yielding.

"Of course you stayed because you wanted to; you always do as you please. But why tell me so? What is the good?" answered she, growing more and more heated. "Who denies that you tell the truth? You wish to justify yourself, do so then!"

Vronsky drew back his hand, and his face became more set than before.

"For you this is a matter of obstinacy," she cried, looking at him fixedly, and suddenly finding the term by which to call the expression of his face which exasperated her—"sheer obstinacy. For you the question is to see whether you will win the victory over me. But the question for me...." and again the sense of her pitiable lot came over her, and she almost sobbed. "If you knew what it meant for me when I feel, as I do now, that you hate me,.... yes, hate me! If you knew what it meant for me! If you knew how near I am to horrible misfortune at these moments! how I fear.... how I fear for myself,"—and she turned away to hide her sobs.

"But what's all this for?" said Vronsky, alarmed at this despair, and leaning toward Anna to take her hand and kiss it. "Do I seek outside diversion? Don't I avoid the society of women?"

"As if that were all!" said she.

"Well! Tell me what I must do to make you content. I am ready to do anything that you may be happy," said he, moved to see her in such despair. "What would I not do to spare you such grief, Anna!" he said.

"It's nothing, nothing," she replied. "I myself don't know. It's the loneliness: it's my nerves.... There, let's not talk about it any more.... Tell me what happened at the races. Why have n't you told me about it?" she asked, attempting to conceal the pride she felt at her victory, for she knew it rested with her.

Vronsky asked for some supper, and as he was eating described to her the incidents of the races; but

from the sound of his voice, and from his glance, that grew colder and colder, she saw that he would not forgive her for the victory, that the sense of obstinacy which she had struggled to overcome was as firm in him as ever. He was colder toward her than before, as if he regretted having yielded to her. And as she remembered the words that won her the victory, especially the words, "How near I am to horrible misfortune, and I fear for myself," she realized that it was a dangerous weapon, and that she must never employ it again. But she felt that along with the love which united them, there stood between them an evil spirit of conflict which she had not the power to drive from his heart, and still less from her own.

CHAPTER XIII

THERE are no imaginable conditions to which a man cannot accustom himself, especially if he sees that all those who surround him are living in the same way.

Three months before Levin would not have believed that he could have slept tranquilly under the conditions in which he found himself at the present time, — that living an aimless, unprofitable life, spending more than his income, getting tipsy, — for he could not call his experience at the club anything else, — his absurd intimacy with a man with whom his wife had once been in love, and his still more absurd visit to a woman whom it was impossible to regard as respectable, and after the fascination which she had exerted over him and the mortification which he had caused his wife — that under all these conditions he could sleep serenely. But under the influence of his weariness, the long hours without a nap, and the wine which he had drunk, he slept soundly and serenely.

At five o'clock the noise of an opening door wakened him. He sat up and looked around; Kitty was not in bed next him. But behind a screen there was a light moving, and he heard her steps.

"What's the matter?" he asked, still only half awake. "Kitty, what is it?"

"Nothing," answered she, coming from behind the screen with a candle in her hand, and smiling at him with a peculiarly sweet and significant smile; "I don't feel quite well."

"What! Is this the beginning? Must we send?" exclaimed he in alarm, and he began to dress as quickly as possible.

"No, no," said she, smiling, and holding his hand; "it's nothing; I did not feel quite well; it's all right now."

Going back to bed, she put out the light, and lay down again, keeping perfectly still, although her very stillness and the way she, as it were, held her breath, were suspicious, and still more so the expression of peculiar tenderness and alertness with which, as she came out from behind the screen, she said to him, "it's nothing"; still, he was so overcome by drowsiness that he immediately went to sleep again.

It was only afterward that he realized the calmness of her spirit, and appreciated all that was passing in her dear, gentle heart as she lay thus motionless near him, awaiting the most solemn moment of a woman's life.

About seven o'clock he was awakened by her hand touching his shoulder and her low whisper. She apparently hesitated between the fear of waking him and the wish to speak to him.

"Kostia, don't be afraid, it's nothing; but I think.... Lizavyeta Petrovna had better be called."

The candle was again lighted. She was sitting on the bed, holding the knitting on which she had been at work during the last few days.

"Please don't be alarmed. I'm not in the least afraid," said she, seeing her husband's terrified face; and she pressed his hand to her breast, then to her lips.

Levin leaped from his bed, and, unconscious of himself, without taking his eyes off his wife for a moment, hurried on his dressing-gown. It was necessary for him to go, but he could not tear himself away. Dearly

as he loved her face, well as he knew her expression, her eyes, yet never before had he seen her look as she did then. How ugly and horrible did he now seem as he saw her now, and remembered the mortification which he had caused her the evening before! Her flushed face, with the clustering soft curls escaping from under her nightcap, was radiant with joy and resolution.

Natural and simple as Kitty's character in general was, Levin was amazed by what unfolded itself before him now, when suddenly all the curtains were withdrawn, and the very essence of her soul shone in her eyes. And in this simplicity and revelation, she, her very self, whom he loved, was more apparent than ever. She looked at him, and smiled. But suddenly her brows contracted, she lifted her head, and, coming to him, took his hand, and clung to him, sighing painfully. She suffered, and yet she seemed to pity him for her sufferings. At first, as he saw this silent suffering, it seemed to him that he was to blame for it. But in her look there was tenderness which told him that she not only did not blame him, but that she loved him all the more for her suffering.

"If not I, who, then, is to blame for this?" he asked himself. She suffered, and she seemed to take pride in her pain, and to rejoice in it. He saw that in her soul some beautiful transformation was taking place; but what? he could not understand. It was above his comprehension.

"I have sent for mamma. Now go quick, and get Lizavyeta Petrovna.... Kostia.... it's nothing.... it is all over."

She went to the other side of the room, and rang the bell.

"There, now, please go. Pasha is coming; I want nothing." And Levin, with astonishment, saw her take up her work again.

As he went out of one door, he heard Pasha, the maid, come in at the other. He paused on the threshold and listened as Kitty gave directions for arranging the room, and as she herself began to move the bed.

He dressed, and when he had ordered his carriage, since it was too early for izvoshchiks, he flew up to her room again, not on tiptoes, but on wings, as it seemed to him. Two maids were busily engaged in moving something in the room. Kitty was walking up and down, knitting swiftly, slipping the knots, and giving directions.

"I'm going for the doctor immediately. Lizavyeta Petrovna has been sent for, but I will call there. There's nothing more, is there? Oh, yes, — Dolly."

She looked at him, evidently without hearing what he said. "Yes, yes, go," said she, and motioned to him with her hand. He was just passing through the drawing-room, when he heard a groan, pitiful, but instantly suppressed. He stood still, and could not make up his mind.

"It is she," he said to himself; and, putting his hands to his head, he rushed out.

"Lord have mercy on us! pardon us! save us!" he exclaimed; and these words, which suddenly and unexpectedly came to his lips, were not spoken merely by his lips, unbeliever though he was.

Now at this instant, he knew perfectly well that all his doubts and the impossibility which his reason found in belief, had not the slightest influence to prevent him from addressing himself to God. Everything of this sort now vanished like dust from his soul. To whom could he address himself if not to Him in whose hands he felt were held himself, and his soul, and his love?

The horse was not yet ready, but, feeling the special strain of physical powers unemployed, and of the work before him calling for his attention, he started on foot so as not to lose a single instant, and ordered Kuzma to follow him. At the corner of the street he met a night izvoshchik hurrying along. In the little sledge sat Lizavyeta Petrovna, in a velvet cloak, with her head wrapped up in a kerchief. "Thank God!"¹ he murmured, as he saw with joy her pale little face, which had a peculiarly serious, and even stern, expression. Not

¹ *Slava Bohu.*

ordering the driver to stop, he ran along with it back to the house.

"Only two hours? not more?" asked Lizavyeta Petrovna. "You may speak to Piotr Dmitritch, but don't hurry him. Yes, please get some opium at the apothecary's."

"Do you think all will go on well?" asked he. "God help us!" he added, as he saw his horse starting from the door; he got into the sledge alongside of Kuzma, and ordered him to hurry to the doctor's.

CHAPTER XIV

THE doctor was not yet up; and a servant, who was busy cleaning the lamps, announced that his master had gone to bed late, and had given orders not to be waked, but would be up before long.

The lackey was polishing lamp-chimneys and seemed very much absorbed in this occupation. At first this absorption of the lackey in his lamp-chimneys, and his indifference to what was going on at home, made Levin indignant; but on reflection he realized that no one knew anything about it or was obliged to share in his feelings, and that consequently it was incumbent on him to be calm, reasonable, and firm, so as to break down that wall of indifference, and attain his end.

"I must not spoil matters by haste," said Levin to himself, feeling all the time a growing intensity of physical energy and concentration on what was before him.

Now that he knew that the doctor was not up, and had given orders not to be disturbed, Levin thought over several plans which presented themselves to him, and finally decided on the following: to send Kuzma with a note to another doctor, to go himself to the apothecary's for the laudanum, and, if on his return the doctor was not up, then either by bribery or by main force, if the man would not consent, to waken the doctor at any cost.

At the apothecary's, the lean clerk, with the same indifference as the lackey cleaning the lamp-chimneys had shown, put a seal on the powders for the waiting coachman, and refused to deliver the opium. Striving not to get impatient or angry, and mentioning the doctor and midwife by name, and telling what it was needed for, Levin pleaded with him. The clerk asked his employer in German if it should be permitted, and, receiving a favorable reply from behind the screen, he proceeded to get out a bottle and a funnel, and slowly poured the liquid from it into a smaller vial, pasted on a label, sealed it, and in spite of Levin's urgency not to do so, was even going to wrap it up. This Levin could not endure; he resolutely snatched the vial out of the clerk's hands, and rushed through the great glass doors.

The doctor was still asleep; and, this time, the servant was shaking the rugs.

Levin, leisurely getting from his pocket a ten-ruble note, and dwelling on his words, but not wasting time, gave him the money, and explained that Piotr Dmitrievitch—how great and significant now seemed this hitherto unimportant Piotr Dmitrievitch—had promised him to be on hand at any time, so that he would certainly not be angry, and that, therefore, he must instantly awaken him.

The lackey consented, and went up-stairs and showed Levin into the reception-room.

Levin could hear in the next room how the doctor coughed, walked about, washed his face and hands, and made some remark.

Three minutes passed; it seemed to Levin that it was more than an hour. He could no longer contain himself.

"Piotr Dmitrievitch! Piotr Dmitrievitch!" he cried, through the opened door, in a beseeching voice. "For God's sake, forgive me. Let me come in just as you are. It has been more than two hours now."

"I'll be out immediately," replied a voice, and Levin to his surprise knew by the sound of the doctor's voice that he was smiling as he spoke.

"Just for one little minute."

"I'll be out immediately."

Two minutes more went by, while the doctor was putting on his boots, and another two minutes while he was brushing his hair and putting on his coat.

"Piotr Dmitrievitch," Levin was just saying once more; but at that instant the doctor came in, all ready dressed and with his hair brushed.

"These people have no hearts," thought Levin. "He can brush his hair, while we are dying."

"Good morning!" said the doctor, entering the reception-room serenely, and offering to shake hands. "Don't feel anxious. Well, how is it?"

Levin began at once a long and circumstantial account, filled with a crowd of useless details, and interrupted himself at every moment to urge the doctor to set out.

"Yes, but you must not be anxious. You see you don't know. I really am not needed yet; still I have promised, and I assure you I'll go. But there's no hurry. Please sit down; won't you have some coffee?"

Levin looked at him, with a questioning look, asking with his eyes if he were not laughing at him; but the doctor was in serious earnest.

"I know, I know," added the physician, smiling; "I myself am a family man, and we husbands cut a sorry figure in such cases. The husband of one of my patients always, on such occasions, goes off to the stable."

"But do you think, Piotr Dmitrievitch,—do you think she'll get on well?"

"All the indications point to a fortunate issue."

"Won't you come at once?" said Levin, looking with angry eyes at the servant who was bringing the coffee.

"Within an hour."

"For God's sake!"

"Well, let me take my coffee."

The doctor proceeded to take his breakfast. Both were silent.

"It seems the Turks are beating. Did you read the

telegram last evening?" asked the doctor, biting into a roll.

"No; but I'm going," said Levin. "Will you come in a quarter of an hour?"

"Make it a half."

"On your honor?"

When Levin got home, he found the princess at the door, and they went to Kitty's room together. The princess had tears in her eyes, and her hands trembled. When she saw Levin, she threw her arms round him, and kissed him.

"How is it, Lizavyeta Petrovna, dearie,"¹ said she, seizing the midwife's hand as she came to meet them with a radiant but solicitous face.

"It is going well," said she. "It would be well for her to lie down. Try to persuade her. She would find it easier."

Ever since Levin, on waking, had understood the situation, he had made up his mind, without indulging in anxious thought, or forebodings, crushing down all his anxieties and feelings, firmly, without worrying his wife, but, on the contrary, calming her and sustaining her courage, that he would endure what was before him. Not allowing himself even to think of what was coming or how it might end, judging by answers to his questions, how long it generally lasted, Levin in his imagination prepared to have patience and hold his heart in his hands for five hours, and this seemed to him within the limit of possibility. But when he returned after his visit to the doctor's, and found Kitty still suffering, again he cried more and more frequently, "Lord, forgive us, and be merciful!" and he was afraid that he could not endure it, so terrible was it to him; thus an hour went by.

And after this another hour passed, and a second, and a third, and the five which he had set as the very ultimate limit of his endurance; and the situation was still the same, and still he was enduring the suspense, because there was nothing else to do except endure, thinking

¹ *Dushekka*, little soul.

every moment that he had reached the last limit, and that his heart would burst with his agony. But the minutes still went by, hours and hours, and his feelings of agony and horror kept growing worse and more unendurable. All the ordinary conditions of life, without which it is impossible to take cognizance of anything, ceased to exist for Levin. He lost all consciousness of time. Now the minutes when she called him to her and he held her moist hand, which at one time would press his with extraordinary force, and again push him away, seemed hours; then again the hours would seem to him minutes.

He was surprised when Lizavyeta Petrovna asked for a light, and he learned that it was five o'clock in the evening. If they had told him that it was only ten o'clock in the morning, he would have been just as much surprised. Where the time had gone, what he had done, where he had been, he could not have told. Sometimes he saw Kitty's flushed face, now troubled and piteous, then calm and almost smiling, as she tried to reassure him. Then he saw the princess, flushed with anxiety, her gray curls in disorder, swallowing down her tears and biting her lips to keep from crying. He had also seen Dolly, and the doctor smoking great cigarettes, and Lizavyeta Petrovna, with a calm, serious, but reassuring look, and the old prince, pacing the dining-room with a frowning face. But how they came and went, and where they had been, he could not tell.

The princess had been with the doctor in Kitty's room, then in the library, where a well-set table had appeared; then she disappeared, and Dolly was in her place.

Then Levin remembered that they sent him somewhere; he moved a divan and a table zealously, thinking it was for her sake; and only when it was done did he learn that they were preparing his own bed for the night.

He was sent to the library to ask the doctor something; the doctor replied, and then began to speak of the disorders of the *duma*, or town-council. Then they sent him to the princess's bedchamber to get a holy image made of silver, with a golden trimming, from

there; and, with the aid of an old chambermaid of the princess's, he climbed up to get it from the cabinet; and, in doing so, broke a little lamp, and the old woman consoled him for this accident, and encouraged him about his wife. And he had carried the image to Kitty, and placed it at her head, carefully arranging it behind her pillow. But where, when, and why all this was done was more than he could tell.

Neither did he comprehend why the old princess took him by the hand, and, looking at him compassionately, begged him to calm himself; or why Dolly tried to persuade him to eat something, and led him from the room; or why even the doctor looked at him gravely and sympathetically, and offered him a pill.

He knew and felt conscious only that what was occurring was like that which had occurred the year before at the hotel of the government city, by the death-bed of his brother Nikolai. That was grief, this was happiness. But that grief and this happiness were in the same way outside of the ordinary conditions of life; were in this peculiar life, as it were, the loopholes through which appeared something higher. And in exactly the same way, while the hard, painful event was accomplishing before him, in exactly the same way incomprehensible, his soul, at the contemplation of this loftiness, raised itself to a height which he had never before dreamed possible, and whither his reason could not follow.

"Lord, have mercy and aid us," he kept repeating, in spite of his long lack of practice, and yet feeling that he was addressing God with the same simplicity, the same confidence, as in his childhood and early youth. All this time he seemed to be leading two separate existences; one was away from Kitty, with the doctor smoking one fat cigarette after another, and knocking the ashes off against the rim of the unemptied ash-tray; or with Dolly and the old princess, who insisted on talking about dinner, politics, or the illness of Marya Petrovna, and with whom Levin suddenly, for an instant, would forget entirely what was taking place, and feel wide awake; and the other was in her presence, by her bed-

side, where his heart felt as if it would burst, and it almost did break with compassion, and where he did not cease to pray to God.

And every time when he would be aroused from momentary oblivion by a cry coming from her chamber, he would fall under the same strange delusion as had at the first moment taken possession of him; every time he heard the cry he would spring to his feet, hasten to her room, and on the way remember that he was not to blame, and would long to protect and help. And as he looked on her, he would see that there was no help to be given her; and again the pity would seize him, and he would pray, "Lord, forgive and help us!"

And in proportion as the time passed by, the stronger became the two conditions of mind,—he would be calmer at one moment, perfectly oblivious of her, while remaining out of her presence, and then again the more painful would become his sympathetic torments and the feeling of helplessness before them. He would spring to his feet, feel the impulse to escape somewhere, and hasten to her.

Sometimes when she would keep calling for him he would reproach her; but, seeing her submissive, smiling face, and hearing her words, "I have tired you out," he would reproach God; but, remembering what God was, he would beg for pardon and aid.

CHAPTER XV

HE did not know whether it was late or early. The candles had already burned down. Dolly had just come into the library, and was proposing to the doctor to lie down. Levin had been sitting there listening to the doctor's story of the charlatanry of magnetizers, and looking at the ash at the end of his cigarette. It was one of the moments of rest, and he was oblivious. He had entirely forgotten what was taking place. He listened to the doctor, and followed him understandingly.

Suddenly was heard a cry unlike anything he had

ever heard. This cry was so terrible that Levin did not even stir, but, holding his breath, he looked at the doctor with eyes full of questioning terror.

The doctor bent his head, as if to hear better, and smiled with an air of approbation. Levin had reached the point where nothing could surprise him; and he said inwardly, "Evidently that must be so; but why that cry?" He went back to the sick-room on tiptoe, passed round by Lizavyeta Petrovna and the princess, and stood in his place by the bedside. The cry had ceased, but evidently there was some change. What, he did not know, and did not care to know. But he saw it by the grave expression of Lizavyeta Petrovna's pale face. Her face was stern and pale, and just as resolute as ever, although her lower jaw trembled a little. Her eyes were kept steadily fixed on Kitty. Her flushed, tortured face, with the little tufts of hair clinging to it, was turned toward him, and her eyes sought his. She raised her hand and tried to take his. When once she had got hold of it, she tried with her moist hand to press it to her forehead.

"Don't go, don't go! I am not afraid," said she, quickly. "Mamma, take away my ear-rings; they annoy me. You are n't afraid? Lizavyeta Petrovna, quick, quick!" — She spoke rapidly, and tried to smile; but suddenly her face grew convulsed, and she pushed him away. "This is terrible! I shall die, I shall die! go! go!" Then came the same unearthly cry.

Levin seized his head in his hands, and rushed from the room.

"That is nothing; all is going well," said Dolly, following after him.

But, whatever they might say, he knew that now all was lost! Leaning his head against the lintel, he stood in the adjoining room and listened to screams and moaning — such sounds as he had never heard before, and he knew that what was making such animal-like noise was she who had once been Kitty. He had long ceased to care about the child. He now hated that child. He even went so far as not to wish for Kitty

to live, provided only her horrible agonies might be ended.

"Doctor, what does that mean? My God!" he said, seizing the doctor's arm as he went in.

"It is the end," replied the doctor; and his face was so serious, as he said this, that Levin thought he meant that Kitty was dead.

Not knowing what would become of him, he went back to the bedroom.

What he first saw was Lizavyeta Petrovna's face; it was even more than before portentous and stern. It was no longer Kitty's face that was there; in the place where it had been before, there was something terrible both by reason of the agony which contracted it, and by reason of the sound that came from it. He bowed his head against the wooden frame of the bed, feeling that his heart would burst. The awful shriek still continued, it grew more piercing than ever, as if the last limit of horror had been reached. Then suddenly the shriek ceased. He could not believe it, but he could not doubt; and he heard a gentle rustling and a quick breathing, and his wife's living, loving, happy voice whispered, "*Kanatchna*—It is over!"

He raised his head. As she lay there, beautiful with a supernatural beauty, with her arms nervelessly resting on the counterpane, she looked at him, and tried to smile at him, but could not.

Coming suddenly out of that mysterious and terrible world where he had been living for twenty-two hours, Levin felt himself transported back into his ordinary every-day world of luminous happiness, and he could not bear it. The cords long tense snapped. He burst into tears; and the sobs of joy which he could not foresee shook his whole body so violently that he could not speak.

He knelt beside Kitty, and pressed his lips on her hand, and her gentle fingers answered his caress. And meantime, at the foot of the bed, in the skilful hands of Lizavyeta Petrovna, like the small, uncertain flame of a lamp, flickered the life of a human being, which just

before had not been, and which with every right and every responsibility would live, and propagate its kind.

"He lives, he lives! Yes, it is a boy! Don't be worried," Levin heard Lizavyeta's voice saying, while with a trembling hand she slapped the little one's back.

"Mamma, is it true?" asked Kitty.

And the princess's sobs answered her.

And amid the silence, like an indubitable answer to the young mother's questions, was heard a voice, absolutely different from the subdued voices speaking in the room. It was the bold, decided, imperious, almost impertinent cry of the new human being, which had come whence no one knew.

Just before, if Levin had been told that Kitty was dead, that he himself had died with her, and that their children were angels, and that they were all in the presence of God, he would not have been surprised. And now that he had come back to reality, it took a prodigious effort of thought to comprehend that his wife was alive, that she was doing well, and that this desperately screeching creature was his son. Kitty was saved, her suffering was passed, and he was inexpressibly happy. That he could understand, and it made him happy; but the child! Whence? Why? What was it?.... He could not wont himself to the thought of it. It seemed to him somehow too much, too overwhelming; and it was long before he became accustomed to it.

CHAPTER XVI

THE old Prince Sergyei Ivanovitch and Stepan Arkadyevitch met at Levin's the next morning, about ten o'clock, and after they talked about the little mother, they began to converse about irrelevant topics. Levin listened to them, and involuntarily remembering what had taken place, what had been going on that morning, he also remembered what he himself had been but a few hours before.

It was as if a hundred years had passed since then.

He felt that he was on some unattainable height from which he endeavored to descend to their level, that he might not offend those with whom he was talking. While talking about indifferent things, he was thinking of his wife, of the state of her health, and of his son, to the idea of whose existence he was trying to accustom himself. The whole world of womanhood, which had taken on a new and incomprehensible significance to him, even after his marriage, occupied such a lofty place, that he could not begin to realize it. He heard the men talking about their dinner at the club; but he was thinking, "What is she doing now? Is she asleep? How is she? What is in her mind? Is the son Dmitri crying?" And, in the midst of the conversation, in the midst of a sentence, he sprang up, and left the room.

"Send word down if I may see her," said the old prince.

"Very good.... I will at once," replied Levin, and without pausing he went to her room.

She was not asleep, but was softly talking with her mother, making plans about the christening.

With clean clothes and with her hair brushed, she lay comfortably arranged in bed, with her hands resting on the counterpane, and a mob-cap with blue ribbons on her head, and as her eyes met his she drew him to her by their look. Her face lighted up more and more brightly as he approached her. There was in it that change from the earthly to the superhuman calm which one sees in death, but, instead of a farewell, she welcomed him to a new life. Again an emotion, like that which he had felt during her agony, seized his heart. She took his hand, and asked him if he had slept.

He could not answer, but turned his head away, yielding to his weakness.

"I have had a nap, Kostia," she said; "and I feel so well now."

She looked at him, and suddenly the expression of her face changed. She heard her baby cry.

"Give him to me, Lizavyeta Petrovna, and let me show him to his father," she said.

"There, now, let papa look," said Lizavyeta Petrovna, taking up and exhibiting something red, strange, and wobbling. "Wait, we must change it first," and Lizavyeta Petrovna deposited this red and wobbling something on the bed, and proceeded to unsbathe it and then swathe it again, lifting and turning it over with one finger, and shaking some kind of powder over it.

Levin, as he looked at the poor little bit of humanity, tried in vain to discover within his soul some paternal sentiments toward it. His only feeling was one of repulsion; but when they took off its things, and he saw its little tiny delicate arms and legs, still saffron-colored, and its still tinier fingers, and even a thumb differentiated from the others, and when he saw Lizavyeta Petrovna handling its little, waving arms, just as if they were delicate springs, and putting them into linen garments, such pity seized him, and such terror lest she should hurt it, that he made a gesture to stop her.

Lizavyeta Petrovna laughed.

"Never fear, never fear," she said.

When the child was dressed, and metamorphosed into a regular doll, Lizavyeta Petrovna tossed him up and down, as if proud of her work, and held him off so that Levin might see his son in all his beauty.

Kitty, not taking her eyes from him, was alarmed.

"Give him to me, give him to me," she cried; and she even lifted herself up.

"But, Katerina Aleksandrovna, you must know that any such motions are forbidden. Be patient; I will give him to you. But we must let papasha see what a fine young man we are."

And Lizavyeta Petrovna handed to Levin with one hand—the other supported the limp occiput—this strange, weak, red creature, whose head fell limply on its swaddling-clothes. All that was to be seen of it was a nose, a pair of eyes that looked in two directions, and smacking lips.

"*Prekrasnui rebyonok*—a splendid baby," said Lizavyeta Petrovna.

Levin drew a deep breath of mortification. This

splendid baby inspired him only with a feeling of pity and disgust. It was not at all the feeling that he expected.

He turned away while the nurse placed it in Kitty's arms. Suddenly a laugh caused him to raise his head. It was Kitty who laughed; the baby had taken the breast.

"There! that's enough, that's enough," said Lizavyeta Petrovna; but Kitty would not let go of her son, who had gone to sleep on her arm.

"Look at him now," said she, turning the child so that his father might see him. The little old face suddenly grew still more wrinkled, and the child sneezed.

Levin, smiling and hardly able to restrain his tears of tenderness, kissed his wife, and left the room.

The feelings which this little being awakened in him were entirely different from what he had expected! There was neither pride nor joy in the feeling, but rather a new and painful fear. It was the consciousness that he had become vulnerable in a new way. And this consciousness at first was so acute, his fear lest this poor, defenseless creature might suffer was so poignant, that it drowned the strange feeling of thoughtless joy, and even pride, that rose in his heart when the infant sneezed.

CHAPTER XVII

THE affairs of Stepan Arkadyevitch had reached a critical stage.

The money brought by the sale of two-thirds of the timber had long ago been spent, and he had obtained from the merchant at a discount of ten per cent a large part of the remaining third in advance. Now the merchant would not advance anything more; as Dolly, for the first time in her life asserting her rights to her personal property, had refused her signature to the contract when it was proposed to give a receipt for the sale of the last third of the wood. All the salary was used up

for household expenses, and for the payment of unavoidable debts. There was absolutely no money to be had.

It was disagreeable and awkward, and Stepan Arkadyevitch felt that it ought not to be continued. The reason of it, in his opinion, lay in the fact that he got too small a salary. The place which he held had been very good five years before, but it was so no longer. Petrof, the director of a bank, got twelve thousand; Sventitsky, a member of the Council, got seventeen thousand; Mitin, the head of a bank, got fifty thousand.

"Apparently I have been asleep, and they have forgotten me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself; and he began to keep his eyes and ears open; and at the end of the winter he discovered a very good place, and matured his attack upon it, beginning at Moscow through his uncles, his aunts, and his friends, and then, when the time seemed ripe in the spring, he himself went down to Petersburg.

It was one of those lucrative sinecure places which nowadays are found, varying in importance, worth anywhere from 1000 to 50,000 rubles a year. This place was in the Commission of the Consolidated Agency for the Mutual Credit-Balance of the Southern Railway and Banking Establishments. This place, like all such places, required at once such varied talents and such extraordinary activity, that it was hard to find them united in one person; but since it was hopeless to find any one with all these qualities, it was certainly better that the man put in should be an honest rather than a dishonest man.

Now Stepan Arkadyevitch was an honest man in every sense of the term; for in Moscow the word *chestnui*, meaning honest, has two significations, depending on its accent. They speak of an honest agent, an honest writer, an honest journal, an honest institution; and it means not only that men or institutions are not dishonest, but that they know how to adapt themselves to circumstances. Stepan Arkadyevitch belonged in Moscow to that class of people who used that convenient word; and, as he passed for honest, he therefore felt that he had a better right than any one else to that place.

This place was worth from 7000 to 10,000 rubles a year; and Oblonsky could accept this position, and not resign his present duties. Everything depended on two ministers, a lady, and two Jews; and, although they were ready to grant what he wished, he had to go to Petersburg to solicit their aid. Moreover, he faithfully promised Anna that he would obtain from Karenin a decisive answer about the divorce, and, having extorted fifty rubles from Dolly, he set out for Petersburg.

Sitting in Karenin's library and listening to his exposition of a project for reforming the status of Russian finance, Stepan Arkadyevitch waited as patiently as he could till he might put in a word about his personal affairs and about Anna.

"Yes! That is very true," said he, when Alekser Aleksandrovitch took off the *pince-nez* without which he could not read now, and looked inquiringly at his brother-in-law; "that is very true in detail; but nevertheless, the leading principle of our age is liberty."

"Yes, but I advocate another principle which *embraces* freedom," replied Alekser Aleksandrovitch, accenting the word "embraces," and putting on his *pince-nez* to read over the passage where he had said that very thing.

And, turning over the pages of his elegantly written manuscript, with its wide margins, he again read the concluding paragraph:—

"'For if I sustain the protectionist system, it is not for the advantage of private individuals, but for the general good, for all classes alike, both low and high;' and it is that which they will not understand," added he, looking over his *pince-nez* at Oblonsky, "absorbed as they are in their personal interests, and so easily satisfied with phrases."

Stepan Arkadyevitch knew that when Karenin began to speak of what was said and done by those who were opposed to his views, and who were the source of all evil in Russia, he was nearing the end; and so he willingly renounced his "principle of liberty," and agreed with him. Alekser Aleksandrovitch came to a pause,

and turned over the leaves of his manuscript with a thoughtful air.

"Oh, by the way," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "I wanted to ask you, in case you should meet Pomorsky, to say a little word to him for me; that I should very much like to be appointed a member of the Commission of the Combined Agencies of the Mutual Credit-Balance of the Railways of the South." To Stepan Arkadyevitch the name¹ of this position which was so dear to his heart was already very familiar, and he could rattle it off with great rapidity and without making a mistake.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch asked what the functions of this new commission were to be, and then he reflected. It seemed to him that the existence of this commission was directly opposed to his projects of reform. But as the operations of this commission were very complicated, and his own projects of reform occupied a very vast field, he felt that he could not settle this question at a glance, and, taking off his *pince-nez*, he said:—

"Without doubt I could speak to him; but why are you especially desirous to have this place?"

"The salary is good, — nine thousand rubles, — and my means"

"Nine thousand rubles!" repeated Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, and he frowned. The high emolument of this position reminded him that Stepan Arkadyevitch's supposititious function was directly opposed to the principal feature of his projects, which always inclined to economy.

"I believe, and I show in my pamphlet, that in our day these enormous salaries are signs of the defectiveness of the economic *assiette* of our administration."

"Yes; but what would you have?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Now let us see! A bank director gets ten thousand, he is worth it; or an engineer gets twenty thousand. These are not sinecures."

"I opine that salaries are payments for merchandise, and ought to be subject to the law of supply and demand. If salaries are not subject to this law, — if, for example,

¹ *Chlen komissii ot soyedinennaya agentstva kreditno-vosimnaya balans yuzhno-zheleznykh dorog.*

I see two engineers of equal capacity, having pursued the same studies at the institute, one receiving forty thousand rubles, while the other contents himself with two thousand; or if I see a hussar, who has no special knowledge, become director of a bank with a phenomenal salary, I conclude that these salaries are fixed, not in accordance with the law of supply and demand, but by sheer partiality. And so, here is an abuse, great in itself and disastrous in its influence on the imperial service. I opine”

Stepan Arkadyevitch made haste to interrupt his brother-in-law:—

“Yes, but you agree that a new and undoubtedly useful institution has been opened. It’s a live thing, and it is certainly worth while to have it conducted honestly,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, emphasizing the adjective.

But the Muscovite signification of the adjective had no force for Alekser Aleksandrovitch.

“Honesty is only negative merit,” he replied.

“But you will do me a great favor, nevertheless,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, “if you will speak a little word to Pomorsky. When you happen to meet him, you know.”

“Yes, certainly; but it seems to me that this depends more on Bolgarinof,” said Alekser Aleksandrovitch.

“Bolgarinof on his part is well disposed,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, reddening. Stepan Arkadyevitch reddened at the remembrance of Bolgarinof, because that very morning he had been at the Jew’s house, and this visit had remained as an unpleasant recollection.

Stepan Arkadyevitch knew perfectly well that the commission of which he wished to become a member was a new, important, and honorable enterprise; but that morning, when Bolgarinof, evidently with malice prepense, kept him with other petitioners waiting in his reception-room for two hours, the whole affair became awkward to him.

Whether it was awkward to him that he, a descendant of Rurik, a Prince Oblonsky, had to wait two hours in

the Jew's reception-room, or because he, for the first time in his life, was not following the example of his ancestors in serving the government, but had got into a new field, at all events it was awkward.

During these two hours of waiting at Bolgarinof's, Stepan Arkadyevitch, briskly walking up and down through the reception-room, smoothing his side whiskers, occasionally entering into conversation with the other petitioners, and trying to work out a pun on his long waiting at the Jew's, diligently concealed from the others, and also from himself, the trying feeling. But all that time he felt awkward and annoyed, he did not know why; it was either because he had not succeeded very well with his pun on the word Jew—how he had to *chew*¹ on the cud of expectation—or for some other reason.

When at last Bolgarinof, with excessive humility, received him, evidently triumphing in his humiliation, and almost refused his request, Stepan Arkadyevitch made haste to forget it all. But now, remembering it again, he reddened with shame.

CHAPTER XVIII

“Now, I have yet one more thing to talk over with you; and you know what it is about,—Anna,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, after a moment's silence, and shaking off these disagreeable memories.

When Oblonsky spoke Anna's name, Karenin's face entirely changed; in place of its former vivacity it took on an expression of corpse-like rigidity and weariness.

“What more do you want of me?” said he, turning about on his arm-chair, and shutting his *pince-nez*.

“A decision some sort of a decision, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. I address you, not as” he was going to say “a deceived husband,” but fearing it might hurt his cause he stopped, and substituted with little appropriateness, “not as a statesman, but simply as a man, and a good man and a Christian. You ought to have pity on her.”

¹ “*Builo dyelo do-Zhida i ya doshida-isa.*”

"In what way could I, properly?" asked Karenin, quietly.

"Yes, have pity upon her. If you saw her as I do, — I have seen her all winter, — you would pity her. Her position is cruel."

"I thought," said Karenin, suddenly, in a piercing, almost whining voice, "that Anna Arkadyevna had obtained all that she wished."

"Oh! Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, for God's sake, let us not make recriminations. What is past is past; and you know what she is now waiting for and hoping for is the divorce."

"But I understood, that in case I kept my son, Anna Arkadyevna refused the divorce; and so my silence was equivalent to a reply, and I thought the question settled. I consider it settled," said he, with more and more warmth.

"For God's sake don't get angry," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching his brother-in-law's knee. "This question is not settled. If you will allow me to recapitulate, the affair stands thus: When you separated, you were as great, as magnanimous, as was possible to be. You granted her everything her freedom, even a divorce if she wanted one. She appreciated it. No, you don't think so; but she appreciated it absolutely, — to such a degree that, at first, feeling her guilt toward you, she did not, she could not, reason about it at all. She refused everything. But the reality and time have shown her that her position is painful and intolerable."

"Anna Arkadyevna's life cannot interest me," said Karenin, raising his eyebrows.

"Permit me to disbelieve that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, gently. "Her position is painful to her, and without any escape whatever. She deserves it, you say. She acknowledges that, and does not complain. She says up and down that she should never dare to ask anything of you. But I, and all of her relatives, all who love her, beg and implore you to have pity on her. Why should she suffer? Whose advantage is it?"

"Excuse me; you seem to accuse me of being to blame."

"Oh! not at all, not at all, understand me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching Karenin's arm, as if he believed that personal contact would have a mollifying effect on his brother-in-law. "I merely say this. Her position is painful; and you can relieve it, and it will not cost you anything. I will so arrange the matter that you shall have no trouble about it. Besides, you have promised."

"My consent has been already given; and I had supposed that the question of our son had decided the matter. Besides, I hoped that Anna Arkadyevna would in her turn have the generosity to understand" his trembling lips could hardly utter the words, and he turned pale.

"She leaves all to your magnanimity. She asks, she implores, for only one thing — to be relieved from this unendurable position in which she finds herself. She asks for her son. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, you are a good man. Just enter for a moment into her feelings. The question of the divorce is for her a matter of life or death. If you had not given your promise, she would have been resigned to her situation, and lived in the country. But you did give your promise; and she wrote you, and came to Moscow. And there in Moscow, where every familiar face was a knife in her heart, she has been living for six months, every day expecting an answer. Her situation is that of a condemned criminal, who for months has had the rope around his neck, and does not know whether he is to expect pardon or execution. Pity her; and, besides, I will take care to arrange all *vos scrupules.*"

"I am not speaking of that, not of that" said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, with some disgust; "but perhaps I promised more than I had the right to promise."

"Then, you refuse to do what you have promised?"

"I never refused to do all that I could; but I must have time to consider how far what I promised is permissible."

"No, Alekser Aleksandrovitch," said Oblonsky, leaping to his feet, "I do not wish to believe this. She is as unhappy as it is possible for a woman to be; and you cannot refuse such"

"How far what I promised is permissible? *Vous professez d'être un libre penseur*; but I, as a believer, cannot defy the law of Christianity in a matter so important."

"But in Christian communities, and here in Russia, divorce is permitted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Divorce is permitted by our Church, and we see"

"Permitted, but not in this sense."

"Alekser Aleksandrovitch, I don't know you," said Oblonsky, after a moment's silence. "You are not the same man you were. Did you not forgive all?.... and did we not appreciate your magnanimity?.... were you not moved by genuine Christian feeling? Were n't you ready to sacrifice everything? You yourself said, 'If any man will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' And now"

"I beg of you," said Karenin, rising suddenly, and turning pale, and with a trembling jaw, "I beg of you," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "to cut short, to cut short this conversation!"

"Oh, well, pardon me, pardon me, if I have offended you!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, in confusion, holding out his hand; "but I had to fulfil the mission I was charged with."

Alekser Aleksandrovitch gave him his hand, and said, after a moment's reflection:—

"I must have time to think about it, and seek for light. You shall have my final answer day after tomorrow."

CHAPTER XIX

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH was going out, when Korner came in, and announced, "Sergyer Alekseyevitch."

"Who is Sergyer Alekseyevitch?" Oblonsky began to ask, but in an instant he remembered.

"Oh, Serozha!" he exclaimed; "and here was I, thinking it was some *direktor* of a department," he said to himself. "Anna begged me to see him."

And he recalled the sad, timid expression with which, as he left her, Anna had said to him, "You will see him, and can find out what he is doing, and where he is, and who is taking care of him. And, Stiva if possible! Would it be possible?"

He knew what she meant by the words, "if possible"; if it were possible to get the divorce, so as to have her son. But now Stepan Arkadyevitch knew that this was out of the question. He was none the less glad to see his nephew again.

Alekser Aleksandrovitch reminded his brother-in-law that he must not talk to him of his mother, and begged him not even by a word to remind him of her.

"He was very ill after that interview with his mother, which we were not prepared for," said Alekser Aleksandrovitch, "and for a while we feared for his life. But sensible medical treatment and sea-bathing in the summer restored him to health, and I have followed the doctor's advice, and sent him to school. Activity, being with companions of his own age, have had a happy influence on him; his health is good, and he is studying well."

"Why, he's become quite a young man! he is no longer Serozha; he is full-grown Sergyei Alekseyevitch," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile, as a handsome, tall, robust boy, dressed in a *kurtotchka*, or jacket, and long trousers, came in briskly and without constraint. The boy had a look of sound health and good spirits. He bowed to his uncle as to a stranger. Then, as he remembered him, he reddened, and, as if offended and angry at something, turned away, and handed his school report to his father.

"Well, that is excellent," said Karenin; "now you may go and play."

"He has grown tall and slender, and lost his childish look and become a real boy; I like it," remarked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile. "Do you remember me?"

The boy quickly glanced at his father.

"I remember you, *mon oncle*," answered the boy, looking at Stepan Arkadyevitch, and then casting down his eyes.

The uncle called the lad to him, and took his hand. "Well, how are you?" he asked, wanting to talk, but not knowing what to say.

The boy, blushing, and not answering, hastily withdrew his hand, and, as soon as his uncle had released it, flew away like a bird set free.

A year had passed since Serozha had seen his mother for the last time. During this time he had not even heard anything about her. He had been sent to school, and had become acquainted with boys of his own age, and learned to like them. His dreams and recollections about his mother, which after his interview with her had made him ill, now no longer occupied his mind. When they recurred to him he even tried to get rid of them, regarding them as disgraceful for a boy and fit only for girls; he knew that his parents had quarreled and parted, and that he must accustom himself to the idea of remaining with his father.

The sight of his uncle, who looked like his mother, was unpleasant to him, because it awakened memories which caused him shame; and it was still more unpleasant, because, from certain words which he had caught as he entered the door, and by the peculiar expression of his father's and his uncle's faces, he knew that they were talking about his mother. And so as not to blame his father, with whom he lived and on whom he was dependent, and especially so as not to give way to a sentiment which he felt was too degrading, he tried not to look at his uncle, who had come to disturb his tranquillity, and not to think of the past.

But when, shortly after, Stepan Arkadyevitch went out, he found the boy on the stairs, and he called him to him, and asked him how he spent his spare time, now that he was at school. Serozha, out of his father's presence, talked freely.

"We have a railroad now," he said, in answer to his

question. "Just see! These two are sitting on the seat; they are passengers; and there is one man trying to stand on the seat; and they are all going, and by means of our arms and our belts we go through the whole length of the hall, and the doors open in front. And I tell you it's very hard here for the conductor."

"Is that the one standing?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, amused.

"Yes. He has to be bold and skilful, because the train comes to a very sudden stop, and he might get thrown over."

"Well, that is no joke," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, sadly, as he looked at the boy's bright eyes, which were like his mother's, and which had already lost their childish look of innocence. And, although he had promised Aleksei Aleksandrovitch not to speak of Anna, he could not resist.

"Do you remember your mother?" he asked suddenly.

"No, I do not," Serozha answered quickly, turning red; and his uncle could not make him talk any more.

When the Russian tutor found Serozha on the stairs, half an hour after, he could not make out whether he was crying or was sulky.

"Did you hurt yourself when you fell?" he asked. "I said this was a dangerous game, and I shall have to tell your father?"

"If I had, no one should find it out," answered the boy.

"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"Let me alone!.... What is it to him whether I remember or not?.... Why did he remind me?.... Let me be...." and the boy seemed to defy not only his tutor, but the whole world.

CHAPTER XX

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH, as usual, did not waste his time at Petersburg. He had not only his business to attend to: his sister's divorce and his new position to look after; but, moreover, as he said, to refresh himself after musty Moscow.

For Moscow, in spite of its *cafés-chantants*, and its omnibuses, was still only a stagnant marsh. Stepan Arkadyevitch always felt that this was so. Living in Moscow, especially in proximity to his family, he was conscious that his spirit flagged. When his life in Moscow was long unbroken by a trip to Petersburg, he even began to be annoyed by his wife's bad temper and reproaches, and to worry over his health, the education of his children, and the petty details of the household. He even went so far as to be disturbed about his debts.

As soon as he set foot in Petersburg, and entered that circle where life was really life, and not vegetating, as in Moscow, immediately all such thoughts disappeared like wax in the fire.

His wife?.... He had just been talking with Prince Chetchensky. Prince Chetchensky had a wife and family, — grown-up boys, pages now; and he had another establishment, outside the law, and in this also there were children. But, though the first family was well enough in its way, Prince Chetchensky felt happier with his second family; and he had introduced his oldest legitimate son into his other family; he told Stepan Arkadyevitch he considered it a good way to train him and develop him. What would have been said about that in Moscow?

Children? In Petersburg, fathers did n't trouble themselves with their children. Children were educated in institutions, and there was no sign of that crazy notion in vogue in Moscow — Lvof shared in it — that children should have all the luxuries, and their parents nothing but care and trouble.

The government service? The service, too, was not that tiresome, hopeless treadmill that it was in Moscow. Here there was interest in the service. Meetings with men in authority, mutual services, opportune words spoken, the knowledge of how to take advantage of chances — and a man might suddenly find himself high in his career, like Brianzef, whom Stepan Arkadyevitch met that evening, and who was now a leading dignitary.

Yes, there was something interesting in the service here.

The Petersburg views about money especially appealed to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Bartnyansky, who now spent at least fifty thousand rubles, judging by the rate at which he was living, made a remark which deeply impressed him. Just before dinner, as they were talking together, Stepan Arkadyevitch had said:—

“You seem to have some connection with Mordvinsky. You might do me a favor; please say a little word to him in my behalf. It is a place which I should like to have, member of the commission.”....

“Well, I won’t forget. Only what pleasure can you have in attending to this railroad business with the Jews? Of course, if you want it; but still it’s a wretched business.”

Stepan Arkadyevitch did not say to him that it was “no sinecure.” Bartnyansky would not have known what he meant.

“I need money; I must have something to live on.”

“But don’t you live, then?”

“Yes, but in debt.”

“Much?” asked Bartnyansky, sympathetically.

“Yes; twenty thousand rubles.”

Bartnyansky broke out into a gay laugh.

“Oh, happy man! I have a million and a half of debts, and not a ruble; and, as you see, I live all the same.”

And Stepan Arkadyevitch saw that this was not mere words, but was actually true. Zhivakhof was in debt three hundred thousand, and had not a kopek. Petrovsky had spent five millions, and yet he went on living just as before, and had charge of the finances, and had only twenty thousand salary.

Petersburg had a delightful physical influence on Stepan Arkadyevitch. It made him feel younger. In Moscow he sometimes detected gray hairs, he would fall asleep after dinner, it made him breathe hard to go up-stairs, he was dull in the company of young women, he no longer danced at balls.

At Petersburg he experienced what the sixty-year-old Prince Piotr Oblonsky, who had just returned from abroad, told him one evening:—

“We don’t know how to live here,” said Piotr Oblonsky. “For example, I spent the summer at Baden, and now, honestly, I feel like a new man. I see a young woman, and I enjoy my dinner, I can take my wine; I’m well and vigorous. When I come back to Russia, I have to see my wife, have even to go into the country. You would n’t believe it, but in a couple of weeks I am in my dressing-gown. Good-by to the young beauties. I am old, think only of the salvation of my soul. To make me over, I go to Paris.”

Stepan Arkadyevitch felt the same difference as Piotr Oblonsky did. In Moscow he reached such a low ebb of vitality that he felt sure that, if he ever attained the same age, he too should be driven to thinking about the salvation of his soul; in Petersburg he was conscious of being a well-regulated man.

Between the Princess Betsy Tversky and Stepan Arkadyevitch there had been for a long time a very strange relationship. He always jested with her, and he always said very improper things by way of jest, knowing that they pleased her more than anything else. The day after his interview with Karenin, Stepan Arkadyevitch went to see her; and, feeling particularly young, he conducted himself with more than his usual levity; and went so far in his impropriety that he could not retrieve his steps, and, unfortunately, he felt that she was not only displeased, but was even opposed to him. Yet this tone had been established because it generally amused her. So he was glad to have the Princess Miagkaya interrupt their *tête-à-tête* .

“Ah, here you are!” said she, when she saw him. “Well! and how is your poor sister? Do not look at me so. Since women who are a thousand times worse than she throw stones at her, I think she did quite right. I can’t forgive Vronsky for not letting me know that she was in Petersburg. I should have gone to see her, and gone with her everywhere. Give her my love. Now tell me about her.”

"Well! her position is a very painful one; she...." Stepan Arkadyevitch began, in the simplicity of his heart, taking the princess's words as genuine money, when she said, "Tell me about your sister." But the princess, in her usual way, interrupted him, and began to talk herself. "She did what everybody but myself does and hides. But she was not willing to lie, and she did right; and she has at least bettered herself in having forsaken that imbecile,—I beg your pardon,—your brother-in-law. Everybody said he was a genius. A genius! I was the only one who said he was a goose; and people have come to be of my opinion, now that he has taken up with the Countess Lidia and Landau. I should like not to agree with everybody.... it's stupid; but this time I can't help it."

"Now please explain something to me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What does this mean? Yesterday I was at his house, talking of the divorce, and I asked him for a definite answer; my brother-in-law said to me that he could not give me an answer without reflection; and this morning I received an invitation from Lidia Ivanovna for this evening instead of an answer."

"Now! That's just it!" cried the princess, delighted. "They will consult Landau as to what to say."

"Why Landau? who is Landau?"

"What! you don't know Jules Landau.... *le fameux Jules Landau, le clairvoyant?* He also in my opinion is an imbecile, but on him depends your sister's fate. That's what comes of living in the provinces. Landau, you must know, was *commis* of a mercantile house at Paris, and went to see a doctor. He fell asleep in the waiting-room, and, while he was asleep, gave advice to all the sick.... most astonishing advice. Then Yuri Melyedinsky's wife—you know he was sick—called him to see her husband. He treated her husband. In my opinion, he did n't do him any good, for Melyedinsky is just as sick as he was before; but his wife and he believe in Landau. They took him into their house, and they brought him to Russia. Naturally, people here have thrown themselves at him. He treats every-

body. He cured the Countess Bezzubof, and she fell so in love with him that she has adopted him."

"How! adopted him?"

"Yes, adopted him. He is n't Landau any more, but Count Bezzubof. But Lidia—and I like her very much, in spite of her crankiness—must needs be smitten with him; and nothing that she and Aleksei Aleksandrovitch take up is decided without consulting him. Your sister's fate is, therefore, in the hands of this Count Bezzubof, alias Landau."

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER an excellent dinner with Bartnyansky, and considerable cognac, Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's a little later than the hour designated.

"Who is with the countess?... the Frenchman?" he asked of the Swiss, as he noticed beside Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's well-known overcoat a curious mantle with clasps.

"Aleksei Aleksandrovitch Karenin and the Count Bezzubof," answered the servant, stolidly.

"Princess Miagkaya was right," thought Oblonsky, as he went up-stairs. "Strange! it would be a good thing to cultivate the countess. She has great influence. If she would say a little word in my behalf to Pomorsky, it would be just the thing."

It was still very light outdoors, but the blinds were drawn in the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's little drawing-room, and the lamps were lighted.

At a round table, on which was a lamp, the countess and Aleksei Aleksandrovitch were sitting, engaged in a confidential talk. A short, lean, pale man, with knock-kneed legs and a feminine figure, with long hair falling over his coat-collar, and handsome, glowing eyes, was examining the portraits on the wall at the other end of the room.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, after having greeted the coun-

tess and Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, involuntarily turned round to look once more at this singular personage.

"Monsieur Landau," said the countess, gently, and with a precaution which struck Oblonsky. The introduction was made.

Landau hastily glanced around, and coming up, placed his moist, unresponsive hand in Oblonsky's, and immediately went back to look at the portraits. Lidia Ivanovna and Aleksei Aleksandrovitch exchanged significant glances.

"I am very glad to see you to-day," said the countess to Stepan Arkadyevitch, motioning him to a chair. "You noticed," added she, in a low voice, glancing at the Frenchman, "that I introduced him to you by the name of Landau; but his name is really Count Bezzubof, as you probably know. Only he is not fond of the title."

"Yes, I heard about it," said Stepan Arkadyevitch; "it is said he perfectly cured the Countess Bezzubof."

"She came to see me to-day," said the countess, addressing Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, "and it was sad to see her. This separation is terrible for her. It is such a blow to her."

"Then he is positively going?"

"Yes; he is going to Paris. Yesterday he heard a voice," said Lidia Ivanovna, looking at Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Oh, a voice?" repeated he, feeling that it was necessary to use great prudence among these people, where things occurred or might occur, without his being able to explain them.

A moment's silence ensued, at the end of which the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, as if accidentally stumbling on the chief topic of their conversation, said, with a sweet smile, addressing Oblonsky:—

"I have known of you for a long time, and I am delighted to make your acquaintance. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*. But to be truly friends, we must know what is passing in the souls of those we love; and I fear you do not with regard to Aleksei Aleksandro-

vitch. You understand what I mean," said she, raising her beautiful, dreamy eyes.

"I understand in part that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's position" answered Oblonsky, not understanding very well what she was talking about, and preferring to confine himself to generalities.

"The change is not in his external position," said the countess, solemnly, and at the same time looking tenderly at Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, who had risen to join Landau; "it is his heart which has changed, — a new heart has been given to him, — and I very much fear that you do not realize sufficiently the great transformation which has taken place in him."

"That is in a general way, I can perceive the change in him. We have always been friends, and now" said Oblonsky, answering the deep gaze of the countess with a tender one, as he queried with which of the two ministers she could do him the most effective service.

"This transformation cannot diminish his love for his neighbor; on the contrary, the change which has taken place must increase love. But I fear you don't understand me. Will you not have some tea?" she asked, looking toward a lackey who entered with a tea-tray.

"Not altogether, countess; of course, his misfortune"

"Yes, he underwent a misfortune, but it became the highest happiness, because his heart was renewed," said she, raising her eyes lovingly to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I believe I shall have to get her to speak to them both," thought Oblonsky. "Oh! assuredly, countess," said he, "but I think that these changes are so personal¹ that no one likes to speak of them, even to his most intimate friends."

"On the contrary, we ought to speak, and to help one another."

"Yes, without doubt; but there are such differences of conviction; and, moreover" and Oblonsky smiled unctuously.

¹ *Intimé.*

"There cannot be differences in regard to sacred truth."

"Oh, yes, of course, but...."

Stepan Arkadyevitch grew confused, and stopped speaking. He perceived that the countess was talking about religion.

"It seems to me that he's going to sleep," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, approaching the countess, and speaking in a significant whisper.

Stepan Arkadyevitch turned round. Landau was seated near the window, with his elbow leaning on the arm and back of a chair, and his head bowed as he saw the looks turned toward him. He raised his head and smiled in a naive and childlike manner.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said the countess, pushing a chair toward Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. "I have noticed...." she began, but was interrupted by a lackey bringing her a letter. She read it through with extraordinary rapidity, sent a reply, and resumed the thread of her discourse. "I have noticed that Muscovites, the men especially, are very indifferent to religion."

"Oh, no, countess! I think that Muscovites have the reputation of being very pious," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But as far as I have observed, you yourself," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, with his weary smile, "I am sorry to say, belong to the category of the indifferents."

"Is it possible to be indifferent?" cried Lidia Ivanovna.

"I am not indifferent, but rather in the attitude of expectation," answered Oblonsky, with his most agreeable smile. "I do not think that the time for me to settle such questions has come yet."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch and the countess exchanged glances.

"We can never know whether the time for us has come or not," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, sternly, "we ought not even to think whether we are prepared or not. The blessing does not follow human calculations, does

not always light upon the most deserving, but comes to those who are unprepared; witness Saul."

"It seems that it isn't to be now," murmured the countess, following with her eyes the movements of the Frenchman. Landau got up and joined them.

"May I listen?" asked he.

"Oh, yes! I did not wish to disturb you," said the countess, tenderly. "Sit down with us."

"The essential thing is not to close one's eyes to the light," continued Aleksei Aleksandrovitch.

"Akh! if you knew what a blessing we experience when we feel His constant presence in our souls," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, with an ecstatic smile.

"But a man may feel himself incapable of rising to such a height," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, convinced that the heights of religion were not his *forte*, but fearing to offend a person who, by one word to Pomorsky, might get him the place that he wanted.

"You mean that sin may prevent him?" asked Lidia Ivanovna. "But that is a mistaken view. For him who believes, there is no more sin. Sin is already redeemed. *Pardon*," she added, as the lackey brought her another note. She read it, and answered verbally, "Say to-morrow at the grand duchess's;" then she continued, "For the believer there is no sin."

"Yes; but 'faith without works is dead,'" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, recalling this phrase of his catechism, with a smile establishing his independence.

"That is the famous passage in the Epistle of St. James," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, in a reproachful tone, looking at the countess, as if to recall frequent discussions on the subject. "How much harm the false interpretation of that passage has done! It has driven more persons from the faith than anything else! 'I have no works, therefore I cannot believe,' is the logical conclusion from it. It means exactly the opposite."

"It is our monks who claim to be saved by works, by their fastings, their abstinences," said the countess, with an air of fastidious scorn. "Our way is far better and easier," she added, looking at Oblonsky with that scorch-

ing smile with which, at court, she was wont to wither young maids of honor, disconcerted at the newness of their position.

"We are saved by Christ who suffered for us; we are saved by faith," resumed Aleksei Aleksandrovitch.

"*Vous comprenez l'anglais?*" asked Lidia Ivanovna; and, receiving an affirmative answer, she rose, and took a small book from a side-table. "I'm going to read to you, 'Safe and Happy; or, Under the Wing,'" said she, with a look of interrogation at Karenin. "It is very short," added she, resuming her seat and opening the book. "Here the way is described by which faith is attained, and the joy which is higher than any that earth can give, which fills the soul of the believer. Man who believes cannot be unhappy, because he is no longer alone. Yes, and here you see...." She was about to go on reading, when again the lackey appeared. "From Borozdin? Say to-morrow, at two o'clock.... Yes," she said, with a sigh, marking the place in the book with her finger, and looking up with her pensive, loving eyes. "This is the way true faith is acquired. Are you acquainted with Marie Sanina? You have heard of her great affliction? She lost her only son. She was in despair. Well, how is it now? She found this friend. She thanks God for the death of her child. Such is the happiness faith can give!"

"Ah, yes; this is very...." murmured Stepan Arkadyevitch, glad to be able to keep silent during this reading, and to think over his affairs a little. "I shall do better not to ask anything to-day," thought he; "only how can I get out of this without compromising myself?"

"This will be dull for you," said the countess to Landau. "You don't understand English; but this is short."

"Oh! I shall understand," said he, with a smile; and he shut his eyes.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch and the countess significantly looked at one another, and the reading began.

CHAPTER XXII

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH felt perfectly bewildered by these strange and to him unwonted discourses to which he had been listening. After the stagnation of Moscow, the complication of life in Petersburg as a general thing had an enlivening effect on him; but he liked it and was at home in it when he was among those whom he knew well. In this unfamiliar environment, he was bewildered and stupefied, and could not make anything out of it.

As he listened to the reading, and saw the brilliant eyes of Landau — naïve or knavish, he could not tell which — fixed on him, he felt a peculiar heaviness in his head. The most heterogeneous thoughts went whirling through his brain.

“Marie Sanina is happy in having lost her son. It would be good if I could only smoke! To be saved, one needs only to believe. The monks do not understand about this, but the Countess Lidia Ivanovna does. What makes my head feel so heavy? Is it the brandy, or the strangeness of all this? I have done nothing out of the way as yet; but I shan't venture to ask anything to-day. It is said they make you say your prayers. Suppose they should make me say mine! That would be too nonsensical. What stuff that is she is reading! But she reads well. Landau Bezzubof why is he Bezzubof?”

Suddenly Stepan Arkadyevitch felt that his lower jaw was irresistibly beginning to accomplish a yawn. He smoothed his whiskers to conceal the yawn, and shook himself; but the next moment he felt sure that he was asleep, and even beginning to snore. The voice of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna waked him, saying:—

“He's asleep.

Stepan Arkadyevitch waked with a start, feeling a consciousness of guilt. But instantly he was relieved to find that the words, “He's asleep,” had reference, not to himself, but to Landau. The Frenchman was as sound asleep as Stepan Arkadyevitch had been. But

Stepan Arkadyevitch's nap would have offended them, — he did not think of this at the time, so strange did everything seem, — but Landau's rejoiced them exceedingly, and especially the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"*Mon ami,*" said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, cautiously, so as not to disturb him; and, picking up the folds of her silk gown, in the enthusiasm of the moment, calling Karenin, not Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, but, "*Mon ami, donnez lui la main! vous voyez? Sh-h!*" said she to the lackey, who once more entered the parlor with a message. "I can't receive it now."

The Frenchman slept, or pretended to sleep, leaning his head on the back of his arm-chair, and resting his hand on his knee, but making feeble gestures, as if he were trying to catch something.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch got up, and cautiously, though he tripped over a table as he did so, stepped over to the chair, and put his hand into the Frenchman's hand. Stepan Arkadyevitch also got up, and opening his eyes wide, and trying to decide whether he were asleep or not, looked from one to the other, and felt his ideas growing more and more confused.

"*Que la personne qui est arrivée la dernière, celle qui demande, qu'elle sorte. Qu'elle sorte,*"¹ murmured the Frenchman, without opening his eyes.

"*Vous m'excuserez, mais vous voyez — revenez vers dix heures, encore mieux demain.*"²

"*Qu'elle sorte,*" repeated the Frenchman, impatiently.

"*C'est moi, n'est ce pas?*" asked Oblonsky, and at an affirmative sign, forgetting what he was going to ask Lidia Ivanovna, forgetting his sister's affairs, with one single desire to escape as soon as possible, hastened out on his tiptoes and rushed down into the street, as if he were fleeing from a pest-house, and for a long time talked and jested with his driver, so as to bring back his spirits.

¹ The person who came in last the one who is questioning let him go away.

² You will excuse me, but you understand come back at ten o'clock, or, still better, to-morrow.

At the French Theater, which he reached in time for the last act, and afterward over his champagne at the the Tartars', Stepan Arkadyevitch gradually began to breathe more freely in the familiar atmosphere. Nevertheless, all that evening he was very far from being himself.

When he returned to the house of Piotr Oblonsky, where he made his home in Petersburg, he found a note from Betsy. She wrote him that she was very desirous of finishing their talk, and urged him to call the next day. He had hardly finished reading this note and making up a face at it, when heavy shuffling steps were heard down-stairs as of men lifting some heavy object.

Stepan Arkadyevitch went out to see what it was. It was the rejuvenated Piotr Oblonsky, who was so tipsy that he could not walk up-stairs; but when he caught sight of Stepan Arkadyevitch, he ordered his attendants to put him on his feet, and, clinging to Stepan Arkadyevitch's arm, he managed to reach his room, where he began to relate how he had spent the evening, till he fell asleep.

Stepan Arkadyevitch himself was in such a weak state of mind, that, contrary to his custom, he did not fall asleep quickly. What he had heard and seen during the day was disgusting. But more disgusting than anything else was the recollection of the evening at the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's.

The next day he received from Aleksei Aleksandro-vitch a flat refusal in the matter of the divorce, and knew that this decision was based on the words which the Frenchman had uttered during his slumber, real or feigned.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN order that anything may be accomplished in family life, it is requisite that between the husband and wife there should be either absolute discord or loving harmony. But when the relations between the two are uncertain, and there is neither the one nor the other, nothing can be accomplished.

Many families remain for years in places of which the husband and wife both are tired and disgusted, simply because there is neither full discord nor full concord.

Unendurable to Vronsky and Anna was their life in Moscow, in the heat and dust, when the sun shone, not now with its springtime beauty, but with summer fervor, and all the trees along the boulevards had been long in leaf, and the leaves were already thick with dust. Though they had long before decided to remove to Vozdvizhen-skoye, still they continued to live in Moscow, which was detestable to them both, and the reason for this was that of late there had been no harmony between them.

The exasperation which tended to keep them apart had no tangible cause, and all attempts at an explanation, instead of closing the chasm, only widened it. It was an internal irritation which, as far as she was concerned, had for its source the diminution of his love for her, and on his part his annoyance because, thanks to her, he found himself placed in an embarrassing position, which she, instead of trying to relieve, made still more difficult. Neither he nor she formulated any definite complaints, but each considered the other in the wrong, and at every opportunity tried to make this evident.

She considered that he, with all his habits, ideas, desires, with all his spiritual and physical tendencies, had one distinguishing quality, — the power of loving women; and this love, she felt, ought by good rights to be wholly concentrated on her. This love had diminished; consequently, in her opinion, a part of this love must necessarily be transferred to others or to some other woman, and — she was jealous. She was jealous, not of any definite woman, but of his diminished love for her.

Having as yet no definite object for her jealousy to rest on, she was on the watch for one. On the slightest pretext she would transfer her jealousy from one person to another. Sometimes she suspected him of low amours, which he might enter into as an unmarried man about town; sometimes she distrusted ladies whom he might meet in society; then again, with the imaginary young lady whom he would be likely to marry in case he broke

with her. This form of jealousy especially tormented her, for the reason that he himself had carelessly, in a moment of confidence one day, spoken of his mother's lack of tact in having ventured to propose to him to marry the young Princess Sorokin.

And being thus jealous, Anna felt indignant with him and kept finding reasons for her indignation. For all the painfulness of her position she blamed him. She considered him responsible for her painful state of expectancy which she was enduring in Moscow, as it were suspended between heaven and earth, for the uncertainty in which she lived, for Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's delay and indecision, and for her loneliness. If he loved her, he would understand the difficulty of her position, and save her from it. He was to blame because she was living in Moscow and not in the country. He could not live in the country, as she wanted to do. He wanted society, and so condemned her to this horrible position, the trials of which he could not comprehend. And, again, he was responsible for depriving her forever of her son. Even those rare moments of tenderness which they occasionally enjoyed did not appease her; she now detected in his tenderness a shade of calmness, of assurance, which he had never before shown, and which exasperated her.

It was getting dark. Vronsky was at a gentlemen's dinner; and Anna, while waiting for him, had taken refuge in his library, where the noise of the street was less oppressive than in the rest of the house. She walked up and down, going over in memory their last altercation.

As she recalled in memory the insulting words that had been spoken, and tried to think what had led to it, she at last remembered how the quarrel had begun. For some time she found it impossible to believe that any dissension could have arisen from such an inoffensive conversation, from a subject which was so unimportant to any one. But such was the fact. It all began from his having made sport of women's gymnasia, declaring them unnecessary, and she had taken up the cudgels in

their defense. He had disrespectfully attacked the education of women in general, and had said that Hannah, Anna's English *protégée*, had not the slightest need of knowing anything about physics.

That had irritated Anna. She saw in it a derogatory reference to her own occupations, and she conjured up and uttered a phrase which was meant to repay him for the pain he inflicted on her.

"I did not expect that you would comprehend me and my feelings as a man who really loved would, but I expected at least some delicacy," said she.

And in reality he had reddened with vexation and made some unpleasant remark. She did not remember what retort she then made, but, whatever it was, he had said with the manifest intention of hurting her feelings:—

"I confess your devotion to that girl does not interest me, because I can see in it nothing but an affectation."

This cruelty of his, with which he demolished the fabric which she had with such labor erected so as to endure the trials of her life, this injustice of his in accusing her of pretense and affectation, drove her frantic.

"It is very unfortunate that only what is low and material is comprehensible to you," she had retorted, and she left the room.

When, in the evening, he came to see her, the discussion was not resumed, but they both felt that it was not forgotten.

All this day he had not been at home; and she was so lonely and wretched, as she thought of their quarrels, that she resolved to forget everything, to ask his forgiveness, and to take the blame on herself, so as to bring about a reconciliation at any cost.

"I am to blame; I am irritable; I am absurdly jealous. I will make it up with him, and we will leave for the country, and there I shall be calmer," she thought.

"Affectation!"—*nenaturalno*. She suddenly remembered the word which had so affronted her, above all in his intention of causing her pain by it.

"I know what he meant. He meant by affected that I did not love my daughter, but loved another's child. What does he know of the love a child can inspire? Has he the least idea what I sacrificed for him in giving up Serozha? But this desire to wound me! No, he loves another woman; it must be so."

And seeing that, even while she wanted to calm herself she was once more going over the circle she had so many times traversed, and was once more returning to the same state of irritation, she was horror-struck.

"Is it wholly out of the question? Can I not attach him to myself?" she queried, and then she began at the beginning again. "He is true, he is honorable, he loves me. I love him; in a day or two dissension will be ended. What is necessary? Calmness, gentleness, and I shall bring him back to me. Yes; now, when he comes, I will tell him that I was to blame.... although I was not to blame; ... and we will go off."

And, in order not to think any more, and not to give way to her irritation, she gave orders to bring down her trunks, to begin preparations for departure.

At ten o'clock Vronsky came in.

CHAPTER XXIV

"WELL, did you have a gay time?" asked Anna, going to meet him with an apologetic and affectionate look on her face.

"As such things usually are," answered he, noticing at once by her face that she was in one of her best moods. He was already accustomed to such metamorphoses, and this time he was particularly glad, because he himself was in his happiest frame of mind. "What do I see? This is good," he added, pointing to the trunks in the entry.

"Yes, we must go. I went out to walk to-day, and it was so good that I longed to get back to the country. There's nothing to keep you here, is there?"

"I should like nothing better. I will be back immediately, and we will talk it over; all I want is to change my coat. Have the tea brought."

There was something irritating in the tone in which he said, "This is good," as one speaks to a child which has ceased to be capricious, and still more irritating was the discrepancy between her apologetic and his self-confident tone, and for a moment she felt rising within her the desire to be pugnacious. But making an effort to restrain herself, she relinquished it, and met Vronsky as gayly as before.

When he came in, she told him calmly the incidents of the day, and her plans for departure, using in part the very words she had thought over.

"Do you know, it came over me like an inspiration," said she, — "why wait here for the divorce? Will it not be all the same when we are in the country? I cannot wait longer. I want to stop hoping about the divorce. I don't want to hear anything more about it. I think it won't have any more effect on my life. Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, yes!" said he, looking with disquietude at Anna's excited face.

"Come, tell me what you did; who were there?" said she, after a moment's silence.

Vronsky named over the guests.

"The dinner was excellent. And we had a boat-race, and it was all very jolly. But in Moscow nothing can be done *sans ridicule*. Some woman, the swimming-teacher of the queen of Sweden, gave us an exhibition of her art."

"What! Did she swim for you?" demanded Anna, frowning.

"Yes, in an ugly red *costume de natation*. She was old and hideous. What day do we go?"

"What an inane idea! Was there anything extraordinary about her method of swimming?" asked Anna, not replying to his question.

"Not at all. I tell you it was horribly stupid. When have you decided to go?"

Anna tossed her head as if to get rid of a disagreeable thought.

"When shall we go? The sooner the better. To-morrow we can't, but the day after."

"Yes.... no.... wait! Day after to-morrow is Monday. I shall have to go to *maman*," said Vronsky, somewhat confused; because, as he mentioned his mother's name, he saw Anna's eyes fixed with a look of suspicion on him, and his confusion increased her distrust. She forgot the queen of Sweden's swimming-teacher in her alarm about the Princess Sorokin, who was living at a country seat in the suburbs of Moscow with the old countess.

"Can't you go there to-morrow?"

"Why, no! That's impossible. There is some business that I must attend to, — a power of attorney; and the money will not be ready to-morrow."

"If that is so, we won't go at all."

"But why not?"

"I won't go if it is put off later. Sunday or never!"

"Why so?" cried Vronsky, in astonishment. "There's no sense in that."

"It has no sense for you, because you never take me into account at all. You can't understand my life. The only thing that interests me here is Hannah. You say that it is hypocrisy. You said last evening that I did not love my daughter, but that I pretended to love this English girl, that this was affectation. I should like to know what can be natural in the life I lead here?"

For an instant she came to herself, and was frightened because she had broken her vow. But, though she knew that she was dashing to destruction, she could not resist the temptation of proving to him that he was in the wrong, she could not help heaping insults on him.

"I never said that: I said that I did not sympathize with this sudden tenderness for her."

"Why do you, who boast of being straightforward, tell me a lie?"

"I never boast, and I never tell lies," said he, re-

pressing the anger which was rising within him; "and I am very sorry if you do not respect...."

"Respect! That was invented to cover up the lack of love. If you don't love me any more, it would be better and more honorable to say so."

"No! this is becoming intolerable," cried the count, suddenly leaping from his chair; and, standing in front of her, speaking in measured tones: "Anna," he asked, "why do you try my patience so?" and she could see how he was holding back the bitter words that were ready to escape him. "It has its limits."

"What do you mean by that?" she cried, looking with terror at the unconcealed expression of hate on his whole face, and especially in his fierce, cruel eyes.

"I mean...." he began. Then he stopped. "I have a right to demand what you wish of me."

"What can I wish? I can only wish that you do not abandon me, as you are thinking of doing," she said, comprehending all that he left unsaid. "Everything else is secondary. I wish to be loved; but love is gone. All is over."

She turned toward the door.

"Stop! sto-op!" said Vronsky, still darkly frowning, but holding her by the arm. "What is the trouble? I said that it is necessary to postpone our starting for three days, and you answer by saying that I lie and am dishonorable."

"Yes; and I repeat it that a man who throws it into my face that he has sacrificed everything for me," said she, alluding to a former quarrel, "is worse than dishonorable: he is heartless."

"That settles it; my patience is at an end," cried Vronsky, quickly dropping her hand.

"He hates me; that is certain," she thought, as she went from the room in silence with tottering steps. "He loves some other woman; that is more certain still," she said to herself, as she reached her room. "I wish to be loved, but love is gone. All is over." She repeated the words that she had said, — "I must put an end to it."

"But how?" she asked herself, sinking into a chair before her mirror.

The most heterogeneous thoughts crowded upon her. Where should she go? To her aunt, who had brought her up? To Dolly? or simply go abroad alone by herself? What was he doing alone in his study? Would the rupture be final, or was there a possibility of reconciliation? How would Alekser Aleksandrovitch look upon it? and what would her former acquaintances in Petersburg say? Many other ideas of what would happen came into her mind, but she could not take any satisfactory account of them. A vague idea came into her mind, and awakened some interest, but she could not express it. Thinking once more of Alekser Aleksandrovitch, she recalled a phrase which she had used after her illness, and the feeling that clung to her, — "Why did n't I die?" and immediately the words awoke the feeling which they had at that time expressed. Yes, that was the idea which alone settled everything.

"Death, yes, that is the only way of escape. My terrible shame, and the dishonor which I have brought on Alekser Aleksandrovitch and Serozha, all will be wiped away by my death. If I die, he will repent for me then; he will be sorry, he will love me, he will suffer for me."

A smile of pity for herself came over her face as she kept mechanically taking off and putting on the rings of her left hand, and with vivid imagination she pictured how he would feel after she was dead.

Approaching steps—his steps—caught her ears. She affected to be busily engaged in taking off her rings, and did not turn her head.

He came to her, and, taking her hand, said tenderly: "Anna, we will go day after to-morrow if you wish. I am ready for anything. Well?" said he, waiting.

She did not speak.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"You yourself know," said she; and then, unable to control herself longer, she burst into tears. "Leave me, leave me," she murmured through her sobs. "I

am going away to-morrow. I will do more. What am I? A lost woman, a millstone about your neck. I don't want to torment you. I will set you free. You do not love me; you love another."

Vronsky begged her to be calm. He swore there was not the slightest ground for her jealousy, and that he had never ceased and never should cease to love her; that he loved her more than ever.

"Anna, why torture yourself and me so?" he asked, as he kissed her hand. His face expressed the deepest tenderness; and it seemed to her that her ears caught the sound of tears in his voice, and that she felt their moisture on her hand.

Passing suddenly from jealousy to the most passionate tenderness, she covered his head, his neck, his hands, with kisses.

CHAPTER XXV

FEELING that their reconciliation was complete, Anna the next morning eagerly made her preparations for departure. Although it was not yet definitely decided whether they should start on Monday or Tuesday, since both days had certain contingencies, Anna was busily making her preparations for the journey, feeling now perfectly indifferent whether they went a little sooner or a little later. She was engaged in her room taking various articles from an open trunk, when Vronsky, already dressed, came to her earlier than usual.

"I am going now to *maman*. Perhaps she can get me the money through Yegerof, and then I shall be ready to go to-morrow," he said.

She was feeling particularly cheerful, but his reference to his visit to his mother's datcha was like a stitch in the side.

"No; I shall not be ready myself;" and immediately she thought, "So then it *was* possible to arrange it so as to do as I wished." — "No; do just as you intended to. And now go to the dining-room, and I will join you as

soon as I have taken out these unnecessary things," she added, giving something more to Annushka, whose arms were already laden with a heap of articles.

Vronsky was eating his beefsteak when she entered the dining-room.

"You can't realize how odious these apartments have become to me," she said, as she sat down by him. "Nothing is more detestable than these *chambres garnies*. There is no individuality in them, no soul. The clock, the curtains, and especially the wall-papers — they are a *cauchemar*. I think of Vozdvizhenskoye as of the promised land. Shall you not send on the horses in advance?"

"No, they will follow us. But were you going anywhere?"

"I wanted to go to the Wilsons'; I must get a gown. So it is decided that we go to-morrow, is it?" she added, in a joyous tone. But suddenly her face changed. Vronsky's valet came in, and asked him to sign a receipt for a despatch from Petersburg. Still there was nothing remarkable in Vronsky's receiving a telegram, but he acted as if he wanted to conceal something from her; and, saying that he would sign it in his library, he turned to her:—

"To-morrow without fail I shall have finished everything."

"From whom is the despatch?" she asked, not hearing him.

"From Stiva," answered the count, reluctantly.

"Why did n't you show it to me? What secret can there be between Stiva and me?"

Vronsky called the valet back, and ordered him to bring in the telegram.

"I did not care to show it because Stiva has a passion for telegraphing. Why need he send me a despatch to tell me that nothing was decided?"

"About the divorce?"

"Yes. He maintains that he cannot get a definite answer. Here, see for yourself."

Anna took the despatch with a trembling hand. It read as Vronsky had told her. At the end it said:—

"Little hope; but I shall do everything possible and impossible."

"I told you yesterday that it was absolutely immaterial to me when I received the divorce, or whether I get it at all," said she, flushing, "so it is perfectly useless to hide anything from me. In the same way, he can hide from me his correspondence with women," thought she.

"Yashvin wanted to come this morning with Vortof," said Vronsky. "It seems that he has been gambling again, and has won from Pyebtsof all he has and more than he can pay about sixty thousand rubles."

"No," said she, vexed because by this change in the conversation he so evidently insinuated that she was vexed. "Why do you think that this news interests me so much that you must hide it from me? I told you that I did not want to think about it, and I should wish that you had as little interest in it as I."

"It interests me because I like clearness."

"Clearness! But in love, not in mere outside show," she said, getting more and more angry, not at his words, but at the tone of cool calmness in which he spoke. "Why do you want a divorce?"

"Bozhe moi! Always 'love,'" thought Vronsky, frowning. "You know very well why; it is for your sake and for the children we may have."

"There will not be any more children."

"I am sorry for that."

"You feel the need of it, because of the children; but don't you have some thought of me?" said she, forgetting that he had just said "for your sake and the children's."

The question of the possibility of having children had been long vexatious and trying to her. She took his desire to have children as a proof of indifference toward her beauty.

"Akh! I said *for your sake* more than all for your sake; for I am convinced that your irritability comes largely from the uncertainty of your position," he answered, scowling with annoyance.

"Yes, now he has ceased to pretend, and all his cold

hatred of me is plain to be seen," she said to herself, not hearing his words, but gazing with horror at a cold and cruel judge who looked out of his eyes, and mocked her.

"That is not the cause," said she; "and I do not understand how my irritability, as you call it, can be caused by the fact that I have come absolutely into your power. How is my position indefinite? It seems to me the contrary."

"I am sorry that you are not willing to understand," he replied, obstinately determined to express his thought. "Its uncertainty comes from this, — that you think that I am free."

"Oh! as far as that goes, you can be perfectly easy," she said, turning from him, and beginning to drink her coffee. She took the cup, raising her little finger, and put it to her lips; and as she drank she looked at him, and by the expression of his face saw clearly that her motions and the sounds that she made in swallowing were repulsive to him.

"It is absolutely indifferent to me what your mother thinks, and how she intends to marry you off," said she, putting down the cup with trembling hand.

"We will not talk of that."

"Yes, we will too; and I assure you that a heartless woman, whether young or old, — your mother or anybody else, — does not interest me; and I don't want to know her."

"Anna, I beg you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother."

"A woman who has no conception of what the honor and happiness of her son consist in, has no heart."

"I repeat my request that you will not speak disrespectfully of my mother, whom I respect," reiterated the count, raising his voice, and looking severely at Anna.

She did not reply, but looked attentively at his face and his hands, and recalled with all its details the scene of the evening before, and his passionate caresses. "Just such caresses he has lavished, and will still continue to lavish, on other women," she thought.

"You don't love your mother. Those are simple words, words, words!" she said, looking at him with eyes full of hatred.

"If that is the case, it is necessary"

"It is necessary to decide; and I have decided," said she, and was preparing to leave the room, when the door opened, and Yashvin entered.

She stopped immediately, and bade him good-morning.

Why, when her soul was full of bitterness; when she felt that she was at the turning-point of her life, which might take a terrible direction, — why, at this moment, she had to dissimulate before a stranger, who sooner or later would know all, she could not tell; but, calming the inner tumult of her feelings, she sat down again, and began to talk with the guest.

"Well, how are your affairs? Have they paid you your debt?" she asked.

"No; not yet. Probably I shall not get it all. And I've got to leave Wednesday," said Yashvin, awkwardly, glancing at Vronsky, and evidently suspecting that a quarrel was in progress. "When do you leave?"

"Day after to-morrow, I think," said Vronsky.

"You have taken long to make up your minds."

"But now it is all decided," said Anna, looking straight into Vronsky's eyes with a look that told him how impossible it was to think of reconciliation.

"Did n't you feel sorry for that unlucky Pyebtsof?" asked Anna, addressing Yashvin.

"I have never asked myself whether I pitied a man or not, Anna Arkadyevna. My whole fortune is here," said he, pointing to his pocket. "Now I am a rich man, but I may come out of the club this evening a beggar. Whoever plays with me would gladly leave me without a shirt, and I him. Well! We engage in war, and that makes the fun."

"Well, but if you were married, how would it be for your wife?"

Yashvin laughed.

"But I am not married, and I don't expect to marry."

"But how about Helsingfors?" suggested Vronsky,

joining in the conversation, and looking at Anna's smiling face. But as she met his glance her face suddenly assumed a set and cold expression, as much as to say to him: "I have not forgotten. It's still the same."

"And have n't you ever been in love?" she asked of Yashvin.

"Oh, Lord! plenty of times. Only remember, one may sit down to cards, but must be able to get up when the time comes for a *rendezvous*; but I interest myself in love-affairs in such a way that I need not be late to play my hand in the evening. And so I always arrange matters."

"You misunderstand; I did not ask about that, but about actual...." She wanted to say *Helsingfors*, but she did not like to use a word which Vronsky had just spoken.

Votof came at this moment to see about a horse which he had bought; Anna got up and left the room.

Before he left the house, Vronsky went to her room. She pretended to look for something on the table, but then, being ashamed of this dissimulation, she looked him straight in the face. She asked him coolly in French, "What do you want?"

"The certificate for Gambetta; I have sold him," answered Vronsky, in a tone which said louder than words, "I have not time for explanations, nor would they lead to anything."

"I'm not to blame," thought he; "if she wants to punish herself, *tant pis pour elle*."

However, as he left the room he thought she said something to him, and his heart was suddenly touched with compassion for her.

"What is it, Anna?" he asked.

"I said nothing," she answered coldly and calmly.

"Nothing! *tant pis*," he said again to himself. On his way out, as he passed a mirror, he caught sight in it of her pale face and trembling lips. He was tempted to go back and say some comforting words to her, but he was already too far on his way. He passed the

entire day outside the house; and when he came home the maid informed him that Anna Arkadyevna had a headache, and begged him not to disturb her.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEVER before had they let a day end with a quarrel unsettled. This was the first time. This was not a mere quarrel; it was evidently the avowal of permanent coldness. How was it possible for him to look at her as he had done when he came into her room after his document? how could he look at her, and see that her heart was full of despair, and then go out with a calm, indifferent face? He had not only grown cold to her, but he hated her, because he loved some other woman. This was clear. And, as she recalled all the cruel words which he had said to her, Anna began to imagine also the words which she was certain he would like to say to her and might say, and she grew more and more irritated.

"I will not keep you," she imagined him saying. "You may go wherever you please. As you don't care to be divorced from your husband, you probably intend to go back to him. If you want money, I will give it to you. How many rubles do you want?"

All these insulting words which the cruel man might say were said merely in her imagination, but she could not forgive him any more than if he had really said them.

"But did he not swear to me only yesterday that he loved me? Is he not a sincere and honest man?" she said to herself a moment afterward. "Have I not been in despair several times before, all for nothing?"

She passed the entire day, except two hours during which she made a visit to her *protégés*, the Wilsons, in alternate doubt and hope. Was all at an end? Was there any chance of a reconciliation? Should she leave him then and there, or should she wait and see him once again? She waited for him all day; and in the eve-

ning she went to her room, telling Annushka to say that she had a headache.

“If he comes in spite of that, it will show that he loves me still; if not, it is over, and I shall make up my mind what there is for me to do.”...

Late in the evening she heard his carriage-wheels on the pavement, his ring, and his steps, and his colloquy with the maid; he believed what he was told, he did not care to make any further inquiries, and he went to his room. Evidently all was at an end. And Death as the only means of establishing a love for her in his heart, of punishing him, and of winning the victory in the struggle which the evil spirit that had possession of her soul was waging with him, clearly, vividly, presented itself before her.

Now everything was a matter of indifference—whether they went to the country or not, whether she procured the divorce or not—it was unnecessary; the one essential thing was to punish him.

When she poured out her usual dose of opium, and it came over her that if she swallowed all that was in the vial she would die, it seemed so easy and simple that she felt a real joy in imagining how he would mourn, repent, and love her when it was too late. She lay on her bed with open eyes, and watched the dying candle-light on the molded cornice of the ceiling mingle with the shadow of the screen which divided the room; she vividly pictured to herself how he would think when she was no more, when she was only a memory. “How could I speak to her such cruel words?” he would say to himself. “How could I leave her without saying anything at all? and now she is no more; she has left us forever! She is there....”

Suddenly the shadow of the screen seemed to waver and cover the whole cornice, the whole ceiling; other shadows from the other sides joined in with it; for an instant they seemed to be running, then with new rapidity they trembled, melted together, and all became dark.

“Death!” thought she; and such a great terror seized upon her, that for a long time she did not know where

she was; and it was long before her trembling hands could find the matches, in order to light another candle in place of the one that had burned down and gone out.

"No, no! anything only to live! I love him, and he loves me; these dreadful days will go by!" she said to herself, feeling that tears of joy poured down her cheeks at her return to life. And to escape her terror she fled to Vronsky's library.

He was in his library, soundly sleeping. She went to him, and, holding the candle above his face, looked at him a long time. Now, as he slept, she felt such love for him, that at the sight of him she could not refrain from tears of tenderness; but she knew that, if he woke he would look at her with a cold, self-justifying look, and that before she spoke a word of her love she would not be able to resist the temptation of proving to him how wrong he was.

Without waking him she went back to her room; and, after a second dose of opium, she fell into a heavy sleep which lasted till morning, and all the time she was conscious of herself.

Toward morning she had the frightful nightmare which she had experienced several times even before her *liaison* with Vronsky. She saw a little old man, with unkempt beard, doing something, bending over a gourd, and muttering unintelligible French words; and, as always when she had this nightmare, and therein lay the horror of the dream, she felt that the little old man paid no heed to her, but did this horrible something in the gourd over her head. She awoke in a cold perspiration.

When she got up, the events of the day before seemed enveloped in mist.

"There was a quarrel. It has happened several times before. I said I had a headache, and he didn't come to see me. That is all. To-morrow we shall go away. I must see him, and get ready for our departure," she said to herself; and, knowing that he was in his library, she started to go to him.

But, in crossing the drawing-room, her attention was

arrested by the sound of a carriage stopping, and she looked out of the window and saw a carriage, from the window of which a young girl in a light hat was putting out her head, and giving orders to the footman, who was at the door-bell. After a colloquy in the vestibule, some one came up-stairs, and Anna heard Vronsky's steps in the room next the drawing-room. Then he ran swiftly down-stairs. Anna looked out again, and saw him go out to the door-steps bare-headed, and approach the carriage. The young girl in the lilac-colored hat handed him a package. Vronsky smiled as he spoke to her. The carriage drove away, and Vronsky came quickly up-stairs again.

The mist which enwrapped everything in Anna's soul suddenly cleared away. The feelings of the day before tore her anguished heart more cruelly than ever. She now could not understand how she could have so far debased herself as to stay a single day under his roof. She went to his library, to acquaint him with the resolution that she had taken.

"The Princess Sorokin and her daughter have brought me the money and papers from *maman*. I could not get them yesterday. How is your headache? better?" he said quietly, seeming not to notice the gloomy and solemn expression of Anna's face.

She did not reply; but, standing in the middle of the room, she looked fixedly at him. He glanced at her for an instant, his brows contracted, and he continued to read his letter. Without speaking, Anna turned slowly about, and left the room. He might yet detain her; but she had reached the door. He said not a word, the only sound heard was the rustling of the sheet of paper.

"Oh! by the way," he exclaimed, just as she was on the threshold, "do we really go to-morrow?"

"You, but not I," answered she, turning round on him.

"Anna, it is impossible to live in this way."

"You, not I," she repeated.

"It's becoming intolerable!"

"You you will be sorry for this," said she; and she went out.

Frightened at the despairing tone with which she spoke those last words, he sprang up and started to follow her; but, on reflection, he seated himself again, and, firmly clenching his teeth, he frowned. That unbecoming threat, as he termed it, irritated him. "I have tried every means," he said to himself: "the only thing left is to pay no attention;" and he made up his mind to go to the city and to his mother's again, to have her sign a deed.

Anna heard the sound of his steps in his library and the dining-room. He stopped at the drawing-room. But he did not come to her: he only gave some directions about sending the stallion to Voltof. Then she heard the calash drive to the entrance, a door opened and Vronsky went out. Then he came back into the vestibule again and some one ran up-stairs. It was his valet, who was sent to get a pair of forgotten gloves. She went to the window, and saw Vronsky take his gloves, then touch the coachman's back, and say some words to him; and then, without glancing at the window, he sat down as usual, in the carriage, crossing one leg over the other. And, putting on the gloves, he turned the corner, and disappeared from Anna's sight.

CHAPTER XXVII

"HE is gone. It's all over," said Anna to herself, as she stood at the window; and the impression of blackness which she had felt in the night at the dying candle and that of the nightmare blending in one, filled her heart with chill horror. "No, I cannot endure this," she cried, and, crossing the room, she rang the bell violently. She was so afraid to stay alone, that, without waiting, she went to meet the servant.

"Find out where the count has gone."

The man replied that he had gone to the stables. "He left word that the carriage would return immediately if you wished to go out."

"Very well. Wait, I am going to write a note, send Mikhail with it to the stables. Have him hurry."

She sat down and wrote :—

I am to blame. Come back. We must explain things. For Heaven's sake, come! I am frightened.

She sealed the note, and gave it to the servant; and, in her fear of being alone, she went to the nursery.

"Why, he is not the same as he was. Where are his blue eyes, and his pretty, timid smile?" was her first thought when she saw the plump and rosy little girl, with her dark curly hair, instead of Serozha, whom, in the confusion of her thoughts, she had expected to see.

The little girl was seated at the table, noisily tapping on it with a glass stopper. She looked unintelligently at her mother with two dark, currant-colored eyes. Answering the English nurse that she was well, and expected to go to the country the next day, Anna sat down beside the little girl, and began to spin the stopper from the carafe in front of her. The motion of the child's brows and her hearty laugh recalled Vronsky so vividly that Anna, choking down her sobs, rose suddenly, and hurried from the room.

"Is it possible that all is over? No, it cannot be," thought she. "He will return. But how can he explain that smile of his and his animation, after he spoke with *her*? But even if he does n't explain it, I shall believe him; if I do not believe, there is only one thing left, and that I do not want."

She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes had gone by.

"Now he must have received my note, and must come back in ten minutes. And what if he should n't come back? No, but that's impossible. He must not find me with red eyes; I'll go and bathe my face. There, there! Have I brushed my hair yet?" She could not remember. She put her hands to her head. "Yes, I brushed my hair, but I really don't remember when it was." She actually did not believe that her hands told her truly, and she went to the pier-glass to see. Her hair was properly arranged, but she could not remember anything about it.

"Who is this?" she asked herself, as she caught sight

of a glowing face and strangely brilliant eyes gazing at her from the mirror. "Yes, it is I." And she suddenly seemed to feel his kisses; and she shivered, and shrugged her shoulders. Then she put her hand to her lips, and kissed it. "It must be that I am going out of my mind;" and she fled to her room, which Annushka was putting in order.

"Annushka," she said, as she stood before the maid, not knowing what to say.

"Will you go to Darya Aleksandrovna's?" said the maid, as if reading her thoughts.

"To Darya Aleksandrovna's? Yes, I will go there. Fifteen minutes to go, fifteen to come back. He ought to be here." She looked at her watch. "Oh! how could he leave me in such a condition? How can he live, and not be at peace with me?" She went to the window, and looked out into the street; perhaps she had made a mistake in calculating, and she began over again to count the minutes since he left.

Just as she was about going to consult the great clock, so as to verify hers, a carriage stopped before the door. It was the count's calash, but no one came up-stairs, and she heard voices in the vestibule. It was the messenger, who came back in the calash. She hurried down to him.

"They were too late for the count. He had gone to the Nizhegorodsky railway station."

"What is the matter? what is it?" she asked, addressing the ruddy, jolly Mikhail, who handed her back the note. Oh, yes; he did not receive it, she remembered.

"Go with this note to the Countess Vronsky's in the country, you understand? and bring an answer back to me immediately!"

"But what shall I do?" she thought. "Yes, I will go to see Dolly, to be sure, or else I shall go out of my mind. Ah! I might telegraph!" And she wrote the following despatch:—

I absolutely must speak to you. Come back immediately.

Having sent the telegram, she went and dressed; and then, with her hat on, she again looked at the stout,

good-natured Annushka, whose little, gentle gray eyes were full of sympathy.

"Annushka, my dear, what am I to do?" murmured she, dropping into an arm-chair with a sob.

"You must n't excite yourself so, Anna Arkadyevna. Go out for a drive; that will divert you. These things will happen," said the maid.

"Yes, I am going out," said Anna, collecting her thoughts, and rising. "If a despatch comes while I am gone, send it to Darya Aleksandrovna's. Or no, I will come back — I must keep from thinking. I must do something, and go out, and, above all, get out of this house," thought she, listening, with alarm, to the wild beating of her heart. She hastened out and got into the calash.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked Piotr, just before he took his seat on the box.

"To Znamenko, to the Oblonskys'."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE weather was clear. A fine, thick rain had fallen all the morning, but now it had just cleared off. The roofs and flagstones and harnesses and the metal-work of the carriages glittered in the May sunshine. It was three o'clock, the liveliest time in the streets.

Sitting in the corner of the comfortable calash, which swung easily on its elastic springs as it rolled swiftly along, drawn by a pair of grays, Anna, soothed by the monotonous rumble of the wheels and the hurrying impressions that she received in the fresh, pure air, reviewed the events of the past few days, and her situation seemed entirely different from what it had been at home. Now, the idea of death did not frighten her so much, and death itself did not seem to her so inevitable. Now she blamed herself for the humiliation to which she had stooped.

"I begged him to forgive me. I bent before him. I accused myself. Why did I? Can't I live without him?"

And, leaving this question unanswered, she began to read the sign-boards mechanically.

"*Kontor i sklad. Zubnoi Vrach.*¹— Yes, I will tell Dolly all about it. She does not love Vronsky. It will be hard, shameful, but I will confess everything. She loves me. I will follow her advice. I will not allow him to treat me like a child. *Philoppof—Kalatchi*; they say they send those loaves as far as Petersburg. The water at Moscow is so good; ah! the wells of Muitishchensky!"

And she remembered how long, long ago, when she was seventeen, she had gone with her aunt to the monastery of Troitsa.²

"They traveled with horses in those days. Was it really I, with the red hands? How many things which seemed then beautiful and unattainable are worthless to me now! What I was then, is passed forever beyond recall! And ages could not bring me back. Would I have believed then that I could have fallen into such debasement? How proud and self-satisfied he will be when he reads my note! But I will tell him. How disagreeable this paint smells! Why are they always painting and building? *Modui i uborui. Fashionable Dressmaker,*" she read.

A man bowed to her; it was Annushka's husband.

"Our parasites, as Vronsky says. Ours? Why *ours*? Ah, if one could tear out the past by the roots! But that's impossible; one can only avoid thinking about it. And I do that."

And yet, here she recalled her past with Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, and how she had driven him out of her memory.

"Dolly will think that I am leaving the second husband, and that I am, therefore, really bad. Do I want to be good? I cannot." And she felt the tears com-

¹ Office and warehouse. Surgeon-Dentist.

² The *Troitskaia Lavra*, or Trinity Laura, near Moscow, founded by St. Sergius in the fourteenth century in the time of the Grand Prince Simeon; the richest and most famous institution of its kind in Russia. At one time it had 700 monks and 110,000 souls, or male serfs.

ing. And, seeing two happy young girls going by, she fell to wondering why they were smiling at each other. "Probably about love. They don't know how sad and wretched it is. The *boulevards* and the children! There are three little boys, playing horse. Serozha! my little Serozha. I shall lose all. I shall never have him again. Well, if he does not come back, all is indeed lost. Perhaps he missed the train, and has already reached home. Do I wish to humiliate myself still more?" she said, reproaching herself for her weakness. "No, I'm going to Dolly's. I shall say to her, 'I am unhappy, I am suffering; I deserve it; but I am so unhappy, help me!' Oh, these horses, this calash! how I hate to use them! they are his. I will never see them again!"

While thinking over what she should say to Dolly, and deliberately torturing her heart, she reached the house, and went up the steps.

"Is there any one here?" she asked, in the anteroom.

"Katerina Aleksandrovna Levina," answered the servant.

"Kitty, the same Kitty with whom Vronsky was once in love," thought Anna; "and he thinks of her with love, and is sorry that he did not marry her; and he thinks of me with hate, and is sorry that he ever met me."

When Anna arrived, the two sisters were talking over the subject of feeding babies. Dolly went alone to the drawing-room to receive the guest that had come to disturb their conversation.

"You have n't gone away yet? I was just going to your house," said Dolly. "I have a letter from Stiva to-day."

"We had a despatch," answered Anna, glancing round to see if Kitty was coming.

"He writes that he does not understand what Aleksei Aleksandrovitch requires, but that he will not come away till he has a definite answer."

"I thought you had company. May I read the letter?"

"Yes, Kitty," said Dolly, confused; "she is in the nursery. You know she has been very ill."

"I heard so. May I read the letter?"

"Certainly; I'll go and get it. Aleksei Aleksandro-vitch does not refuse; on the contrary, Stiva is quite hopeful," said Dolly, stopping at the door.

"I neither hope nor want anything," said Anna.

"Does Kitty think it humiliating to meet me?" thought Anna, when she was left alone. "Perhaps she is right; but she who once loved Vronsky has no right to thrust it in my face, even if she is right. I know that a virtuous woman cannot receive me in my present position. I have given up everything for him, and this is my reward! Ah, how I hate him! Why did I come here? I am more wretched here than at home."

She heard the voices of the two sisters in an adjoining room.

"And what am I to say to Dolly? Delight Kitty with the spectacle of my misery? Submit to her condescension? Never! Even Dolly would n't understand. I will not say anything to her. All I should want to see Kitty for would be to show her that I am indifferent, — that I scorn every one and everything."

Dolly came in with the letter; Anna silently looked it through, and returned it.

"I knew all that," said she; "but it does n't interest me at all."

"Now, why not? I have good hopes," said Dolly, looking critically at Anna. She had never seen her in such a strange state of irritation. "When do you go away?"

Anna half closed her eyes, and looked before her without answering.

"Is Kitty afraid of me?" she asked, after a moment, glancing toward the door, with heightened color.

"Akh, what nonsense! But she is nursing the baby it does not go very well yet. I have been giving her some advice she will be delighted, and is coming directly," answered Dolly, awkwardly, not knowing how to tell a fib. "Oh, there she is now."

When Kitty heard that Anna was there, she had not wished to appear; but Dolly had persuaded her. Controlling her repugnance, she went to the parlor, and, blushing as she approached Anna, she held out her hand.

"I am very glad," said she, in a trembling voice.

Kitty was confused by the struggle between her dislike of this wicked woman and her desire to be polite to her; but, as soon as she saw Anna's beautiful, attractive face, all her unfriendliness vanished.

"I should not have been surprised if you had refused to see me; I am used to everything," said Anna. "You have been very ill; yes, you have changed."

Kitty felt that Anna looked at her with dislike, and she attributed her unfriendliness to the awkward position in which she stood in regard to herself, having once been her especial favorite. Her heart was filled with compassion.

They talked of Kitty's illness, about her baby, and of Stiva; but evidently nothing interested Anna.

"I came to bid you good-by," she said to Dolly, as she rose.

"When do you go?"

But, without answering her, Anna turned to Kitty.

"Well, I am very glad to have seen you again," said she, with a smile. "I've heard so much about you from every one, and especially from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him very much," she added, with a wicked emphasis. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to the country," answered Kitty, blushing.

"Give my love to him; now don't forget!"

"I will do it, certainly," said Kitty, simply, with a compassionate look.

"So, *prashchai*, Dolly, good-by," said Anna, kissing her; and, shaking hands with Kitty, she hastened away.

"She is as fascinating as ever," remarked Kitty, to her sister, when Dolly rejoined Kitty. "And how beautiful she is! But there is something very painful about her terribly painful."

"She does n't seem to be in her usual state to-day. I thought she came near bursting into tears, when I accompanied her into the anteroom."

CHAPTER XXIX

ANNA took her seat in her carriage in an even unhappier state of mind than she had been when she left her house. In addition to her former sufferings, she now felt the humiliation and sense of moral degeneracy which her meeting with Kitty had clearly made evident.

"Where would you wish to go now? Home?" asked Piotr.

"Yes, home," she replied, now not thinking at all where she was going.

"They looked on me as some strange, incomprehensible curiosity. — What can that man be saying so eagerly to the other?" thought she, seeing two passers-by talking together. "Is it possible to say what one really feels? I wanted to confess to Dolly, and I am glad that I kept still. How she would have rejoiced at my unhappiness! She would have tried to hide it, but at heart she would have been glad; she would have thought it just that I should be punished for that happiness which she begrudged me. And Kitty would have been still more pleased. How I read her through and through! She knows her husband liked me uncommonly well, and she is jealous, and hates me; and, what's more, she despises me. In her eyes, I am an immoral woman. If I had been an immoral woman I might have made *him* fall in love with me, if I had wanted to! I confess I thought of it. — There goes a man who is delighted with his own looks," she said to herself, as a tall, florid man went by, and, mistaking her for an acquaintance, lifted his shiny hat from his shiny bald head, and instantly recognized his mistake.

"He thought he knew me! He knows me quite as well as any one in the world knows me. I don't know myself; I only know my *appetites*, as the French say. —

They covet some of that bad ice-cream," she said to herself, as she watched two little street children standing in front of a vender, who had just set down from his head his tub of ice-cream, and was wiping his face with a corner of his coat.

"We all want our sweet delicacies; if not sugar-plums, then bad ice-cream, just like Kitty, who, not catching Vronsky, took Levin. She envies me, she hates me; and we all hate one another, I Kitty, and Kitty me. That is a fact.—*Tiutkin coiffeur—Je me fais coiffer par Tiutkin....* I will tell him this nonsense when he comes," thought she, and smiled, and then instantly remembered that there was no one now to whom she could tell amusing things. "There is nothing amusing, nothing gay; it is all disgusting. The vesper-bell is ringing, and that storekeeper is crossing himself so quickly that one would think he was afraid of losing the chance.

"Why these churches, these bells, these lies? Just to hide the fact that we all hate one another, like those izvoshchiks who are swearing at each other so angrily. Yashvin was right when he said, 'He is after my shirt, and I am after his.' That is a fact."

She was so engrossed by these thoughts that she forgot her grief for a while, and was surprised when the carriage stopped in front of her house. The sight of the Swiss, coming to meet her, reminded her that she had sent a letter and a telegram.

"Is there an answer yet?"

"I will go and see," said the Swiss; and, looking on the secretary, he came back in a moment with a telegram in a thin, square envelop. Anna read:—

I cannot be back before ten o'clock. VRONSKY.

"And has the messenger come back?"

"Not yet," replied the Swiss.

"Ah! if that is so, then I know what I must do;" and, feeling a vague sense of anger and a desire for vengeance arising in her soul, she ran up-stairs.

"I myself will go and find him," thought she.

"Before I go away forever, I will tell him all. I never hated any one as I hate this man!"

And when she caught sight of Vronsky's hat hanging on the peg, she shivered with aversion. She did not reflect that the despatch was in answer to her telegram, and that he could not as yet have received her note. She imagined him now chatting gayly with his mother and the Princess Sorokin, without a thought of her suffering.

"Yes, I must go as quickly as possible," she said, not knowing at all whither she should go.

She felt that she must fly from the thoughts that oppressed her in this terrible house. The servants, the walls, the furniture, everything about it, filled her with disgust and pain, and crushed her with a terrible weight.

"Yes, I must go to the railroad station, and if not there, then somewhere else, to punish him."

She looked at the time-table in the newspaper. The evening train went at two minutes past eight.

"Yes, I shall have plenty of time."

She ordered the two other horses to be harnessed, and she had transferred from her trunk to her traveling-bag things enough to last for several days. She knew that she should never come back again. She revolved a thousand plans in her head, and determined that when she had done what she had in mind to do, either at the countess's country seat, or at the station, she would go to the first city on the Nizhni Novgorod Railway and stay there.

Dinner was on the table. She went to it, smelt the bread and cheese, and persuading herself that the odor of the victuals was repugnant to her, she ordered the carriage again, and went out. The house was already casting a shadow across the wide street; but the sky was clear, and it was warm in the sun. Anushka, who brought her things, and Piotr, who carried them to the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently angry, all were disagreeable to her, and vexed her with their words and motions.

"I do not need you, Piotr."

"Who will get your ticket?"

"Well, go if you wish; it makes no difference to me," she said pettishly.

Piotr nimbly mounted the box, and, folding his arms, ordered the coachman to drive to the station.

CHAPTER XXX

"Now I am myself again. Now I remember it all," said Anna to herself, as soon as the calash started, and, rocking a little, rattled along over the cobble-stones of the pavement; and once more her impressions began to go whirling through her mind.

"Yes, what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin, the *coiffeur*? Oh, no; not that. Oh, yes; what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence, and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No; we go at haphazard."

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merrymakers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure-trip.

"And the dog which you take with you does not help you at all. You can't get out of yourself." Glancing in the direction where Piotr was turning, she saw a working-man almost dead drunk, who, with a flopping head, was being led by a policeman. She added: "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And now for the first time Anna turned this bright light, all-revealing, upon her relations with the count; hitherto she had steadfastly refused to do so.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

She remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Everything seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"Yes; he cared for the triumph of success above

everything. Of course, he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said, yesterday, he wanted the divorce and to marry me so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still, — but how? The zest is gone," she said in English. — "That man likes to show off, and he is mighty proud of himself," she added, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse.

"There is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis; she saw this clearly, in that penetrating light which now revealed to her the meaning of life and of her false relations.

"My love has been growing more and more passionate and selfish; his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot get on together." She went on thinking. "There can't be any help for it. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move irresistibly apart. This cannot be altered. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous, — and I am; I confess that I am absurdly jealous, and yet I am not either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But" she opened her mouth to speak, and, in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could only be something else than a passionate mistress, but I cannot, and I do not wish to be; and by this very wish I awake his dislike of me, while he stirs up all my evil passions, and this cannot be otherwise.

"Don't I know that he would not deceive me, that he is no longer in love with Kitty, that he has no intention of marrying Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. If now that he no longer loves me, he is kind, affectionate to me, merely from a *sense of*

duty, but cannot be what I must have, that would be a thousand times worse than to have him angry with me. That would be—hell! And so it is. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, hate begins. — I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! in them, people, people, — no end of them! and they all hate one another!

“Well! let me think what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?”

And as she thought of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him with extraordinary vividness before her, as if alive, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints, and the intonations of his voice, and, as she recalled their relation to each other, which had been called *love*, she shuddered with aversion.

“Well! Suppose I got the divorce, and were married to Vronsky, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? She certainly would. Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least not so tormenting as they are now? No, and no!” she replied, without the least hesitation. “Impossible! We are growing apart; and I make him unhappy; he makes me unhappy, and I cannot change him; every means has been tried. The screw has been turned for the last time.

“Now, there's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate one another, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play! Serozha?”

It reminded her of her son.

“I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I have lived without him, I have given him up for my love, and was not sorry for the

change, as long as I was contented with him whom I loved."

And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness with which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her.

"Thus am I, and Piotr and the coachman, Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable.... and everywhere and always," she thought, as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railway, and the porters came hurrying out to meet her.

"Shall I book you for Obiralovka?" asked Piotr.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and, taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage. As she entered the waiting-room for the first-class passengers with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair in alternation irritated the wounds in her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan waiting for the train, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming, — they were all her enemies, — and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he — not thinking of her suffering — was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him.

The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And, above all, how frightfully her heart was beating!

CHAPTER XXXI

A BELL sounded, and some impudent young men, ugly and vulgar, and yet mindful of the impression they produced, hurried before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top-boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting-room, and came up to escort her to the carriage. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out on the platform; then one of them whispered to his neighbor some remark, which was apparently impudent. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which once had been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr, at the window, raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car-window. Anna looked at her with disgust. "Katerina Andreyevna has everything, *ma tante*," screamed the little girl.

"That child, even she is grotesque and makes grimaces," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty hunchback muzhik passed close to the window, and examined the car-wheels; he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of disheveled hair.

"There is something familiar about that humpbacked muzhik," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back, trembling with fright, toward the carriage-door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

"Do you want to get out?"

Anna did not answer; under her veil the conductor and the passengers did not see the horror in her face. She returned to her corner and sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious

glances at her gown. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking, — evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention.

Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities.

The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage, noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears so as not to hear it.

At last the third signal was given, the locomotive whistled, there was a sound of escaping steam, the train started, and the gentleman crossed himself.

"It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that," thought Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked past the woman's head, out of the car-window, at the people apparently moving backward even while they were standing and walking on the platform. The carriage in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other carriages. The wheels with a ringing sound moved more easily and smoothly over the rails; the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car-window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds in the carriages, and Anna forgot her neighbors, breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

"There! What was I thinking about? Oh, yes, I was just deciding that I could not imagine any situation in which my life could be anything but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness; we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when we see the truth, what is to be done?"

"Reason was given to man, that he might avoid what annoys him," remarked the woman, in French, appar-

ently delighted with her sentence, and putting out her tongue.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

"To avoid what annoys him," she repeated, and a glance at the red-faced man, and his thin companion, showed her that the woman looked on herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, and took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

"Yes, it annoys me very much, and reason was given to avoid it; therefore it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why do the young people in this carriage scream so loud? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation."

When the train reached the station, Anna went out with the other passengers, and, with the idea of avoiding too rude a contact with the bustling crowd, she hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do, now seemed to her difficult to execute, especially amid this noisy crowd, which would not leave her in peace. Now the porters came to her, to offer her their services; now some young men, clattering with their heels up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her curiously; now hurrying passengers pushed her aside.

Finally, remembering that she was proposing to go farther if there was no answer from Vronsky, she stopped an official, and asked him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

"Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. Princess Sorokin and her daughter met him. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?"

Even while she was talking with the official, the coach-

man Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch-chain, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission so well, came to her and handed her a note.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still even before she had read the carelessly written lines:—

I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o'clock.

"Yes, that is what I expected," she said to herself, with an angry grimace.

"Very good, you may go home," she said to Mikhaïl.

She spoke the words slowly and gently, because the tumultuous beating of her heart almost prevented her from breathing.

"No, I will not let you make me suffer so," thought she, addressing, with a threat, neither Vronsky nor her own self, so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform, past the station. Two chambermaids walking on the platform turned to look at her, and made audible remarks about her toilet. "She has genuine lace," they said. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again, joking and talking with loud voices. The station-master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling kvas did not take his eyes from her.

"*Boshe moi!* where shall I go?" she said to herself, as she walked farther and farther along the platform.

When she reached the end of it, she stopped. Some women and children, who had come to the station to meet a man in spectacles, were talking and laughing. They too stopped talking, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps, and reached the very limit of the platform. A freight-train was coming. The platform shook, and made her feel as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and

she knew then what was left for her to do. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the water-tank at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars, at the chains and the brake, and at the high iron wheels of the first car, and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal-dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the center; he will be punished, and I shall be delivered from it all and from myself."

She was going to throw herself under the first car as its center came opposite where she stood. Her little red traveling-bag caused her to lose the moment; she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul a whole series of memories of her youth and childhood; and suddenly the darkness which hid everything from her was torn asunder. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her. But she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the center, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and, with outstretched hands, threw herself on her knees under the car. For a second she was horror-struck at what she was doing.

"Where am I? What am I doing? Why?"

She tried to get up, to draw back; but something monstrous, inflexible, struck her head, and threw her on her back.

"Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the struggle to be in vain.

A little muzhik was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard.

And the candle by which she had read the book

that was filled with fears, with deceptions, with anguish, and with evil, flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness, then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

PART EIGHTH

CHAPTER I

ALMOST two months had passed by, half the hot summer was gone, but Sergyei Ivanovitch had only just made up his mind to leave Moscow. An important event for him had just occurred. The year before he had finished his book, entitled, "An Essay on the Principles and the Forms of Government in Europe and in Russia," the fruit of six years of labor. The introduction, as well as some fragments from the book, had already appeared in the reviews, and certain parts had been read by the author to the people of his circle, so that the ideas contained in this treatise could not be a perfect novelty for the public; but nevertheless Sergyei Ivanovitch expected that the book on its appearance would attract serious attention, and produce, if not a revolution in science, at least a powerful sensation in the learned world.

This book, after careful revision, had been published the year before, and distributed among the booksellers.

Though Sergyei Ivanovitch answered reluctantly and with pretended indifference the questions of his friends who asked how the book was going, and though he refrained from inquiring of the booksellers how it was selling, nevertheless he followed eagerly and with strained attention every sign of the impression which his book was producing on society and literature.

But a week passed, a second, a third, and there was not a sign of any impression. His friends, specialists and savants, evidently out of politeness, spoke to him about it; but the rest of his acquaintances, not being interested in a book of scientific purport, did not speak about it at all. Society, also, which just at that time

was preoccupied with entirely different matters, showed utter unconcern. In literary circles, also, during the lapse of a month, there was not a word about his book. Sergyei Ivanovitch carefully calculated the time necessary for preparing critical reviews, but months passed by and there also was absolute silence.

Only in the *Northern Beetle*, in a facetious *feuilleton* regarding the singer Drabanti, who had lost his voice, a few scornful words were said in regard to Koznuishef's book, showing that it had already been criticized by all, and was given over to universal ridicule. At length, after three months, a critical article appeared in a journal of importance. Sergyei Ivanovitch knew who the author was. He had met him once at Golubtsof's.

He was a very young and feeble critic, very clever as a writer, but perfectly uneducated, and cowardly in his private relations.

Notwithstanding Sergyei Ivanovitch's contempt of the author, he began to read the article with extraordinary interest. It proved to be abominable.

Evidently, the critic understood the whole book just exactly as he should not have understood it. But he had so cleverly put together a selection of extracts, that for those who had not read the book—and apparently almost no one had read it—it was perfectly clear that the entire book, in spite of its high pretensions, was nothing but a tissue of pompous phrases, and these not always intelligible, as the critic's frequent interrogation points testified, and that the author of the work was a perfect ignoramus; and it was done in such a witty way that Sergyei Ivanovitch himself could not deny the wit of it; but, after all, it was abominable.

Sergyei Ivanovitch, in spite of the unusual conscientiousness with which he examined into the justice of these remarks, did not for a moment think of answering the ridiculous errors and blunders; but he could not help instantly remembering all the least details of his meeting and conversation with the author of the article. "Did I say anything to affront him?" said Sergyei Ivanovitch.

And remembering how, when he met the young author of the article, he had shown up his ignorance in conversation, he, therefore, understood the animus of the criticism.

The appearance of this article was followed by a silence, unbroken by either voice or journal, and Sergyei Ivanovitch saw that his six years' labor, into which he had put so much of his heart and soul, had been wasted.

And his position was made all the more trying because, now that his book was off his hands, he had nothing especial to occupy the larger part of his time.

He was bright, well educated, in perfect health, and very active; and he did not know how to employ his industry. Conversations with callers, visits to the club, and the meetings of committees, where there was a chance for him to talk, took some of his time; but he, a man long wonted to life in the city, did not permit himself to talk with every one, as his inexperienced brother did when he was in Moscow; so that he had much leisure and a superfluity of intellectual energy.

To his joy, just at this time, which was so trying to him because of the failure of his book, and after his interest in dissenters, American subjects, the famine in Samara, expositions, spiritualism, was exhausted, the Slavic question began to engross public attention; and Sergyei Ivanovitch, who had been one of its earliest advocates, gave himself up to it with enthusiasm.

Among Sergyei Ivanovitch's friends nothing else was thought about or talked about except the Serbian war. All the things that lazy people are accustomed to do was done for the help of these brother Slavs. Balls, concerts, dinners, matches, ladies' finery, beer, drinking-saloons, — everything bore witness of sympathy for the Slavs.

With much that was said and written on this subject, Sergyei Ivanovitch could not agree. He saw that the Slav question was one of those fashionable movements that always carry people to extremes. He saw that many people with petty personal ends in view took

part in it. He recognized that the newspapers made many useless and exaggerated statements, in order to attract attention to themselves, and belittle their rivals. He saw that in this common impulse of society, upstarts put themselves forward, and outdid one another in making a noise,—commanders-in-chief without an army, ministers without a ministry, journalists without a journal, party-leaders without partizans. He saw much that was childish and absurd; but he also saw and admired the enthusiasm which united all classes, and which it was impossible not to share.

The massacre of the Serbians, who professed the same faith, and spoke almost the same language, aroused sympathy for their sufferings, and indignation against their persecutors; and the heroism of the Serbs and Montenegrins, who were fighting for a great cause, aroused a universal desire to help their brethren, not only in word, but in deed.

But there was another phenomenon which delighted Sergyei Ivanovitch especially. This was the manifestation of public opinion. Society actually spoke out its desires. "The national soul received expression," as Sergyei Ivanovitch expressed it; and the more he studied this movement as a whole, the more evidently it seemed to him that it was destined to grow to enormous proportions and to constitute an epoch.

He devoted himself to the service of this great cause, and forgot to think about his book.

All his time was now so occupied that he could scarcely reply to the letters and demands made upon him.

He had worked all the spring and a part of the summer, and only in the month of July could he tear himself away to go to his brother in the country.

He went for a fortnight's vacation, and rejoiced to find even in the depths of the country, in the very holy of holies of the peasantry, the same awakening of the national spirit in which he himself and all the inhabitants of the capital and the large cities of the empire firmly believed.

Katavasof seized the opportunity to fulfil a promise he had made to visit Levin, and the two friends left town together.

CHAPTER II

SERGEYĪ IVANOVITCH and Katavasof had just reached the station of the Kursk Railway, which was especially crowded that day, and, leaving their carriage, they were looking at a lackey who had followed them laden with various articles, when four cabs filled with volunteers also drove up. Ladies carrying bouquets met them, and accompanied by a crowd they entered the station.

One of the ladies who had come to meet the volunteers came out of the waiting-room and addressed Sergyer Ivanovitch.

"Did you also come to see them off?" she asked, speaking in French.

"No; I am going myself, princess, to have a little rest at my brother's. But are you still on escort duty?" he added, with a scarcely perceptible smile of amusement.

"I have to be," replied the princess. "But tell me, is it true that we have sent off eight hundred already? Malvinsky told me so."

"More than eight hundred. We've sent off more than a thousand, if we count those not immediately from Moscow," said Sergyer Ivanovitch.

"There, I said so!" cried the lady, delighted. "And is it true that the subscriptions amount to nearly a million?"

"More than that, princess."

"Have you read the news? They have beaten the Turks again."

"Yes, I read about it," replied Sergyer Ivanovitch. She referred to a recent despatch, which confirmed the report that three days before the Turks had been beaten at every point, and had fled, and that the next day a decisive battle was expected.

"Oh, by the way, do you know a splendid young

fellow is petitioning to go? I don't see why they put obstacles in his way. I wanted to ask you to put your signature on his petition. I know him. He comes from the Countess Lidia Ivanovna."

After asking some particulars in regard to the young man, Sergyey Ivanovitch went into the waiting-room, affixed his signature to the document, and handed it back to the princess.

"Do you know Count Vronsky, the famous, is going on this train?" said the princess, with a triumphant and significant smile, as he rejoined her and handed her the petition.

"I heard that he was going; but I did not know when. On this train?"

"I just saw him. He is here. His mother is the only one with him. All things considered, I do not think he could do anything better."

"Oh, yes! Of course."

During this conversation the crowd had rushed into the restaurant of the station, where a man with a glass in his hand was making an address to the volunteers:—

"For the service of our faith and humanity and our brethren," he said, raising his voice, "*Matushka Moskva* — Mother Moscow — gives you her blessing in this noble cause. May it prosper!" he concluded, with tears in his eyes. The crowd responded with cheers, and a fresh throng poured into the waiting-room, nearly overwhelming the princess.

"Ah, princess! What do you say to this?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, who, with a radiant smile of joy, suddenly appeared in the midst of the throng. "Did n't he speak gloriously? Bravo! And here's Sergyey Ivanovitch. You ought to speak just a few words, you know, of encouragement, you do it so well," added Oblonsky, touching Koznuishef's arm, with an expression of suave, flattering deference.

"Oh, no; I am leaving immediately."

"Where?"

"To the country — to my brother's," replied Sergyey Ivanovitch.

"Then you'll see my wife. I have written her, but you'll see her before she gets my letter. Please tell her that you met me, and everything is *all right*, she will understand; and be so good as to tell her, too, that I got my place as member of the Commission of Well, she knows what that is, you know, *les petites misères de la vie humaine*," said he, turning to the princess, as if in apology. "Miagkaïa, not Liza, but Bibiche, sends a thousand guns and twelve hospital nurses. Did I tell you?"

"Yes; I heard about it," answered Koznuishef, coldly.

"But what a pity you are going away," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "We give a farewell dinner to-morrow to two volunteers, — at Dimer's, — Bartnyansky of Petersburg, and our Veslovsky — Grisha. Both are going. Veslovsky is just married. He's a fine lad. Is n't it so, princess?" he added, addressing the lady.

The princess did not reply, but looked at Koznuishef. The fact that the princess and Sergyeï Ivanovitch evidently wanted to get rid of him did not in the least disconcert Stepan Arkadyevitch. Smiling, he glanced now at the princess's hat plume, now off to one side or the other as if searching for a new subject; and, as he saw a lady going by with a subscription-box, he beckoned to her, and handed her a five-ruble note.

"I can't bear to see these subscription-boxes pass by me, now that I have ready money," he said. "What splendid news there is! Hurrah for the Montenegrins!"

"What's that you say?" he cried, when the princess told him that Vronsky was going by the first train. For an instant Stepan Arkadyevitch's face grew sad, but the next moment, slightly limping with both feet, and stroking his side-whiskers, he went off to the room where Vronsky was. He had already entirely forgotten the tears he had shed over his sister's grave, and saw in Vronsky only a hero and an old friend.

"One must do him justice, in spite of his faults," said the princess to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, when Oblonsky was gone. "He has the true Russian, the Slavic, nature. But I am afraid it will be disagreeable to the count

to see him. Whatever people may say, I pity that unhappy man. Try to talk a little with him on the journey," said the princess.

"Certainly, if I have a chance."

"I never liked him, but what he is doing now makes up for much. He is not only going himself, but he's taking out a squadron of cavalry at his own expense."

"Yes, so I have heard."

The bell rang, and the crowd pressed toward the doors.

"There he is," said the princess, pointing out Vronsky, who was dressed in a long coat and a broad-brimmed black hat. His mother was leaning on his arm. Oblonsky followed them, talking vivaciously.

Vronsky was frowning, and looked straight ahead, as if not listening to what Stepan Arkadyevitch said.

Apparently at Oblonsky's suggestion, he looked in the direction where Sergyei Ivanovitch and the princess were standing, and raised his hat silently.

His face, which had grown old and worn, was like stone. Going out on the platform, Vronsky, silently quitting his mother's side, vanished from sight in his compartment.

On the platform, men were singing the national hymn.¹ Then hurrahs and *vivas* resounded. One of the volunteers, a tall, very young man, with stooping shoulders, ostentatiously responded to the public, waving above his head a felt hat and a bouquet; while behind him two officers, and an elderly man with a full beard and a greasy cap, put out their heads, also bowing.

CHAPTER III

AFTER Sergyei Ivanovitch had taken leave of the princess, he and Katavasof, who had joined him, entered their carriage, which was packed, and the train started.

When the train rolled into the station at Tsaritsino it was met by a chorus of young men singing the "Slav'sa." Again the volunteers put out their heads

¹ *Bzhe Tsara Khrani*, "God bless the Tsar."

and bowed, but Sergyer Ivanovitch paid no attention to them; he had had so much to do with volunteers that he already knew this general type, and it did not interest him. But Katavasof, who on account of his pedagogical occupations had not enjoyed any opportunity to observe the men who volunteered, was very much interested, and asked his friend about them.

Sergyer Ivanovitch advised him to look into their carriage and talk with some of them.

At the next station, Katavasof followed this advice. As soon as the train stopped, he went into the second-class carriage, and made the acquaintance of the volunteers.

Some of them were seated in a corner of the carriage, talking noisily, aware that they were attracting the attention of the other passengers and of Katavasof, whom they saw come in. The tall, sunken-chested young man was talking louder than the others. He was evidently tipsy, and was telling the story of something which had happened in their establishment.

Opposite him sat an old officer in the Austrian military jacket of the Guard uniform. He was listening with a smile to the narrator, and occasionally prompting him. A third volunteer, in an artillery uniform, was sitting on a box near them. A fourth was asleep.

Katavasof entered into conversation with the youth, and learned that he had been a rich merchant in Moscow, who, before he was twenty-two years old, had succeeded in squandering a considerable fortune. Katavasof did not like him, because he was effeminate, conceited, and sickly. He evidently felt, especially now that he was drunk, that he was doing a heroic deed; and he boasted in the most disagreeable manner.

The second, a retired officer, also impressed Katavasof unpleasantly; he was a man who had apparently tried his hand at everything; he had worked on a railway, and had been director of an estate, and had established a factory; and he talked of everything without any necessity of doing so, and often used words which showed his ignorance.

The third, the artilleryman, on the contrary, pleased Katavasof very much. He was a modest gentleman. He was evidently disgusted by the affected knowledge of the retired officer and the young merchant's boasted heroism, and he would say nothing about himself. When Katavasof asked him what induced him to go to Serbia, he answered modestly:—

"I am going because every one else is going. We must help the Serbians. It is too bad."

"They have very few of our artillerymen, I believe."

"My service in the artillery was very short. I may be assigned to the infantry or the cavalry."

"Why in the infantry, when they need artillerymen more than all?" asked Katavasof, gathering from the artilleryman's age that he must have already reached a considerable rank.

"I did not serve very long in the artillery, but left the service when I was only a yunker."

And he began to explain why he had not passed his examination.

All this together produced on Katavasof a generally unpleasant impression, and when the volunteers rushed out into one of the stations to get something to drink, Katavasof felt the desire to talk with some one so as to confirm his unfavorable impression.

One of his fellow-travelers, a little old man in a military paletot, had been listening all the time to Katavasof's talk with the volunteers. As the two were left alone together in the carriage, Katavasof addressed him:—

"What a diversity in the condition of all these men that are going south," said Katavasof, vaguely, wishing to express his opinions and at the same time draw out the old man's views.

The old man was a soldier who had fought in two campaigns, and he knew what it meant to go to war; and in the actions and words of these gentlemen, the bravery with which they kept applying themselves to the flask, he read their inferiority as soldiers. Moreover, his residence was in a district city, and he wanted

to relate how from that place a good-for-nothing fellow, a drunkard and thief whom no one would hire as a workman, had gone as a soldier. But, knowing by experience that in the present state of excitement under which society was laboring, it was dangerous to express himself frankly against the general sentiment, and especially to criticize the volunteers, he merely looked at Katavasof.

"Well, men are needed there," said he, smiling with his eyes.

And they began to talk over the latest war news, and each of them concealed from the other his doubt whether a battle was to be expected on the next day, since, according to the latest report, the Turks had been defeated at all points. And so they parted without either of them having expressed what he really thought.

When Katavasof returned to his own carriage, he told Sergyer Ivanovitch, with some twinges of conscience, that he enjoyed talking with the volunteers, and he declared that they were excellent lads.

In the great station where they next stopped, the chorus, the cheers, the bouquets, and the beggars again appeared, and again the ladies with bouquets conducted the volunteers into the restaurant; but there was much less enthusiasm than there had been at Moscow.

CHAPTER IV

WHILE the train stopped at a certain government capital, Sergyer Ivanovitch did not go to the restaurant, but walked up and down the platform.

The first time he passed Vronsky's compartment, he noticed that the window was shaded. But, when he passed the second time, he saw the old countess at the window. She called him to her.

"You see, I am going as far as Kursk with him."

"Yes, I heard he was going," answered Koznuishef, stopping at the window, and looking in. "What a

noble action on his part!" he added, seeing that Vronsky was not in the carriage.

"Well! What could he do after his misfortune?"

"What a horrible thing it was!" said Sergyei Ivanovitch.

"Akh! What have I not been through!—Yes, do come in.—Akh! What have I not been through!" she repeated, as Sergyei Ivanovitch came in and sat down on the seat beside her. "You could not imagine it. For six weeks he never said a word to any one, and he only ate when I begged him to do so. We dared not leave him alone a single instant; we took away everything which he might kill himself with. We lived on the first floor, but we had to be on the watch all the same. You know he shot himself once before, for her sake," said the old countess, her face clouding at this remembrance; "yes, she died as was fit for such a woman to die. Even the death she chose was low and wretched."

"It is not for us to judge her, countess," replied Sergyei Ivanovitch, with a sigh. "But I can imagine what you have suffered."

"Akh! Don't speak of it! My son was with me at my country place. A note was brought him. He answered immediately. We did not know at all that she was at the station. That evening I had just gone to my room, and my Mary told me that a lady had thrown herself under the train. I felt something like a shock. I understood instantly what had happened; I knew it was she. My first words were, 'Let no one tell the count.' But they had just told him. His coachman was at the station when it happened, and saw it all. I ran to my son's room. He was beside himself; it was terrible to see him. Without speaking one word, he left the house; and what he found, I do not know; but they brought him back like one dead. I should never have known him. '*Prostration complete,*' the doctor said. Then he became almost insane. Akh! What can be said?" cried the countess, waving her hands. "It was a terrible time. No; let people say what they will,

she was a bad woman. Think! What a desperate passion she was in! She did it to make an extraordinary sensation, and she succeeded! She has done irreparable injury to the lives of two men of rare merit, — her husband and my son, — and ruined herself.”

“How about her husband?”

“He has taken her little girl. At first Alyosha consented to everything; now he is awfully sorry, having given up his daughter to a stranger, but he could not take back his word. Karenin went to the funeral; we succeeded in preventing a meeting between him and Alyosha. For him, — that is, her husband, — this death is a deliverance; but my poor son gave up everything for her, sacrificed everything, — me, his position, his career, — and she was not contented with that, but wanted to ruin him besides. No! whatever you may say, her death is the death of a bad woman, a woman without religion. May God forgive me! but when I think of the harm she has done my son, I cannot help cursing her memory.”

“How is he now?”

“This Serbian war is our salvation. I am old, and don't understand much about it; but God sent it for him. Of course, to me, as his mother, it is painful; and besides, they say *ce n'est pas très bien vu à Pétersburg*, but what can be done about it? This is the only thing that could save him. Yashvin, his friend, gambled away all he had, and enlisted. He came to Alyosha, and persuaded him to go to Serbia with him. Now this is occupying him. Do talk with him, I beg of you, he is so sad. And then, besides his other troubles, he has a toothache. But he will be glad to see you. Please talk with him. He is walking up and down on the other side of the track.”

Sergyei Ivanovitch said that he would be very glad to talk with the count, and went over to the side where Vronsky was.

CHAPTER V

In the oblique evening shadow cast by a heap of baggage piled on the platform, Vronsky, in his long paletot and slouch hat, with his hands in his pockets, was walking, like a wild beast in a cage, up and down a narrow space where he could not take more than a score of steps. It seemed to Sergyei Ivanovitch, as he drew near, that Vronsky saw him, but pretended not to recognize him. But to Sergyei Ivanovitch this was all the same. He was above any petty susceptibility.

At this moment, Vronsky, in his eyes, was an important actor in a grand event, and deserved to be sustained and encouraged. He approached the count.

Vronsky stopped, looked at him, recognized him, and, taking a few steps to meet him, cordially held out his hand.

"Perhaps you would prefer not to see me," said Sergyei Ivanovitch; "but can I be of any service to you?"

"No one could be less unpleasant for me to meet than you," answered Vronsky. "Pardon me. There is nothing pleasant for me in life."

"I understand, and I want to offer you my services," said Koznuishef, struck by the deep suffering that was apparent in the count's face. "Might not a letter to Ristitch or Milan be of some use to you?"

"Oh, no!" answered Vronsky, making an effort to understand. "If it is all the same to you, we will walk a little. It is so stifling in the train! A letter? No, thank you. One needs no letter of introduction to get killed. In this case, one to the Turks, perhaps," added he, with a smile at the corners of his mouth. His eyes kept the same expression of bitter sadness.

"Well! It would make it easier for you to come into relations with men prepared for action. Still, as you please; but I was very glad to learn of your decision. The very fact that a man of your standing has joined the volunteers will raise them above all cavil in the public estimation."

"My sole merit," replied Vronsky, "is that life is of no value to me. As to physical energy, I know it will not be wanting for any purpose; and I am glad enough to give my life, which is not only useless to me, but disgusting, to be useful to somebody;" and he made an impatient motion with his jaw, caused by his unceasing toothache, which prevented him from talking with the expression he desired.

"You will be regenerated, is my prediction," said Sergey Ivanovitch, feeling touched. "The deliverance of one's oppressed brethren is an aim for which one might as well live as die. May God grant you full success, and fill your soul with peace!" he added, and held out his hand.

Vronsky pressed his hand cordially.

"As a field-piece, I may be of use. But as a man, I am only a ruin," murmured the count, with intervals between the phrases. The throbbing pain in his tooth, which filled his mouth with saliva, made it an effort for him to speak. He stopped, and fixed his eyes mechanically on the engine-wheels, which advanced, revolving slowly and smoothly on the rails.

And suddenly a sense of intense spiritual anguish caused him for a moment to forget his toothache. At the sight of the engine and the rails, through the influence of his talk with an acquaintance whom he had not seen since his misfortune, she suddenly appeared to him, or, at least, that which remained of her, as, when he rushed like a madman into the barracks near the station, where they had carried her, he saw, lying on a table, shamelessly exposed to the sight of all, her bleeding body, which had so lately been full of life. Her head, uninjured, with its heavy braids, and its light curls clustering about the temples, was leaning back, with the eyes half closed; and in the lovely face hovered still a strange, wild expression, while her rosy lips, slightly opened, seemed prepared to utter once again that terrible menace, and predict to him, as she had in their dispute, that he "would repent."

And he tried to remember how she looked when he

first met her, also at a railroad station, with that mysterious, poetic, charming beauty, overflowing with life and gayety, demanding and bestowing happiness, and not bitterly revengeful as he remembered her at their last interview. He tried to remember the happy moments he had spent with her, but these moments were forever spoiled for him. He remembered only her face, haughtily expressing her threat of unnecessary, but implacable, vengeance. He ceased to be conscious of his toothache, and sobs convulsed his face.

After walking up and down by the baggage once or twice, the count controlled himself, and spoke calmly with Sergyei Ivanovitch.

"Have you seen the latest telegrams? Yes; they have fought three times, and another battle is expected to-morrow."

And, after a few words about King Milan's proclamation, and the immense effect which it might have, the two men separated at the ringing of the second bell and went to their respective compartments.

CHAPTER VI

As Sergyei Ivanovitch had not known just when it would be possible for him to leave Moscow, he did not telegraph his brother to send for him. Levin was not at home when he and Katavasof, black as negroes with smoke and dust, reached Pokrovskoye about noon, in a tarantas which they hired at the station.

Kitty was sitting on the balcony with her father and sister when she saw her brother-in-law approaching, and she ran to meet him.

"Your conscience ought to prick you for not letting us know," said she, shaking hands with Sergyei Ivanovitch, and offering her brow to be kissed.

"We got along splendidly, and we did not have to bother you. I am so dusty that I fear to touch you. I was so busy that I did not know when I could leave. And you look the same as ever," said he, smiling,

“enjoying the gentle current of your softly flowing happiness. And here is our friend, Feodor Vasilyevitch, who has come at last.”

“But I am not a negro. When I have washed, I shall look like a human being,” said Katavasof, with his usual pleasantry, offering his hand, and laughing, so that his white teeth gleamed out from his dusty face.

“Kostia will be very glad. He is out on the farm, but he ought to be back by this time.”

“Always occupied with his estate,” said Katavasof. “The rest of us can think of nothing but the Serbian war. How does my friend regard this subject? He is sure not to think as other people do.”

“Yes, he does, ..., but perhaps not like everybody,” said Kitty, a little confused, looking at Sergyei Ivanovitch. “I will send some one to find him. We have papa with us just now; he has recently come back from abroad.”

And Kitty, while making her arrangements to send for Levin, and to furnish her guests a chance to wash off the dust—the one in the library, the other in the room assigned to Dolly—and then to have luncheon ready for them, enjoyed the full power of quick motion which before her baby was born she had been so long deprived of. Then she went to the balcony where her father was:—

“It’s Sergyei Ivanovitch and Professor Katavasof.”

“Oh! in this heat! It will be a bore!”

“Not at all, papa; he is very nice, and Kostia loves him dearly,” said Kitty, laughing at the expression of consternation on her father’s face.

“Go entertain them, dushenka,” she said to her sister. “They saw Stiva at the station; he was well. And I am going to the baby for a little while. I actually have not nursed him since morning; he will be crying if I don’t go,” and she, feeling the pressure of milk, hastened to the nursery. In reality it had not been guesswork with her,—the tie that bound her to the child was still unbroken,—she actually knew by the flow of milk that he needed something to eat. Even before she reached

the nursery she knew that he would be crying. And, indeed, he was.

She heard his voice, and quickened her steps. But the more she hurried, the louder he cried. It was a fine, healthy scream, a scream of hunger and impatience.

"Am I late, nurse, late?" asked Kitty, sitting down, and getting ready to suckle the child. "There, give him to me, give him to me, quick. Ah, nurse! how stupid! Take off his cap afterward," said she, quite as impatient as her baby.

The baby screamed as if it were famished. "Now, now, it can't be helped, little mother!" said Agafya Mikharlovna, who could not keep out of the nursery. "You must do things in order. Agu, agu," she chuckled to the infant, not heeding Kitty's impatience.

The nurse gave the child to his mother. Agafya Mikharlovna followed the child, her face all aglow with tenderness.

"He knows me! He knows me! God is my witness, he knew me, Matushka Katerina Aleksandrovna," she cried.

But Kitty did not hear what she said. Her impatience was as great as the baby's. It hindered the very thing that they both desired. The baby, in his haste to suckle, could not manage to take hold, and was vexed. At last, after one final shriek of despair, the arrangements were perfected; and mother and child, simultaneously breathing a sigh of content, became calm.

"The poor little thing is all in a perspiration," whispered Kitty. "Do you really think he knew you?" she added, looking down into the child's eyes, which seemed to her to peep out roguishly from under his cap, as his little cheeks sucked in and out, while his little hand, with rosy palm, flourished around his head. "It cannot be. For, if he knew you, he would surely know me," continued Kitty, with a smile, when Agafya Mikharlovna persisted in her belief that he knew her.

She smiled, because though she said that he could not recognize her, yet she knew in her heart that he not only recognized Agafya Mikharlovna, but that he knew

and understood all things, and knew and understood what no one else understood, and things which she, his mother, was now beginning to understand only through his teaching. For Agafya Mikharlovna, for the nurse, for his grandfather, even for his father, Mitya was just a little human being, who needed nothing but physical care; for his mother, he was a being endowed with moral faculties, who already had a whole history of spiritual relationships.

"You will see if he doesn't when he wakes up. When I do this way, his face will light up, the little dove! It will light up like a bright day," said Agafya Mikharlovna.

"There! very well, very well, we shall see," whispered Kitty; "now go away; he is going to sleep."

CHAPTER VII

AGAFYA MIKHAÏLOVNA went away on tiptoe; the nurse closed the blinds, chased away the flies which were hidden under the muslin curtain of the cradle; then she sat down, and began to wave a little withered branch over the mother and child.

"It's hot, hot! pray God, He may send a little shower," she said.

"Da! da! sh-sh-sh," was the mother's reply, as she rocked gently to and fro, and pressed Mitya to her breast. His eyelids now opened, and now closed; and he languidly moved his chubby arm. This little arm disturbed Kitty; she felt a strong inclination to kiss it, but she feared to do so lest it should wake him. At last the arm began to droop, and the eyes closed more and more. Only rarely now he would raise his long lashes, and gaze at his mother with his dark, dewy eyes. The nurse began to nod, and dropped off into a nap. Overhead she could hear the old prince's voice, and Katavasof's sonorous laugh.

"Evidently, they don't need me to help in the conversation," thought Kitty; "but it is too bad that Kostia

is not there; he must have gone to his bees. Sometimes it disturbs me to have him spend so much time over them; but then, on the whole, I am glad; it diverts him, and he is certainly more cheerful than he was in the spring. Then he was so gloomy, and so unhappy! What a strange man he is!"

Kitty knew what caused her husband's disquiet. It was his doubting spirit; and although, if she had been asked if she believed that, in the world to come, he would fail of salvation owing to his want of faith, she would have been compelled to say yes, yet his skepticism did not make her unhappy; and she, who believed that there was no salvation for the unbelieving, and loved more than all else in the world her husband's soul, smiled as she thought of his skepticism, and called him a strange man.

"Why does he spend all his time reading those philosophical books? If all this is written in those books, then he can understand them. But if it is not true, why does he read them? He himself says that he longs for faith. Why doesn't he believe? Probably he thinks too much; and he thinks too much because he is lonely. He is always alone. He can't speak out all his thoughts to us. I think he will be glad that these guests have come, especially Katavasof. He likes to discuss with him."

And immediately Kitty's thoughts were diverted by the question where it would be best for Katavasof to sleep. Ought he and Sergyei Ivanovitch to have a room together or apart? And here a sudden thought made her start, so that she disturbed Mitya, who opened his eyes and looked at her reproachfully.

"The washerwoman has n't brought back the linen. I hope Agafya Mikhallovna has n't given out all we had!" and the color rushed to Kitty's forehead.

"There, I must find out myself," thought she; and, reverting to her former thoughts, she remembered that she had not finished the important train of spiritual thoughts which she had begun, and she once more repeated:—

"Yes, Kostia is an unbeliever;" and, as she did so, she smiled.

"Yes, he is an unbeliever, but I'd far liefer he should always be one than a person like Madame Stahl, or as I wanted to be when I was abroad. At any rate, he will never be hypocritical." And a recent example of his goodness recurred vividly to her memory.

Several weeks before, Stepan Arkadyevitch had written Dolly a letter of repentance. He begged her to save his honor by selling her property to pay his debts.

Dolly was in despair. She hated her husband, despised him; and at first she made up her mind to refuse his request, and apply for a divorce; but afterward she decided to sell a part of her estate. Kitty, with an involuntary smile of emotion, recalled her husband's confusion, his various awkward attempts to find a way of helping Dolly, and how, at last, he came to the conclusion that the only way to accomplish it without wounding her was to make over to Dolly their part of this estate.

"How can he be without faith, when he has such a warm heart, and is afraid to grieve even a child? He never thinks of himself—always of others. Sergyei Ivanovitch finds it perfectly natural to consider him his business manager; so does his sister. Dolly and her children have no one else but him to lean upon. He is always sacrificing his time to the peasants, who come to consult him every day.

"Yes; you cannot do better than to try to be like your father," she murmured, touching her lips to her son's cheek, before laying him into the nurse's arms.

CHAPTER VIII

EVER since that moment when, as he sat beside his dying brother, Levin had examined the problem of life and death in the light of the new convictions, as he called them, which from the age of twenty to thirty-four years had taken the place of his childhood's beliefs, he

was terrified not only at death, but at life; because it seemed to him that he had not the slightest knowledge of its origin, its purpose, its reason, its nature. Our organism and its destruction, the indestructibility of matter, the laws of the conservation and development of forces, were words which were substituted for the terms of his early faith. These words, and the scientific theories connected with them, were doubtless interesting from an intellectual point of view, but they stood for nothing in the face of real life.

And Levin suddenly felt in the position of a man who in cold weather had exchanged his warm shuba for a muslin garment, and who for the first time should indubitably, not with his reason, but with his whole being, become persuaded that he was absolutely naked, and inevitably destined to perish miserably.

From that time, without in the least changing his outward life, and though he did not like to confess it, even to himself, Levin never ceased to feel a terror of his ignorance.

Moreover, he vaguely felt that what he called his convictions not only came from his ignorance, but were idle for helping him to a clearer knowledge of what he needed.

At first his marriage, with its new joys and its new duties, completely blotted out these thoughts; but they came back to him, with increasing persistence demanding an answer, after his wife's confinement, when he lived in Moscow without any serious occupation.

The question presented itself to him in this way:—

“If I do not accept the explanations offered me by Christianity on the problem of my existence, then what answer shall I find?”

And he scrutinized the whole arsenal of his scientific convictions, and found no answer whatever to his questions, and nothing like an answer.

He was in the position of a man who seeks to find food in a toy-store or a gun-shop.

Involuntarily and unconsciously he sought now in every book, in every conversation, and in every person whom

he met, some sympathy with these questions and their solution.

More than by anything else, he was surprised and puzzled by the fact that the men of his class, who for the most part had, like himself, substituted science for religion, seemed to experience not the least moral suffering, but to live entirely satisfied and content. Thus in addition to the main question there were others which tormented him: Were these men sincere? Were they not hypocrites. Or did they understand more clearly than he did the answer science gave to these troublesome questions? And he took to studying these men, and books which might contain the solutions which he so desired.

One thing which he had discovered, however, since these questions had begun to occupy him, was that he had made a gross error in taking up with the idea of his early university friends, that religion had outlived its day, and no longer existed. The best people whom he knew were believers, — the old prince, Lvof, of whom he was so fond, Sergyei Ivanovitch, and all women had faith; and his wife believed just as he had believed when he was a child, and nine-tenths of the Russian people — all people whose lives inspired the greatest respect — were believers.

Another strange thing was that, as he read many books, he became convinced that the men whose opinions he shared did not attach to them any importance; and that without explaining anything they simply ignored these questions, without an answer to which life seemed to him impossible, and took up others which were to him utterly uninteresting, — such, for example, as the development of the organism, the mechanical explanation of the soul, and others.

Moreover, at the time of his wife's illness, he had what to him seemed a most extraordinary experience: he, the unbeliever, had prayed, and prayed with sincere faith. But as soon as the danger was over, he felt that he could not give that temporary disposition any abiding-place in his life.

He could not avow that the truth appeared to him then, but that he was mistaken now ; because, as he began calmly to analyze his feelings, they eluded him. He could not avow that he had been deceived then, because he had experienced a temporary spiritual condition ; and if he pretended that he had succumbed to a moment of weakness, he would sully a sacred moment. He was in a state of internal conflict, and he strove with all the strength of his nature to free himself from it.

CHAPTER IX

THESE thoughts tormented him with varying intensity, but he could not free himself from them. He read and meditated ; but the more he read and meditated, the end desired seemed to grow more and more remote.

During the latter part of his stay in Moscow, and after he reached the country, he became convinced of the uselessness of seeking in materialism an answer to his doubts ; and he read over the philosophers whose explanations of life were opposed to materialism, — Plato and Spinoza, and Kant and Schelling, and Hegel and Schopenhauer.

These thoughts seemed to him fruitful while he was reading, or was contrasting their doctrines with those of others, especially with those of a materialistic tendency ; but just as soon as he attempted, independently, to apply these guides to some doubtful point, he fell back into the same perplexities as before. The terms "*mind*," "*will*," "*freedom*," "*essence*," had a certain meaning to his intellect as long as he followed the clew established by the deductions of these philosophers, and allowed himself to be caught in the snare of their subtle distinctions ; but when practical life asserted its point of view, this artistic structure fell, like a house built of cards ; and it became evident that the edifice was built only of beautiful words, having no more connection than logic with the serious side of life.

Once, as he was reading Schopenhauer, he substituted

the term "love" for that which this philosopher calls "will," and this new philosophy consoled him for a few days while he clung to it. But it also proved unsatisfactory when he regarded it from the standpoint of practical life; then it seemed to be the thin muslin without warmth as a dress.

Sergyei Ivanovitch advised him to read Khomyakof's¹ theological writings: and though he was at first repelled by the excessive affectation of the author's style, and his strong polemic tendency, he was struck by their teachings regarding the Church; he was struck also by the development of the following thought:—

"Man when alone cannot attain the knowledge of theological truths. The true light is kept for a communion of souls who are filled with the same love; that is, for the Church."

He was delighted with the thought: How much easier it is to accept the Church, which united with it all believing people and was endowed with holiness and infallibility, since it had God for its head,—to accept its teachings as to Creation, the Fall, and Redemption, and through it to reach God,—than to begin with God, a far-off, mysterious God, the Creation, and the rest of it.

But, as he read, after Khomyakof, a history of the Church by a Catholic writer, and the history of the Church by an Orthodox writer, and perceived that the Orthodox Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church, both of them in their very essence infallible, were antagonistic, he saw that he had been deluded by Khomyakof's church-teachings; and this edifice also fell into dust, like the constructions of philosophy.

During this whole spring he was not himself, and passed hours of misery.

"I cannot live without knowing what I am, and why

¹ Aleksei Stepanovitch Khomyakof was born in 1804; after serving in the Guard and taking active part in the Turkish campaign, he retired to private life. He wrote several romantic tragedies in verse, also a number of poems of Pan-Slavonic tendencies; he is chiefly remembered as a theological writer, and some of his works have been translated into French and even English. In 1858 he was president of the Moscow Society of the Friends of Russian Literature. He died in 1860.—Ed.

I exist. Since I cannot reach this knowledge, life is impossible," said Levin to himself.

"In the infinitude of time, in the infinitude of matter, in the infinitude of space, an organic cell is formed, exists for a moment, and bursts. That cell is — I."

This was a cruel lie; but it was the sole, the supreme, result of the labor of the human mind for centuries.

It was the final creed on which were founded the latest researches of the scientific spirit; it was the dominant conviction; and Levin, without knowing exactly why, simply because this theory seemed to him the clearest, was involuntarily held by it.

But this conclusion was not merely a lie, it was the cruel jest of some evil spirit, — cruel, inimical, to which it was impossible to submit.

To get away from it was a duty; deliverance from it was in the power of every one, and the one means of deliverance was — death.

And Levin, the happy father of a family, a man in perfect health, was sometimes so tempted to commit suicide, that he hid ropes from sight, lest he should hang himself, and feared to go out with his gun, lest he should shoot himself.

But Levin did not hang himself, or shoot himself, but lived and struggled on.

CHAPTER X

WHEN Levin puzzled over what he was, and why he was born, he found no answer, and fell into despair; but when he ceased to ask himself these questions, he seemed to know what he was and why he was alive, for the very reason that he resolutely and definitely lived and worked; even during the more recent months he had lived far more strenuously and resolutely than ever before.

Toward the end of June he returned to the country and resumed his ordinary work at Pokrovskoye. The superintendence of the estates of his brother and sister, his relations with his neighbors and his muzhiks, his family

cares, his new enterprise in bee-culture, which he had taken up this year, occupied all his time. These interests occupied him, not because he carried them on with a view to their universal application, as he had done before, but, on the contrary, because being now on the one hand disillusionized by the lack of success in his former undertakings for the common good, on the other being too much engrossed by his own thoughts and the very multitude of affairs calling for his attention, he entirely relinquished all his attempts of coöperative advantage and he occupied himself with his affairs, simply because it seemed to him that he was irresistibly impelled to do what he did, and could not do otherwise.

Formerly — almost from childhood till he reached manhood — when he began to do anything that would be good for all, for humanity, for Russia, he saw that the thought of it gave him, in advance, a pleasing sense of joy; but the action in itself never realized his hopes, nor had he full conviction that the work was necessary, and the activity itself which seemed at first so important kept growing smaller and smaller, and came to naught.

But now that since his marriage he had become more and more restricted by life for its own sake, though he had no pleasure at the thought of his activity, he felt a conviction that his work was indispensable, and saw that the results gained were far more satisfactory than before.

Now, quite against his will, he cut deeper and deeper into the soil, like a plow that cannot choose its path, or turn from its furrow.

To live as his fathers and grandfathers had lived, to carry out their work so as to hand it on in turn to his children, seemed to him a plain duty. It was as necessary as the duty of eating when hungry; and he knew that, to reach this end, he was under obligation so to conduct the machinery of the estate¹ at Pokrovskoye that there might be profit in it. As indubitably as a debt required to be paid, so was it incumbent on him to

¹ *Khozyaistvennaya mashina.*

preserve his paternal estate in such a condition that his son, receiving it in turn, might say, "Thank you, my father," just as Levin himself was grateful to his ancestors for what they had cleared and tilled. He felt that he had no right to rent his land to the muzhiks, but that he himself must keep everything under his own eye,—maintain his cattle, fertilize his fields, set out trees.

It was as impossible not to look out for the interests of Sergyei Ivanovitch and his sister, and all the peasants that came to consult him, as it was to abandon the child that had been given into his hands. He felt obliged to look after the interests of his sister-in-law, who with her children was living at his house, and of his wife with her child, and he had to spend with them at least a small part of his time. And all this, together with his hunting and his new occupation of bee-culture, filled to overflowing his life, the meaning of which he could not understand when he reflected on it.

Not only did Levin see clearly *what* it was his duty to do, but he saw *how* he must fulfil it, and what had paramount importance.

He knew that it was requisite to hire laborers as cheaply as possible; but to get them into his power by paying down money in advance, and getting them at less than market price, he would not do, although this was very advantageous. It was permissible to sell fodder to the muzhiks in time of scarcity, even though he felt sorry for those who were improvident; but he felt it his duty to do away with inns and drinking-places, even though they brought in great profit. On principle he punished as severely as he could thefts from his wood; but when he found cattle straying he was not inclined to exact a fine, and though it annoyed the guards and brought the punishment into contempt, he always insisted on having the cattle driven out again. He advanced money to Piotr, to save him from the claws of a money-lender, who charged him ten per cent a month; but he made no allowance for arrears in the obrok or money due him from negligent muzhiks. He found it impossible to pardon an overseer because a small meadow was

not mowed and the grass was wasted ; but he would not let them mow a piece of land amounting to eighty desyatins — or two hundred and sixteen acres — on which a young forest had been planted. He would not excuse a muzhik who went home in working hours because his father had died, — sorry as he was for him, — and he had to pay him lower wages for the costly months of idleness ; but he was bound to give board and lodging to old servants who were superannuated.

Levin felt that it was right, on returning home, to go first to his wife, who was not well, though some muzhiks had been waiting for three hours to see him ; and he knew, in spite of all the pleasure that he should have in seeing his bees hived, nevertheless he felt in duty bound to deprive himself of this pleasure and let his old bee-man transfer the swarm without him, and go and talk with the muzhiks who had come to the apiary for him.

Whether he did well or ill, he knew not ; and he did not try to settle it, but, moreover, he avoided all thoughts and discussions on the subject. Reasoning led him to doubt, and prevented him from seeing what was right to do, or not to do. When he ceased to consider, but simply *lived*, he never failed to find in his soul the presence of an infallible judge, telling him which of two possible courses was the best to take, and which was the worst ; and when he failed to follow this inner voice, he was instantly made aware of it.

Thus he lived, not knowing, and not seeing the possibility of knowing, what he was, or why he lived in the world, and tortured by his ignorance to such a degree that he feared committing suicide and yet resolutely pursuing the course of life traced out for him.

CHAPTER XI

THE day on which Sergyey Ivanovitch reached Pokrovskoye had been unusually full of torment for Levin.

It was at that hurried, busy season of the year when all the peasantry are engaged in putting forth an extraor-

dinary effort, and showing an endurance, which are quite unknown in the ordinary conditions of their lives, and which would be prized very highly if it were not repeated every year, and did not produce such very simple results. Mowing and sowing rye and oats, reaping, harvesting, threshing, — these are labors which seem simple and commonplace; but to accomplish them in the short time accorded by nature, every one, old and young, must set to work. For three or four weeks they must be content with the simplest fare, — black bread, garlic, and kvas; must sleep only a few hours, and must not pause night or day. And every year this happens throughout all Russia.

Having lived the larger part of his life in the country, and in the closest relations with the peasantry, Levin always at harvest-time felt that this universal activity among the people embraced his own life.

In the early morning he had gone to the field of early rye, to the field where they were carrying off the oats in ricks. Then he came back to breakfast with his wife and sister-in-law, and had afterward gone off on foot to the farm, where he was trying a new threshing-machine.

This whole day, Levin, as he talked with the overseer and the muzhiks in the field, as he talked at the house with his wife and Dolly and the children and his father-in-law, thought of only one thing; and constantly the same questions pursued him: "What am I? and where am I? and why am I here?"

As he stood in the cool shadow of his newly thatched barn, where the hazelwood timbers, still smelling of the fragrant leaves, held down the straw to the freshly peeled aspen timbers that made the roof, Levin gazed, now through the open doors, where whirled and played the dry and choking dust thrown off by the threshing-machine; now at the hot sunlight lying on the grass of the threshing-floor, and at the fresh straw just brought out of the barn; now at the white-breasted swallows with their spotted heads, as they flew about twittering, and settled under the eaves, or, shaking their wings, darted through the open doors; and then again at the

peasantry, bustling about in the dark and dusty barn, and strange ideas came into his mind :—

“Why is all this done?” he asked himself. “Why am I standing here? Why am I compelling them to work, and why are they working so hard? Why are they doing their best in my presence? Why is my old friend Matriona putting in so with all her might? I cured her when a beam fell on her at the fire,” he said to himself, as he looked at a hideous old baba, who was walking with bare, sunburned feet across the hard, uneven soil, and was plying the rake vigorously. “She got well then. But if not to-day or to-morrow, then in ten years, she must be borne to her grave, and there will be nothing left of her, nor of that pretty girl in red, who is husking corn with such graceful, swift motions. They will bury her. And that dappled gelding will soon die,” he thought, as he looked at the horse, breathing painfully with distended nostrils and heavily sagging belly, as it struggled up the ever descending treadmill. “They will carry him off. And Feodor, the machine-tender, with his curling beard, full of chaff, and his white shoulder showing through a tear in his shirt — they will carry him off too. But now he gathers up the sheaves, and gives his commands, and shouts to the women, and, with quick motions, arranges the belt on the machine. And it will be the same with me. They will carry me away, and nothing of me will be left. Why?”

And, in the midst of his meditations, he mechanically took out his watch to calculate how much they threshed in an hour. It was his duty to do this, so that he could pay the men fairly for their day's work.

“So far, only three ricks,” he said to himself; and he went to the machine-tender, and, trying to make his voice heard above the racket, told him to work faster.

“You put in too much at once, Feodor; you see it stops it, so it wastes time. Do it more regularly.”

Feodor, his face black with dust and sweat, shouted back some unintelligible reply, but entirely failed to carry out Levin's directions.

He mounted the drum, took Feodor's place, and began to do the feeding.

He worked thus till it was the muzhiks' dinner-hour, not a very long time; and then, in company with Feodor, he left the barn, and talked with him, leaning against a beautifully stacked pile of yellow rye saved for planting.

Feodor was from a distant village, the very one where Levin had formerly let the association have some land. Now it was rented to a dvornik.

Levin talked with Feodor about this land, and asked him if it were not possible that Platon, a rich and trustworthy muzhik of his village, would take it for the next year.

"Price too high; won't catch Platon, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the muzhik, wiping the chaff from his sweaty chest.

"Yes; but how does Kirillof make money out of it?"

"Mitiukh!" — by this contemptuous diminutive Feodor called the dvornik, — "what does n't he make money out of! He puts on the screws and gets the last drop! He has no pity on the peasants. But Uncle Fokanuitch," — so he called the old man Platon, — "does he try to fleece a man? And he gives credit, when any one owes him. He does not try to squeeze it out of them. He's that kind of a man!"

"Yes; but why does he give credit?"

"Well, of course men differ. One lives for his belly, like Mitiukh; but Fokanuitch, — he's an honest man, — he lives for his soul. He remembers God."

"How does he remember God and live for his soul?" exclaimed Levin, eagerly.

"Why, that's plain enough. It's to live according to God, according to truth. People differ. Take you, Konstantin Dmitritch, for example; you could n't wrong a man."

"Yes, yes; *prashchai* — good-by," exclaimed Levin, deeply moved; and, taking his cane, he turned toward the house.

As he recalled the muzhik's words, how "Fokanutch lived for his soul, according to God.... according to truth," confused but weighty thoughts arose within him from some hidden source, and filled his soul with their brilliant light.

CHAPTER XII

LEVIN, with long steps, strode along the highway, filled, not so much with his thoughts,—he could not as yet get rid of them,—as with a spiritual impulse, such as he had never known before.

The peasant's words had had in his soul the effect of an electric spark, suddenly condensing the cloud of dim, incoherent thoughts, which had not ceased to fill his mind, even while he was talking about the letting of his field.

He felt that some new impulse, inexplicable as yet, filled his heart with joy.

"Not to live for one's self, but for God! What God? Could he have said anything more meaningless than what he said? He said that we must live, not for ourselves, that is, for what interests and pleases us, but for something incomprehensible, for God, whom no one knows or can define. Still, call it nonsense, did I understand Feodor? Did n't I also feel convinced of its truth? Did I find it either false or absurd?"

"Nay; I understood it, and find in it the same meaning as he finds, and understood it more completely and clearly than anything else in life. And not alone I, but all, all the world, perfectly understand this and have no doubt of it, and are unanimous in its favor.

"And I was seeking for miracles, and regretting that I could not see one which might fill me with amazement. A material miracle would have seduced me. But the real miracle, the only one possibly existing, surrounds me on all sides—and I have not remarked it.

"Feodor says Kirillof, the dvornik, lives for his belly. I know what he means by that. No rational being,

none of us, can live in any other way. But Feodor says, too, that it is wrong to live for the belly, but that we should live for truth, for God; and I know what that means as well. I, and millions of men, muzhiks, and sages who have thought and written on the subject, or in their obscure language have talked about it, in the past and in the present, — we are in accord on one point; and that is, that we should live for 'the good.' The only knowledge that I and all men possess that is clear, indubitable, absolute, is here. We have not reached it by reason. Reason excludes it, for it has neither cause nor effect. 'The good,' if it had a cause, would cease to be the good; if it had an effect, — a reward, — it would cease to be the good. The good must be outside of the chain of cause and effect. And I know this, and we all know it. Can there be greater miracle than this?

"Have I really found the solution of my doubts? Shall I cease to suffer?" Levin asked himself as he followed the dusty road, insensible to weariness and heat, and feeling that his long travail was at an end. The sensation was so delightful, that he could not believe that it was true. He choked with emotion; his strength failed him; and he left the highroad, and went into the woods, and sat down under the shadow of an aspen on the unmown grass. He uncovered his moist forehead, and stretched himself out on the succulent wood-grass, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Yes, I must reflect and consider," he thought, looking attentively at the untrodden grass in front of him, and watching the movements of an earth-beetle crawling up the stalk of couch-grass, and stopped by a leaf. "What discovery have I made?" he said to himself, removing the leaf from the beetle's way, and bending down another stalk of couch-grass to help the beetle on. "What makes me so happy? What discovery have I made?"

"I have made no discovery. I have only opened my eyes to what I already know. I have learned to recognize that power which formerly gave me life, and gives

me life again to-day. I have freed myself from error. I have come to know my master.

"I used to say that there was going on in my body, in the body of this grass, in the body of this beetle," — the beetle did not want to go to the other stalk, but spread its wings, and flew away, — "incessant change of matter, in conformity to certain physical, chemical, and physiological laws; and in all of us, together with the aspens and the clouds, and the nebulae, there was evolution. Evolution from what? into what? Endless evolution and conflict. — But was conflict with the Infinite possible? And I was surprised to find nothing along this line, in spite of my best efforts, which could reveal to me the meaning of my life, my motives, my longings. But the consciousness that there is a meaning is, nevertheless, so strong and clear, that it forms the very foundation of my existence; and I marveled and rejoiced when the muzhik said, 'To live for God, for the soul.'

"Now I can say that I know the meaning of life: it is to live for God, for my own soul. And this meaning, in spite of its clearness, is mysterious and miraculous. And such is the meaning of all existence. Yes, there is pride," said he to himself, turning over on his stomach and beginning to tie into a knot the stalks of grass, while trying not to break them. "Not only pride of intellect, but the stupidity of intellect. Yes, it is the wickedness of intellect," he repeated.

He succinctly went over in memory the course of his thought for the last two years, from the day when the idea of death struck him, on seeing his beloved brother hopelessly sick.

Then he had clearly resolved that, since man had no other prospect than suffering, death, and eternal oblivion, he must either commit suicide, or find the explanation of the problem of existence, and in such manner as to see in it something more than the cruel irony of a malevolent spirit.

But he had not done either, but continued to live, to think, and to feel. He had married, and had experienced

new joys, which made him happy when he did not ponder on the meaning of life.

What did this mean? It meant that he was thinking badly, and living well. Without knowing it, he had been sustained by those spiritual verities which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, and he indulged in thought, not only now not recognizing those truths, but even strenuously avoiding them. Now it was clear to him that he could live only through the blessed influence of the faith in which he had been taught.

"What should I have been, how should I have lived, if I had not absorbed these beliefs.... if I had not known that I must live for God, and not for the satisfaction of my desires? I should have been a thief, a liar, a murderer. Nothing of what seems the chief joy of my life would have had any existence for me."

And, though he made the most strenuous efforts of his imagination, he could not picture to himself what kind of a wild creature he might have been, if he had not really known the aim of his existence.

"I was in search of an answer to my question; thought could not give it, for the problem was too lofty. Life itself, with the innate knowledge of good and evil, alone could give me an answer. And this knowledge I did not acquire. It was given to me, like all the rest; *given*, I could not know where to get it. Did I get it from reason? But would reason ever have proved to me that I ought to love my neighbor, instead of choking him? I was taught it in my childhood; but I believed it gladly, because it was already existent in my soul. Reason discovered the struggle for existence,—that law which demands the overthrow of every obstacle in the way of our desires. That is the result of reason; but reason has nothing to do with loving our neighbor."

CHAPTER XIII

LEVIN remembered a recent scene between Dolly and her children. The children had been left alone, and had amused themselves by making raspberry jam over a can-

dle, and throwing milk into each other's faces. Their mother, catching them in the act, scolded them in their uncle's presence, and sought to make them understand how much work was involved in what they were destroying, that the labor was performed for their benefit; that, if they broke the cups, they could n't have anything to drink from; and if they wasted their milk, they would n't have any more, and would starve to death.

Levin was struck by the indifference and skepticism with which the children heard their mother's words. They were only sorry to have their interesting sport interrupted, and they did not believe a word of what she said. They did not believe, because they did not know the value of what they were playing with, and did not understand that they were destroying their own means of subsistence.

"That is all very well," they thought; "but there is nothing interesting or worth while in it, because it is always the same, and always will be. And it is monotonous. We don't have to think about it, it is done for us; but we do like to do something new and original; and here we were making jam in a cup over the candle, and squirting the milk into each others' faces. It is fun. It is new, and not half so stupid as to drink milk out of a cup."

"Is it not thus that we act, is it not the way I have acted, in trying to penetrate by reasoning the secrets of nature and the problem of human life? Is it not the same that all the philosophers have done with their theories which lead, by a course of reasoning strange and unnatural to man, to the knowledge of what he long has known, and known so surely that without it he could not live? Do we not see clearly, in the development of the theory of each, that the real meaning of human existence is as indubitably known as it is known to Feodor, the muzhik; and do they see any more clearly than he does the principal meaning of life? Do they not all come back to this, even though it be by a route which is often equivocal? If we were to leave the children to get their own living, make their own utensils, do the

milking, instead of playing pranks, they would die of hunger.

"There, now! give us over to our own ideas and passions, with no knowledge of our Creator, without the consciousness of moral good and evil, and what would be the result? We reason because we are spiritually satiated. We are children. Whence comes this joyous knowledge, which I share with the muzhik, and which alone gives me serenity of spirit? Where did I get it? Here am I, a Christian, brought up in the faith, surrounded by the blessings of Christianity, living upon these spiritual blessings without being conscious of them; and like children I have been reasoning, or at least trying to reason, out the meaning of life.

"But in the serious moments of life, in the hour of suffering, just as when children are cold and hungry, I turn to Him, and, like these same children whom their mother reprimands for their childish faults, I feel that my childish efforts to get out of the mad circle of reasoning have done me no good.

"Yes, reason has taught me nothing. What I know has been given, revealed to me through the heart, and especially through faith in the teachings of the Church.

"The Church, the Church?" repeated Levin, turning over again, and, as he rested his head on his hand, looking at a herd of cattle down by the river at a distance. "Can I really believe all that the Church teaches?" said he, to test himself, and to bring up everything that might destroy his present feeling of security. He expressly called to mind the Church teachings which more than all had seemed strange to him, and disgusted him.

"Creation? Yes; but how did I myself explain existence? existence? the devil? sin? How did I explain evil? redemption?"

"But I know nothing and can know nothing except what is told me and every one else."

And now it seemed to him that not one of these Church dogmas was inimical to the great objects of life, — faith in God, in goodness.

On the contrary, all tended to produce that greatest

of miracles, that which consists in enabling the whole world, with its millions of human beings, young and old, the muzhik and Lvof, and Kitty and peasants and tsars, married and single, to comprehend the same great truths, so as to live that life of the soul which alone is worth living, and which is our only aim.

Lying on his back, he looked up into the high, cloudless sky. "Do I not know," thought he, "that that is infinity of space, and not a vault of blue stretching above me? But, however I strain my sight, I can see only a vaulted dome; and, in spite of my knowledge of infinite space, I have more satisfaction in looking at it as a blue, vaulted dome, than when I try to look beyond."

Levin stopped thinking. He listened to the mysterious voices which seemed to wake joyfully in him.

"Is it really faith?" he thought, fearing to believe in his happiness. "My God, I thank Thee!" he cried; and he swallowed down the sobs that arose, and brushed away with both hands the tears that filled his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV

LEVIN looked away, and saw the herd, and his one-horse telyega and his coachman, who approached the herd of cattle, and began to talk to the herdsman. Then he heard the sound of wheels and the neighing of the horse; but he was so occupied with his thoughts that he did not think why it was that his coachman was coming for him.

He only realized it when the coachman, while still some distance off, cried:—

"The mistress sent for you. Your brother and another barin have come."

Levin got in at once, and took the reins.

As if awakened from sleep, it was long before he could collect his thoughts. He looked at the well-fed horse, and at the spot on his neck where the harness rubbed; and he looked at Ivan, the coachman, sitting beside him; and he thought of how he had been expect-

ing his brother, and that his wife was probably troubled because he was gone so long, and he tried to guess who the unknown guest who had come with his brother might be. And his brother and his wife and the unknown guest now seemed to him different from what they had been before. He felt that henceforth all his relations with these friends would be more pleasant than they had been.

"Now there shall be no more of that coldness, such as there used to be, between my brother and me.... no more disputes. Nor will Kitty and I quarrel any more; and whoever my guest is I shall be polite to him, and kind to the servants and to Ivan.... all will be different."

And holding in his good horse, which was whinnying with impatience and pleading for permission to show his paces, Levin kept looking at Ivan, who was sitting next him, not knowing what to do with his idle hands, and constantly pulling down his shirt, which the wind tugged at; and in his attempt to find a pretext for beginning a conversation with the man, he thought of saying that the horse's girth was buckled up too tightly, but then this seemed like censuring him, and he wanted to say something pleasant.

"You had better turn to the right and avoid that stump," said the coachman, taking hold of one of the reins.

"Please not touch, or try to give me lessons," said Levin, exasperated by his coachman's interference. Just the same as always he was made angry by any interference with his affairs, and he immediately became conscious how mistaken he was in supposing for a moment that his new spiritual condition could keep its character unchanged on contact with the reality.

When they had arrived within a quarter of a verst of the house, Levin saw Grisha and Tania running to meet him.

"Uncle Kostia, mamma is coming, and grandpa and Sergyei Ivanovitch and some one else," they cried, as they ran up to the cart.

"Tell me, who is it?"

"Oh, he's an awful, horrid man, who does so with his arms," said Tania, climbing up into the cart and mimicking Katavasof.

"Tell me, is he young or old?" asked Levin, laughing, reminded of some one by Tania's performance.

"Akh, I only hope he is not a bore," said Levin to himself.

As soon as they reached a turn in the road and saw the party approaching, Levin recognized Katavasof, who was in a straw hat, and gesticulating exactly as Tania had represented it.

Katavasof was very fond of talking philosophy, and his conceptions were wholly drawn from the natural sciences, which had always been his specialty; and in Moscow Levin had frequently had discussions with him.

And one of these discussions, in which Katavasof had evidently felt that he was victorious, occurred to Levin's mind as soon as he saw him.

"Henceforth," he said to himself, "I will not enter into discussions, or express myself so flippantly."

Leaping from the cart and joining Katavasof and his brother, he asked where Kitty was.

"She has taken Mitya to Kolok," — Kolok was a piece of woodland near the house, — "she wanted to get him established there, it was so hot at the house," said Dolly.

Levin always advised his wife against taking the baby to the woods, because he felt it was dangerous; so this news was not pleasant to him.

"She carries that son of hers from one place to another," said the old prince. "I told her she'd better try the ice-house."

"She wanted to go to the beehives. She thought you were there," added Dolly. "That is where we were going."

"Well, what have you been doing that's good?" said Sergyer Ivanovitch, dropping behind the others, and walking with his brother.

"Oh, nothing particular; as usual, busy with the farm-

ing.¹ You'll stay with us awhile, now? We've been expecting you a long time."

"Only a fortnight. I have a great deal to do at Moscow."

At these words the two brothers looked at one another, and Levin, in spite of his usual and now especially strong desire to have friendly, and above all simple, relations with his brother, felt that it was awkward for him to look at him. He dropped his eyes and was at a loss what to say.

Trying to select some topic of conversation which would be agreeable to Sergyei Ivanovitch, and avoiding the Serbian war and the Slavonic question, a hint at which Sergyei Ivanovitch's remark about his occupation in Moscow gave, Levin began to talk about his brother's book.

"Well," he asked, "have there been many reviews of your book?"

Sergyei Ivanovitch smiled at the intention of the question.

"No one thinks anything about it, — I, least of all," he said. "You see, Darya Aleksandrovna, we're going to have a shower," he added, pointing with his umbrella to the white clouds which were piling up above the aspen-tops.

It was evident by these words that the relationship between the brothers, which Levin wanted to overcome, was just the same as of old, — if not unfriendly, at least cool.

Levin approached Katavasof.

"How good it was of you to come to us!" said he.

"I have wanted to come for a long time. Now we shall have time to talk. Have you read Spencer?"

"Not thoroughly, I don't get anything out of him."

"How so? that is interesting. Why is that?"

"I have definitely made up my mind that the answers to certain questions which interest me are not to be found in him or his followers. Now"

But he was suddenly struck by the pleasant and

¹ *Khozyaistvo*.

serene expression of Katavasof's face, and he felt so sorry at having evidently disturbed his mental equilibrium by his remark, that, suddenly remembering his resolution, he stopped short. "However, we will talk about that by and by," he added. "If we are going to the apiary let us go this way, by this path," he said, turning to the others.

Passing through a narrow path along by an unmown field, covered on one side with an abundance of those bright flowers called Ivan-da-Marya, and in the midst of which grew frequent patches of the tall, dark green hellebore, Levin led his guests—who were afraid of being stung—to the cool dense shade of some young aspens, and established them on some benches and logs especially prepared for the purpose of receiving the beehives, and he himself went to the storehouse to fetch for the children, and the grown people as well, some bread, cucumbers, and fresh honey.

Trying to make as little disturbance as possible, and listening to the bees, which came flying more and more thickly around him, he strode along the path that led to the izba. At the very door, a bee entangled in his beard began to buzz, but he carefully freed himself from it. Going into the cool entry, he took his wire mask down from the peg where it hung, and put it on, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he went into the inclosure of the apiary, where, amid a smoothly shaven lawn, stood in straight rows on linden stakes all the old hives, each having for him its own special history, while the newer ones which had been set up that year were ranged along the wall. At the entrance of the hives he could see the young bees and the drones clustering together and tumbling over one another, while in their midst the working bees were industriously darting off in a straight line toward the forest, where the linden trees were in bloom, and quickly returning laden with their pollen.

His ears were filled with the incessant, monotonous humming made by the workers as they flew in with their burdens, by the drones enjoying their holiday, and

by the guardian bees giving warning of the approach of an enemy and ready to sting.

On one side of the inclosure the old bee-keeper was smoothing a hoop, and did not see Levin; and Levin, without speaking to him, stood in the midst of his apiary.

He was glad of the chance of being alone so as to collect himself in face of the reality which had so suddenly come into vivid contrast with his recent state of mind.

He remembered that he had already been angry with Ivan, had shown coldness to his brother, and had spoken foolishly with Katavasof.

"Can it be possible that my happiness was only a transitory feeling, which will pass away, and leave no trace behind?"

But at the same moment as he analyzed his state of mind, he felt with joy that his experience had left new and important results. Practical life had only temporarily disturbed the spiritual calm which he had found; but in his heart it was still intact. Just as the bees, buzzing around him, threatened him, and robbed him of his physical calm, and compelled him to defend himself, so did the cares which surrounded him, as he sat in his little cart, disturb his spiritual calm; but this lasted only while he was in their midst. Just as his physical strength was intact while he was defending himself against the bees, so his newly attained spiritual power was also unimpaired.

CHAPTER XV

"Do you know, Kostia, whom Sergyer Ivanovitch found on the train?" said Dolly, after she had given her children their cucumbers and honey. "Vronsky. He's going to Serbia."

"Yes! and not alone either. He's taking out a squadron of cavalry at his own expense," said Katavasof.

"That's like him," answered Levin. "But are vol-

unteers still going off?" added he, looking at Sergyei Ivanovitch.

Sergyei Ivanovitch was busy with a knife-blade rescuing a live bee from the honey that had flowed out of the white honeycomb at the bottom of his cup, and he did not answer.

"Indeed! I should say so!" said Katavasof, biting into a cucumber. "If you had only seen them at the station this morning!"

"Now, what an idea this is! For Christ's sake, tell me, Sergyei Ivanovitch, where all these volunteers are going, and whom they are going to fight with?" asked the old prince, evidently pursuing a conversation which they had begun before Levin joined them.

"With the Turks," answered Sergyei Ivanovitch, smiling quietly, as he at last rescued the helpless honey-smearer on the point of his knife, and set him on an aspen leaf.

"But who has declared war on the Turks? Is it Ivan Ivanovitch Ragozof and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna and Madame Stahl?"

"No one has declared war; but the people sympathize with their oppressed brethren, and want to help them," said Sergyei Ivanovitch.

"The prince was not speaking of help, but of war," said Levin, coming to the assistance of his father-in-law. "The prince means that private persons have no right to take part in a war without being authorized by the government."

"Kostia, look out! there's a bee! Won't he sting?" cried Dolly, defending herself from a wasp.

"That's not a bee; that's a wasp!" said Levin.

"Come, now! give us your theory," demanded Katavasof, evidently provoking Levin to a discussion. "Why should n't private persons have that right?"

"Well, my theory is this: war, on the one hand, is such a terrible, such an atrocious, thing that no man, at least no Christian man, has the right to assume the responsibility of beginning it; but it belongs to government alone, when it becomes inevitable. On the other

hand, both in law and in common sense, where there are state questions, and above all in matters concerning war, private citizens have no right to use their own wills."

Sergyer Ivanovitch and Katavasof were both ready at the same instant with answers.

"That's where you're mistaken, batyushka," said Katavasof. "There may be cases when government does not carry out the will of its citizens, and then society declares its own will."

But Sergyer Ivanovitch did not approve of this reply. He frowned as Katavasof spoke, and put it another way:—

"You state the question all wrong. Here there is no declaration of war, but simply an expression of human, of Christian, sympathy. Our brethren, men of the same blood, the same faith, are butchered. Now, we do not merely regard them as brethren and as coreligionists, but as women, children, old men. Our feelings are stirred, and the whole Russian people fly to help check these horrors. Suppose you were walking in the street, and saw a drunken man beating a woman or a child. I think you would not stop to ask whether war had been declared or had not been declared on such a man before you attacked him and protected the object of his fury."

"No; but I should not kill him."

"Yes, you might even kill him."

"I don't know. If I saw such a sight, I might yield to the immediate feeling. I cannot tell how it would be. But in the oppression of the Slavs, there is not, and cannot be, such a powerful motive."

"Perhaps not for you, but other people think differently," said Sergyer Ivanovitch, angrily. "The people still keep the tradition of sympathy with brethren of the orthodox faith, who are groaning under the yoke of the 'unspeakable Turk.' They have heard of their terrible sufferings, and are aroused."

"That may be," answered Levin, in a conciliatory tone, "only I don't see it. I myself am one of the people, and I don't feel it."

"I can say the same," put in the old prince. "I was

living abroad; I read the newspapers, and I learned about the Bulgarian atrocities; but I never could understand why all Russia took such a sudden fancy for their Slavic brethren. I am sure I never felt the slightest love for them. I was greatly ashamed. I thought I must be either a monster, or that Carlsbad had a bad effect on me. But since I have come back, I don't feel stirred at all; and I find that I am not the only one who is not so much interested in the Slav brethren as in Russia. Here is Konstantin."

"Private opinions are of no consequence — there is no meaning in private opinions — when all Russia, when the whole people, signified what they wished," said Sergyei Ivanovitch.

"Yes. Excuse me. I don't see this. The people don't know anything," said the prince.

"But, papa, how about that Sunday in church?" said Dolly, who had been listening to the conversation. — "Get me a towel, please," she said in an aside to the old bee-keeper, who was looking at the children with a friendly smile. "It can't be that all"

"Well! What about that Sunday at church? They tell the priest to read a prayer. He reads it. Nobody understands one word. They snore just as they do during the whole sermon," continued the prince. "Then they tell them that the salvation of their souls is in question. Then they pull out their kopeks, and give them, but why they have not the least idea."

"The people cannot know their destiny. They have an instinctive feeling, and at times like these they show it," said Sergyei Ivanovitch, looking at the old bee-keeper.

The handsome, tall old man, with his black beard, wherein a few gray hairs were beginning to show, and with his thick, silvery hair, stood motionless, holding a cup of honey in his hand, looking at the gentlemen with a mild, placid air, evidently not understanding a word of the conversation, nor caring to understand.

He nodded his head with deliberation as he heard Sergyei Ivanovitch's words, and said: —

"That's certainly so."

"Well, now! Ask him about it," said Levin. "He doesn't know. He doesn't think. — Have you heard about the war, Mikhaïlutch?" asked he of the old man. "You know what was read on Sunday at church, don't you? What do you think? Ought we to fight for the Christians?"

"Why should we think? Our Emperor Aleksander Nikolayevitch will think for us, as in everything else. He knows what to do. — Should you like some more bread? shall I give some to the little lad?" asked he, turning to Darya Aleksandrovna, and pointing to Grisha, who was munching a crust.

"What's the use of asking him?" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "We have seen, and still see, hundreds and hundreds of men abandoning all they possess, giving their last penny, enlisting and trooping from every corner of Russia, all clearly and definitely expressing their thought and purpose. What does that signify?"

"It signifies, in my opinion," said Levin, beginning to get excited, "that out of eighty millions of men, there will always be found hundreds, and even thousands, who have lost their social position, are restless, and are ready to take up the first adventure that comes along, whether it is to follow Pugatchof or to go to Khiva or to fight in Serbia."

"I tell you they are not adventurers who devote themselves to this work, but they are the best representatives of the nation," cried Sergyeï Ivanovitch, excitedly, as if he were defending his last position. "There are the contributions; is n't that a test of popular feeling?"

"That word 'people' is so vague," said Levin; "long-haired scribblers, professors, and perhaps one in a thousand among the peasants understand what it is all about, but the rest of the eighty millions do as Mikhaïlutch here does. They not only don't express their will, but they have n't the slightest idea that they have any will to express. What right, then, have we to say that this is the will of the people?"

CHAPTER XVI

SERGEÏ IVANOVITCH was skilled in dialectics, and without replying he took up another side of the question.

"Yes, if you want to get at the mind of the nation by an arithmetical process, of course it will be very hard work. We have not the proper gifts, and cannot reckon it that way. But there are other means of learning it besides arithmetic. It is felt in the air, it is felt in the heart, not to speak of those submarine currents which flow through the stagnant ocean of the people and which are evident to every unprejudiced person. Take society in a narrower sense. Take the intelligent classes, and see how on this point even the most hostile parties combine. There is no longer a difference of opinions; all the organs of society express the same thing. They have all become aware of an elemental force which fills the nation with its own motive power."

"Yes; the newspapers all say the same thing, that is true," said the old prince, "but then, so do all the frogs croak before a storm. That does n't signify much."

"Whether frogs or not,—I don't edit newspapers, and I don't set up to defend them. I am talking of the unanimity of opinion among intelligent people," said **SergeÏ Ivanovitch**, turning to his brother.

Levin was about to reply, but the old prince took the words from his mouth:—

"Well, something else may be said in regard to that unanimity. Here's my son-in-law, **Stepan Arkadyevitch**, you know. He has just been appointed member of some committee, commission, or other,—I don't know what,—with a salary of eight thousand a year, and nothing to do.—Now, **Dolly**, that's not a secret.—Ask him if his office is useful; he will tell you that it is indispensable. And he is an upright man; but you could not make him cease to believe in his full eight thousand salary."

"Oh, yes! he told me to tell **Darya Aleksandrovna**

that he had got that place," said Sergyer Ivanovitch, angrily, considering that the prince's remark was not *à propos*.

"Of course the newspapers are unanimous. That is easily explained. War will double their circulation. How can they help supporting the Slavic question and the national instinct?"

"I don't like many of the papers, but you are unjust," said Sergyer Ivanovitch.

"I will only add one more suggestion," said the old prince. "Alphonse Karr wrote a clever thing just before the Franco-Prussian war, when he said, 'You say this war is absolutely necessary? very good; go to the front, then, and be under the first fire, and lead the first onslaught.'"

"Good editors would be glad to do that," said Katavassof, with a loud laugh, and trying to imagine certain editorial friends of his in this chosen legion.

"Yes; but when they ran away," said Dolly, "they'd bother the others."

"Just as soon as they begin to run put a *mitrailleuse* behind them, or some Cossacks with whips," said the prince.

"Well, that's a joke, but not a very good joke; excuse me, prince," said Sergyer Ivanovitch.

"I don't think it was a joke," said Levin; "it was"

But his brother interrupted him.

"Every member of society is called upon to do his duty," said he, "and thoughtful men perform theirs by giving expression to public opinion; and the unanimous and full expression of public opinion is creditable to the press, and at the same time a good symptom. Twenty years ago we should have kept quiet; to-day we hear the voice of the Russian people, which is ready to rise like one man, and ready to sacrifice itself for its oppressed brethren. It is a great step taken,—a proof of power."

"Yes, not only to avenge their brethren, but to kill the Turks," said Levin, timidly. "The people will sacrifice itself and be ready to sacrifice itself for the

salvation of their souls, but not for murder," he added, involuntarily connecting this conversation with the thoughts of the morning.

"What do you mean by soul? That, to a naturalist, you must remember, is a very puzzling expression. What is the soul?" demanded Katavasof, with a smile.

"Oh, you know."

"'Pon my word,¹ I have n't the least idea," and the professor broke into a burst of laughter.

"Christ said, 'I am come not to bring peace, but a sword,'" remarked Sergyei Ivanovitch, quoting as simply as if it were something comprehensible, a passage from the Gospel which had always troubled Levin.

"That's just so," repeated the old bee-keeper, who had been standing near them, in response to a chance look directed to him.

"Come, batyushka, you're beaten, you're beaten, — wholly beaten!" cried Katavasof, gayly.

Levin reddened with vexation, not because he was beaten, but because he had been drawn into discussion again.

"No; it is impossible for me to dispute with them," he thought; "their armor is impenetrable, and I am defenseless."

He saw that he could not defeat his brother and Katavasof, and it was equally impossible to agree with them. Their arguments were the fruit of that same pride of the intellect which had almost ruined him. He could not admit that a handful of men, his brother among them, had the right, on the ground of what was told them by a few hundred eloquent volunteers who came to the capital, to claim that they and the newspapers expressed the will and sentiment of the people, especially when this sentiment expressed itself in vengeance and butchery.

He could not agree with this because he did not discover the expression of these thoughts among the people in whose midst he lived, and he did not find them in himself — and he could not consider himself as anything

¹ *Vot yeti Bogu*, literally, "Here by God."

else than one of the men constituting the Russian nation — but principally because he did not, any more than the rest of men, know — nor could he know — what constituted the general good ; but he firmly believed that the attainment of this general good was brought about only by the strenuous fulfilment of that law of right which is revealed to every one, and therefore he could not desire war, or preach it as a means of attaining any general end whatever.

He and Mikharlovitch, and the people in general, expressed themselves in somewhat the same language as was used when the early Russians invited the Variags to come from Scandinavia :—

“Come and rule over us, we gladly promise absolute submission. We are enduring all trials, all humiliations, all sacrifices, but we do not judge and we do not decide.”

And now, according to Sergyei Ivanovitch, the people were ready to turn their backs on a right which they had purchased at such a price !

He wanted to say in addition that if the general opinion is an infallible judge, then why should not the Revolution, the Commune, be as useful to the Slavs as lawful means ?

But all these were thoughts which could not decide anything. The only thing that he could clearly see was that at the present moment the discussion was exasperating to Sergyei Ivanovitch, and therefore it was wrong to discuss it. So Levin held his peace, and turned the attention of his guests to the clouds that were rolling up, and he advised them to hurry home if they did not want to get wet.

CHAPTER XVII

THE prince and Sergyei Ivanovitch seated themselves in the cart and drove on ; the rest of the party, quickening their steps, started back on foot.

But the thunder-storm, white on top, black under-

neath, came up so rapidly that they had to hurry so as to reach the house before the rain was on them. The clouds coming on as the vanguard, hung low, were as black as soot, and drove across the sky with extraordinary rapidity. They had reached within two hundred feet of the house, and already the wind had begun to rise, and the downpour might be expected at any second.

The children ran on ahead laughing and screaming with delight and terror. Darya Aleksandrovna, struggling with her skirts, which the wind blew round her legs, no longer walked, but ran, not letting the children out of her sight. The gentlemen, holding on their hats with difficulty, walked with long strides. They had just reached the porch when the great drops began to strike and splash against the edge of the iron gutter. The children, and just behind them their elders, with gay exclamations ran under the shelter of the porch.

"Where is Katerina Aleksandrovna?" asked Levin of Agafya Mikharlovna, who was coming out of the door, loaded with shawls and plaids.

"We supposed she was with you."

"And Mitya?"

"He must be in the Kolok woods with his nurse."

Levin seized the plaids, and started for Kolok.

In the few minutes that had elapsed, the storm had reached beyond the sun, and it was as dark as if there was an eclipse. The wind blew obstinately as if insisting on its own way, tried to stop Levin, and, tearing off the leaves and flowers from the lindens, and rudely and strangely baring the white branches of the birches, bent everything to one side,—acacias, flowers, burdocks, the grass, and the tree-tops. The girls working in the garden ran squealing under the shelter of the servants' quarters. The white screen of the pouring rain had already cut off the distant forest and half of the adjacent field, and was rapidly advancing on Kolok. The dampness of the shower was felt in the atmosphere like fine drops.

Bending his head, and fighting vigorously against the gale, which tugged at his shawls, Levin was already on

his way to Kolok. He thought he already saw white forms behind a well-known oak, when suddenly a glare of light seemed to burst from the ground before him, and the vault of the sky above him to fall with a crash. When he opened his dazzled eyes, he looked through the thick curtain formed by the rain, which cut him off from the Kolok woods, and saw, to his horror, that the green top of a well-known oak which stood in the forest had strangely changed its position. Even before he could ask, "Can the lightning have struck it?" he saw it bending over more and more rapidly, and then disappearing behind the other trees, and he heard the crash the great oak made as it fell, carrying with it the neighboring trees. The glare of the lightning, the crash of the thunder, and the sensation of chill running over his whole body blended for Levin in one impression of horror.

"My God! my God! keep them safe," he exclaimed.

And though he instantly felt the absurdity of the prayer, since the oak had already fallen, he nevertheless said it over and over, for he knew that, absurd as it was, he could not do anything else to help them.

He hastened toward the spot where they generally went, but he did not find them. They were in another part of the woods under an old linden, and they called to him. Two figures dressed in dark clothes—they usually wore white—were bending over something under the trees. It was Kitty and the nurse. The rain had stopped, and it was beginning to grow lighter when Levin reached them. The bottom of the nurse's dress was dry, but Kitty's gown was wet through and clung to her. Though it was no longer raining, they were standing just as they had been when the shower began. Both were leaning over the baby-carriage, with its green parasol.

"Alive? safe? God be praised!" he cried, as, splashing through the puddles, he ran to them with his shoes full of water.

Kitty's glowing face, all wet, was turned to him, and

she smiled timidly from under her hat, which had lost its shape in the rain.

"There now, are n't you ashamed? I can't understand how you could do such a careless thing," he began, in his vexation scolding his wife.

"Goodness,¹ it was not my fault. We were just starting to go when he began to be restless. We had to change him. We were just...." Kitty said, trying to defend herself.

Mitya was safe, dry, and still soundly sleeping.

"Well! God be thanked! I don't know what I'm saying."

They hastily picked up the wet diapers, the nurse took the baby, and Levin, ashamed of his vexation, gave his arm to his wife, and led her away, pressing her hand gently.

CHAPTER XVIII

In the course of all that day, during the most varied conversations in which Levin took part, as it were, only with the external side of his mind, and notwithstanding his disillusion at finding that the moral regeneration had not taken place in his nature after all, he did not cease to be pleasantly conscious that his heart was full.

After the shower, it was too wet to go out for a walk, and, moreover, other threatening clouds were piling up on the horizon, and here and there reaching up high into the sky, black, and laden with thunder. All the household spent the rest of the day within doors.

Discussions were avoided, and after dinner all were in the gayest frame of mind.

Katavasof at first kept the ladies laughing by his original turns of wit, which always pleased people when they made his acquaintance; then afterward being drawn out by Sergyei Ivanovitch, he related his very interesting observations on the different characteristics and features of male and female flies, and their habits.

¹ *Yá Bogu.*

Sergyei Ivanovitch also was very gay; and at tea he explained the future of the Eastern question so simply and well that all could follow him. Kitty alone did not hear him. She had been summoned to the nursery to give Mitya his bath.

A few moments after Kitty had left the room, Levin also was called to follow her.

Leaving his tea, and feeling regretful at having an interesting conversation interrupted, and at the same time troubled because they had called him to the nursery, a thing which had hitherto happened only in cases of emergency, Levin followed his wife.

In spite of the fact that he was greatly interested in his brother's partly outlined scheme of making the newly enfranchised world of forty millions of Slavs join with Russia in establishing a new epoch in history — for it was something entirely novel to him, in spite of his curiosity and anxiety at having been summoned to the nursery, as soon as he had left the drawing-room and was once more alone, he immediately remembered his thoughts of the morning. And all these theories as to the significance of the Slav element in the universal history seemed to him so insignificant in comparison with what was taking place in his own soul, that for a moment he forgot all about it, and returned to the moral state that had so delighted him at the beginning of the day.

This time he did not wholly retrace the course of thought which had led him to this state of mind, nor was it necessary. He was borne immediately back to that feeling which had guided him, which had been connected with those thoughts, and he now found the feeling stronger and more definite in his soul than ever before. Now there was no longer what had always marked his previous imaginary attempts at gaining spiritual calmness, when he had been obliged to call a halt to the whole course of his thoughts in order to find the feeling; now, on the contrary, the feeling of joy and calmness was more vivid than before, but thought did not overtake the feeling. He walked along the terrace, and

saw two stars glowing in the already darkening sky, and suddenly he remembered a course of reasoning :—

“Yes,” said he to himself, “as I looked at the heavens I thought that the vault which I gaze at is not a lie. But there was the something that remained half thought out in my mind,—something that I hid from myself. Now, what was it? There cannot be an answer. If one could think it out, all things would be explained.”

Just as he entered the child’s chamber, he remembered what it was that he hid from himself. It was this :—

“If the chief proof of the existence of God lies in the revelation of good, why should this revelation be limited to the Christian Church? How about those millions of Buddhists and Mohammedans, who are also seeking for the truth and doing right?”

It seemed to him that there must be an answer to this question, but he could not find and express it before entering the room.

Kitty, with her sleeves rolled up, was bending over the bath-tub, in which she was washing the baby. As she heard her husband’s steps, she turned her face to him, and with a smile called him to her. With one hand she was supporting the head of the plump little fellow, who was floating on his back in the water and kicking with his legs; with the other she was squeezing the sponge on him.

“Come here! look, look!” said she, as her husband came up to her. “Agafya Mikhallovna is right; he knows us.”

The fact was that Mitya to-day for the first time gave indubitable proof that he knew his friends.

As soon as Levin went to the bath-tub, the experiment was tried, and it was wholly successful. A cook, who was called for the purpose, bent over the tub. The baby frowned and shook his head. Kitty bent over him, and he smiled radiantly, and clung with his little hands to the sponge and sucked with his lips, producing such a strange and contented sound that not only the mother and the nurse, but Levin himself, were enchanted.

They took the baby from the water, wiped him, and, after he had expressed his disapprobation with a piercing scream, they gave him to his mother.

"Well, I am very glad to see that you begin to love him," said Kitty, as she sat down in a comfortable seat, with the child at her breast. "I am very glad. It really troubled me when you said you had n't any feeling for him."

"No! did I say that I had no feeling for him? I only said that I was disappointed."

"How were you disappointed?"

"I was n't disappointed in him, but in the feeling that he would arouse. I expected more. I expected as a surprise some new and pleasant feeling; and instead of that, it was pity, disgust."

She listened to him as she put on her slender fingers the rings which she had taken off while bathing the baby.

"And more of fear and pity than of satisfaction. I never knew until to-day, after the storm, how I loved him."

Kitty smiled with radiant joy.

"Were you very much afraid?" she asked. "And so was I. But it seems more terrible to me now when the danger is all past. I shall go and look at the oak to-morrow. How nice Katavasof is! Well, the whole day has been so pleasant. You are so delightful with your brother when you want to be. Well, go to them. It is always hot and stifling here after the bath."

CHAPTER XIX

LEVIN, on leaving the nursery and finding himself alone, began to follow out his line of thought, in which there had been something obscure.

Instead of going back to the drawing-room, where he heard the sound of voices, he remained on the terrace, and, leaning over the balustrade of the terrace, he looked

at the sky. It had grown very dark, and there was not a cloud in the south where he was looking. The clouds were all in the opposite quarter. From time to time it would lighten, and the distant thunder would be heard. Levin listened to the drops of rain falling rhythmically from the lindens, and looked at the stars and then at the Milky Way. Whenever the lightning flashed, then not only the Milky Way but also the bright stars would disappear from his vision; but by the time the thunder sounded they would reappear in their places as if a careful hand had readjusted them in the firmament.

"Well, now what is it that troubles me?" Levin asked himself, already beginning to feel that a resolution of his doubts, though it had not yet become a matter of knowledge, was ready in his soul.

"Yes, there is one evident, indubitable manifestation of the Divinity, and that is the laws of right which are made known to the world through Revelation, and of which I am conscious as existing in myself, and in the recognition of them I am in spite of myself, willingly or unwillingly, united with other men into one brotherhood of believers, which is called the Church.

"Yes; but are Hebrews, Confucians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, in the same relation?" he asked himself, recurring to the dilemma which had seemed so portentous to him. "Can these hundreds of millions of men be deprived of the greatest of blessings, of that which alone gives a meaning to life?"

He paused, but immediately recovered his train of thought.

"What am I asking myself?"

"I am questioning the relation of the various forms of human belief to Divinity. I am questioning the relation of God to the whole universe, with all its nebulae. But what am I doing? And at the moment when knowledge, sure, though inaccessible to reason, is revealed to me, shall I still persist in dragging in logic?"

"Do I not know that the stars do not move?" said he, noticing the change that had taken place in the position

of the brilliant planet which he had seen rising over the birches; "but, seeing the stars change place, and not being able to imagine the revolution of the earth, then I should be right in saying that they moved. Could the astronomers have made any calculations, and gained any knowledge, if they had taken into consideration the varied and complicated motions of the earth? Have not their marvelous conclusions as to the distances, the weight, the motions, and revolutions of the celestial bodies all been based on the apparent movements of the stars around a motionless earth, — these very movements which I now witness, as millions of men for centuries have witnessed them, and which can always be verified? And just as the conclusions of the astronomers would have been inaccurate and false if they had not been based on their observations of the heavens such as they appeared relatively to a single meridian and a single horizon, so all my conclusions as to the knowledge of good and evil would be inaccurate and false if they were not founded on that comprehension of good and evil which for all men always has been and always will be one and the same, and which Christianity has revealed to me and which my soul can always verify. The relations of human belief to God must, for me, remain unfathomable; to search them out belongs not to me."

"Have n't you gone in yet?" said Kitty's voice, suddenly. She was on her way to the drawing-room by the way of the terrace. "There's nothing that troubles you, is there?" asked she, looking wistfully up into her husband's face and trying to study its expression by the starlight. By the light of a flash of lightning on the horizon, she saw that he was calm and happy, and she smiled.

"She understands me," thought he. "She knows what I am thinking. Shall I tell her, or not? Yes, I will tell her."

But just as he was about to speak, Kitty broke in.

"Kostia," said she, "do be so kind and go to the corner room and see how they have arranged for Sergyei

Ivanovitch. I don't like to. See if they put in the new washstand properly."

"Certainly, I'll go," answered Levin, rising, and kissing her.

"No; better be silent," thought he, as she went past; "this secret has no importance save for me alone, and words could not explain it. This new feeling has neither changed me nor suddenly enlightened me nor made me happy, as I imagined it would. It is just like my feeling for my son. There is no element of surprise in it. But it is faith no, not faith I know not what it is. But the feeling stole into my soul through suffering, and there it is firmly established.

"I shall continue to be vexed with Ivan the coachman, and get into useless discussions, and express my thoughts blunderingly. I shall always be blaming my wife for what annoys me, and repenting at once. I shall always feel a certain barrier between the Holy of Holies of my inmost soul, and the souls of others, even my wife's. I shall continue to pray without being able to explain to myself why. But my whole life, every moment of my life, independently of whatever may happen to me, will be, not meaningless as before, but full of the deep meaning which I shall have the power to impress upon it."

THE END

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